

FORTY CENTS

APRIL 8, 1966

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Is God Dead?

VOL. 87 NO. 14
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



The front hall.
One of the active rooms.

**The floors for
the active rooms:
Armstrong vinyl floors.**



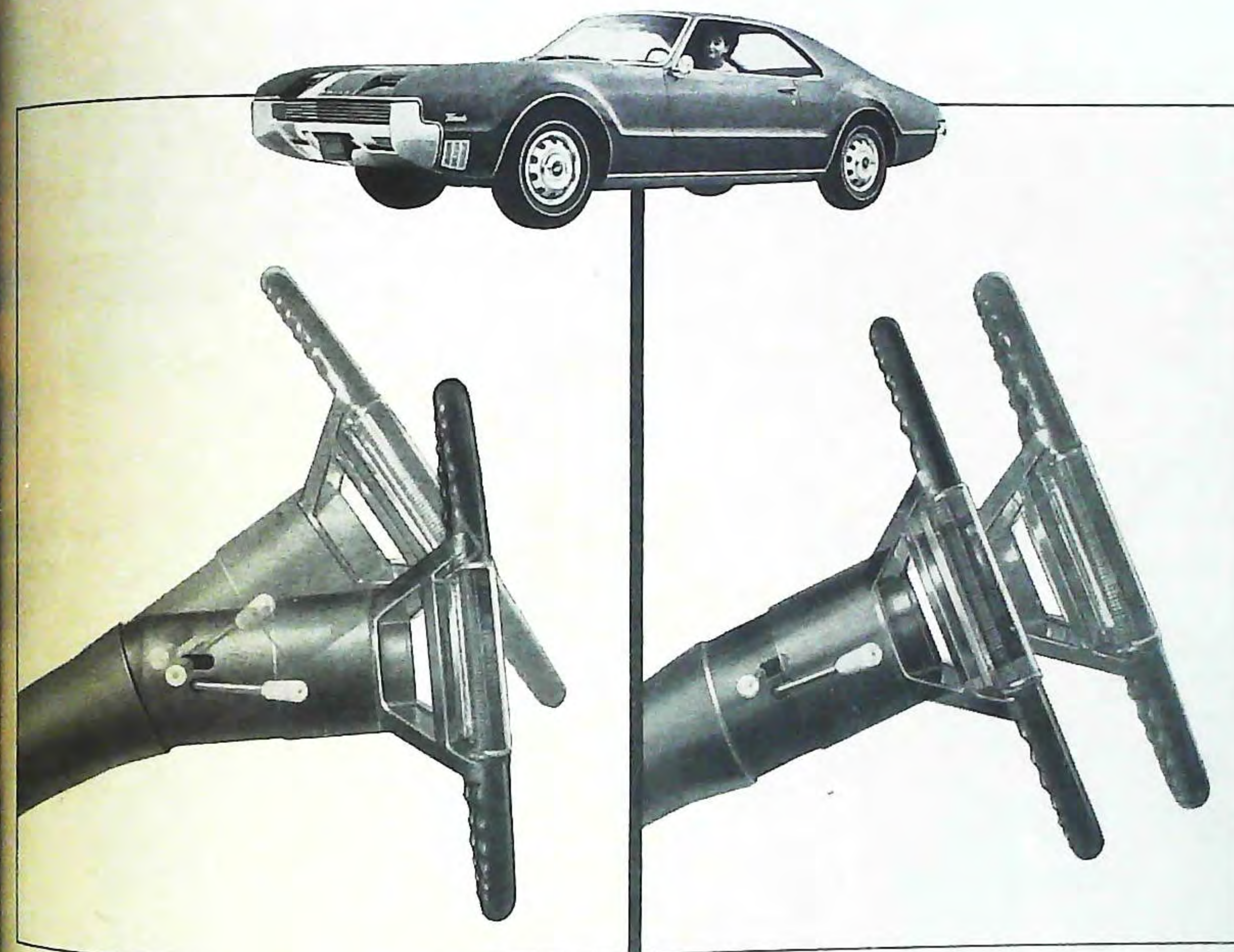
Busy all day long, your front hall must make a good first impression—time after time. Armstrong vinyl floors belong in your front hall and in all the other active rooms of your home. They add so much welcome, so little care.

This vinyl floor is called Montina® Corlon® and it's one of the many Armstrong sheet vinyl floors. It has stone-like vinyl chips and a rich, distinctive texture. Montina Corlon comes in a wide variety of colorings. 86703 and 86717 are shown in a handsome custom design using vinyl Corlon Decorator Strips.



Armstrong

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Oldsmobile?



Just a little pull!

Give a little pull, and the Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel does what it's told to do! Set it close or set it away. A twist of the wheel's center ring locks it securely in the most comfortable location. A convenient lever on the steering column releases the wheel for easy up-and-down adjustments. You have a four-way control of your steering wheel position—mighty relaxing on long drives . . . mighty convenient for getting in and out. The Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel is available on the new Toronado, and all 1966 full-sized Oldsmobiles. A product of Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan



Fireman's Fund covers everything in your home

—even your dog going out for a quick bite. Using one company makes your insurance simpler and sounder. You get all the advantages of package plans. And more. One agent means individual service. Lowest rates. One premium. Easy payments. Simpler records. And Fireman's Fund pays claims fast (has for 103 years). Simplify your personal and business insurance. Turn to the Yellow Pages and your Fireman's Fund agent.



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He knows what to do for any home.
And Carrier has a model for
every job: 89 different central
and room air conditioners.
Plenty of good reasons why more
people put their confidence in
Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company

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to drive a wild horse,
or a man-eating tiger,
or a killer fish...



maybe you want to drive a Pussycat.

These days, "hunting" for a new car isn't just an expression.

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But the Volkswagen Karmann Ghia is different. It's a Pussycat.

It has all the earmarks of a sports car, and all the trademarks of a Volkswagen.

Underneath that hand-shaped, hand-smoothed body you get an engine that averages 30 mpg and rarely takes oil

between changes.

And you get about 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

And you get an independent torsion bar suspension system, so when you're cruising at 80, a bump bumps only one wheel and not the whole car.

And you get a good feeling, knowing that if your Pussycat has a breakdown, a VW dealer will fix it with the same parts and the same speed and the same prices

that a VW Sedan gets fixed with. So if you're hunting for a sporty looking car, and run into a lot of ferocious names, with prices to match, looking for a car that might cost an arm and a leg to keep up...

maybe you're barking up the wrong tree.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA



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TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



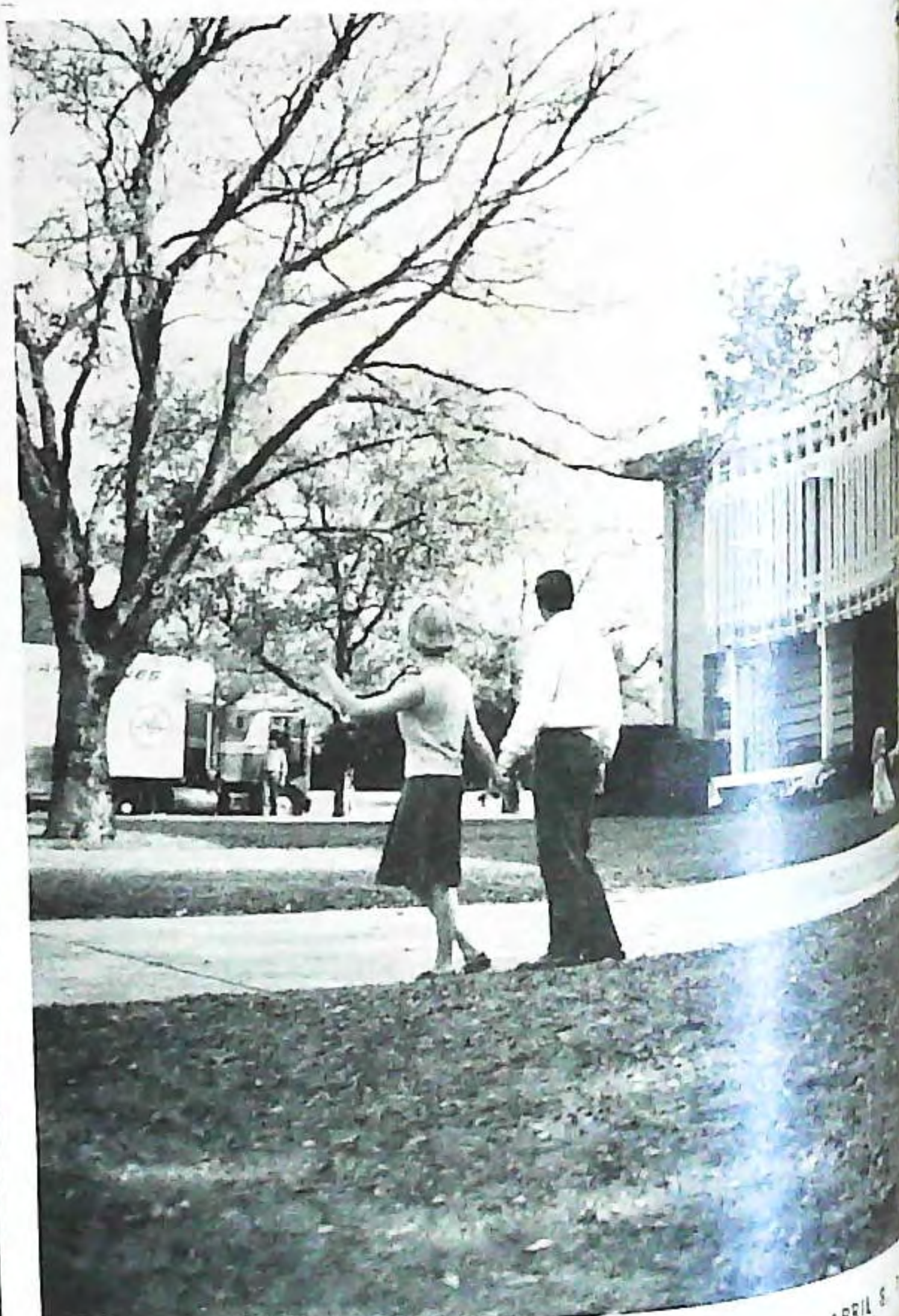
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To you, *moving up* means a promotion, a new opportunity to bring you and your family new horizons of happiness and success. A new home. New friends. New places to go and see. Nicer things. Make one of them North American... it costs no more. ■ We pride ourselves on being specialists in taking care of people who are moving up... successful people like yourself. We give those near and dear possessions of yours the gentle care that they deserve. We know that the value of some items can only be measured in memories... but then, that makes them priceless, doesn't it? ■ Start moving up by calling your North American agent. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Then, when the North American van arrives at your new home, the neighbors will know you've arrived.

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stay neat

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... through Chemistry



Malaria

In the quiet waters of many countries one of man's deadliest foes still thrives—the malaria mosquito. Worldwide, malaria kills many hundreds of thousands of people every year. So many millions are disabled by it that the economic toll of malaria can hardly be estimated.

Parke-Davis has long been a leader in malaria research. Two effective antimalarial drugs were produced in our laboratories, and are now available to the medical profession. Studies continue for other medicines that will further reduce the human and economic ravages of malaria.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, April 7

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1966 RINGLING BROTHERS, BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Roy Rogers and Dale Evans are hosts for the 96th edition of the Great-est Show on Earth.

REVOLUTION OF THE THREE R'S (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). This special explores some of the innovations in school curriculum and teaching methods developed to correct the shortcomings of today's educational system.

Friday, April 8

COURT MARTIAL (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Premiere. Joan Hackett guest-stars in the first episode of a series about two young lawyers assigned to the Judge Advocate General's office during World War II.

Saturday, April 9

MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The 30th annual tournament, with Jack Nicklaus defending his title against top U.S. and foreign professionals and amateurs.

GOLF WITH SAM SNEAD (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Golf lesson for one and all.

Sunday, April 10

MUSIC OF THE RESURRECTION (NBC, 2-3 p.m.). An Easter special that will present music from the 5th century to the present, including works by Bach, Brahms, Poulenc and Tournemire.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). "The World Ski Flying Championships" from Planica, Yugoslavia, features ski jumping that is twice as high (over 400 feet) and twice as long as usual.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Jackpot in Libya" explores the ramifications of the oil strike in this desert country—2½ times the size of Texas.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). John Forsythe hosts a musical salute to spring, Passover and Easter. Guests include Richard Tucker, Gabriella Tucci, Nancy Ames, the Serendipity Singers and the Sholom Secunda Chorus.

Tuesday, April 12

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Other War in Viet Nam" will focus on Binh Dinh province, detailing the scope of the joint U.S. and South Vietnamese rural construction and development activities currently under way in key areas of South Viet Nam.

THEATER

On Broadway

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT! Hal Holbrook takes more than three hours putting on his Mark Twain makeup, but he has spent 13 years getting into Mark Twain's psyche. The result is a one-man show that is wise, warming and witty.

WAIT A MINUTE! Light of hand, light of heart and light of foot, this musical revue from South Africa is keenly aware of and distinctly amused by more magnetic centers of civilization.

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! The immigrant is an archetypal role in American experience, and now from Dublin,

All times E.S.T.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

Playwright Brian Friel sends a reminder of the wrench at leaving the other side. As a double exposure of the young Irish hero, Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford do not miss a trick or a tear.

SWEET CHARITY. Gwen Verdon, danseuse distinguée of the U.S. musical stage, is fetchingly exuberant as a taxi dancer seeking a wagon for her unhitched star. Bob Fosse's choreography pumps vitality into Neil Simon's flabby book.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE, by John Osborne, is one man's violent outburst at how he has marred his life and how life has mauled him. Poisoned arrows of wit and vituperation fill the air, and Nicol Williamson is an actor-archer with deadly aim.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. While the lines of Peter Weiss's philosophical argument of the social revolutionary v. the anarchic egoist are a trifle jaded, the theatricality of his drama, as performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company under the direction of Peter Brook, is totally jarring.

CACTUS FLOWER. France is fertile soil for sex farces, and Director Abe Burrows has deftly pruned this recent sprout to make it thrive in the Broadway landscape. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson reap a rich harvest of giggles and guffaws.

RECORDS

Jazz

ORNETTE COLEMAN'S At the Golden Circle, Stockholm, Vol. 1 (Blue Note) is his first recording in three years, and shows the happy effects of his welcome in Sweden as a cultural force—the Willem de Kooning of jazz. Coleman has been such a successful musical iconoclast that his music no longer sounds far "outside," although his alto sax still skips and dips in a blithe, wild way. Here, it occasionally turns into a little tune and then suddenly wrenches free again. His string bass player, David Izenzon, provides a wonderfully eerie foggy bottom in *Dawn*.

DENNY ZEITLIN is both a pianist and an M.D. in psychiatric training who likes to analyze his music ("I attempted to build layer upon layer of tension to generate an organic shape"). In *Live at the Trident* (Columbia), he plays standards and some pieces of his own in a wide variety of moods and forms. Although he pays allegiance to Ornette Coleman as the most significant jazzman of the decade, Zeitlin himself plays it much safer and at times seems to be simply entertaining at the cocktail hour.

LEE MORGAN, a junior Dizzy Gillespie, last year unexpectedly found his jazz LP, *The Sidewinder*, winding its way well up the bestseller charts. Now comes *The Rumpoller* (Blue Note), overflowing with Morgan's fluent and expressive trumpeting and some good tenor-sax playing by Joe Henderson. The title piece is a bit ponderous, with more rump than roll, but Morgan's composition *Eclipse* is a humorous bit of hopscotch through calypsoland, and *The Lady* is a dreamlike, moving ballad for Billie Holiday.

HORACE SILVER has led a successful quintet for ten years now, featuring his own melodic but hard-driving piano and

compositions both bright and Silvery blue. The title piece of his *Cape Verdean Blues* (Blue Note) is a spunky bit of funk with a samba beat. In *Nutville, Bonita and Mo' Jo*, Veteran Trombonist J. J. Johnson adds a third horn to the trumpet and sax of the mellow, swinging combo.

BILL EVANS, who usually stresses simplicity, has surrounded himself with strings for some improvisations on Bach, Chopin, Scriabin and Granados (*Bill Evans Trio with Symphony Orchestra*, Verve). It is best, and easy, to forget that Bach had anything to do with the gentle, romantic schmalz called *Valse*, but this and the other adaptations are pleasant displays of Evans' skilled, introspective and sometimes sentimental piano playing.

WES MONTGOMERY keeps his guitar swinging (in *Naptown Blues*) and singing (in *End of a Love Affair*). He is backed by a highly charged battery of eight brasses and five woodwinds conducted by Arranger Oliver Nelson, who can be counted on for vigorous and arresting instrumental settings. The album: *Goin' Out of My Head* (Verve).

CINEMA

MORGAN! Two gifted young British actors, David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, enliven a way-out comedy about an eccentric London painter who is destroyed by his love for his divorced wife, his mother, Karl Marx and King Kong.

HARPER. As a private eye on a kidnapping case, Paul Newman bites off a chunk of the grand old Bogart tradition and spits it out in slick '60s style. Lauren Bacall, Arthur Hill, and Julie Harris help to complicate the plot.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. The life of Christ in a fresh and fascinating film based wholly on Scripture and played like an act of faith by a non-professional cast under Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, an Italian Communist.

OTHELLO. Sir Laurence Olivier, in sometimes distracting blackface, plays Shakespeare's Moor as a one-man show.

DEAR JOHN. A sex-starved seagoing man (Jarl Kulle) spends a weekend with a waitress (Christina Schollin) whose attractions turn out to be more than sin-deep in Swedish Director Lars Magnus Lindgren's tender, funny and lusty study of a love match in the making.

LOVING COUPLES. Another Swedish show-piece, this one contrived by Film Star turned Director Mai Zetterling. Anti-marriage, anti-sex, anti-men, *Couples* is a long lively closeup of three young women and the ne'er-do-wells they cannot say no to.

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH. The sunset of colonialism in India colors a wry, wistful and poetic comedy by U.S. Director James Ivory, who delicately explores a love triangle composed of a young man (Shashi Kapoor), a native film star (Madhur Jaffrey), and an ingénue (Felicity Kendal), who are touring the provinces with an English Shakespeare troupe.

THE GROUP. Under the expert tutelage of Director Sidney Lumet, eight captivating young actresses rediscover the Roosevelt era in an irresistible drama based on Mary McCarthy's bitchy, college-bred bestseller about what happened to Vassar's class of '33 after commencement day. Joan Hackett, Jessica Walter, Shirley Knight and Joanna Pettet are the most active alumnae.

THE LAST CHAPTER. Quietly narrated by Theodore Bikel, this collection of rare film clips avoids the chamber-of-horrors

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solved that problem with closed circuit television.)

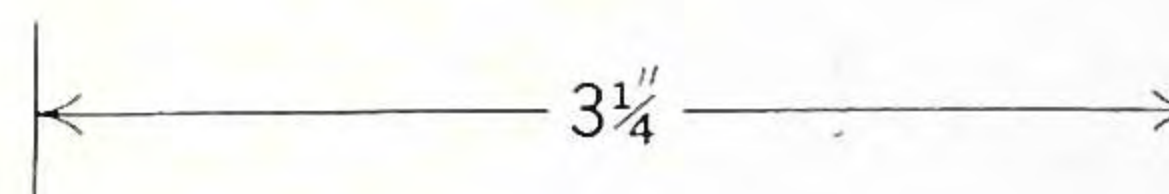
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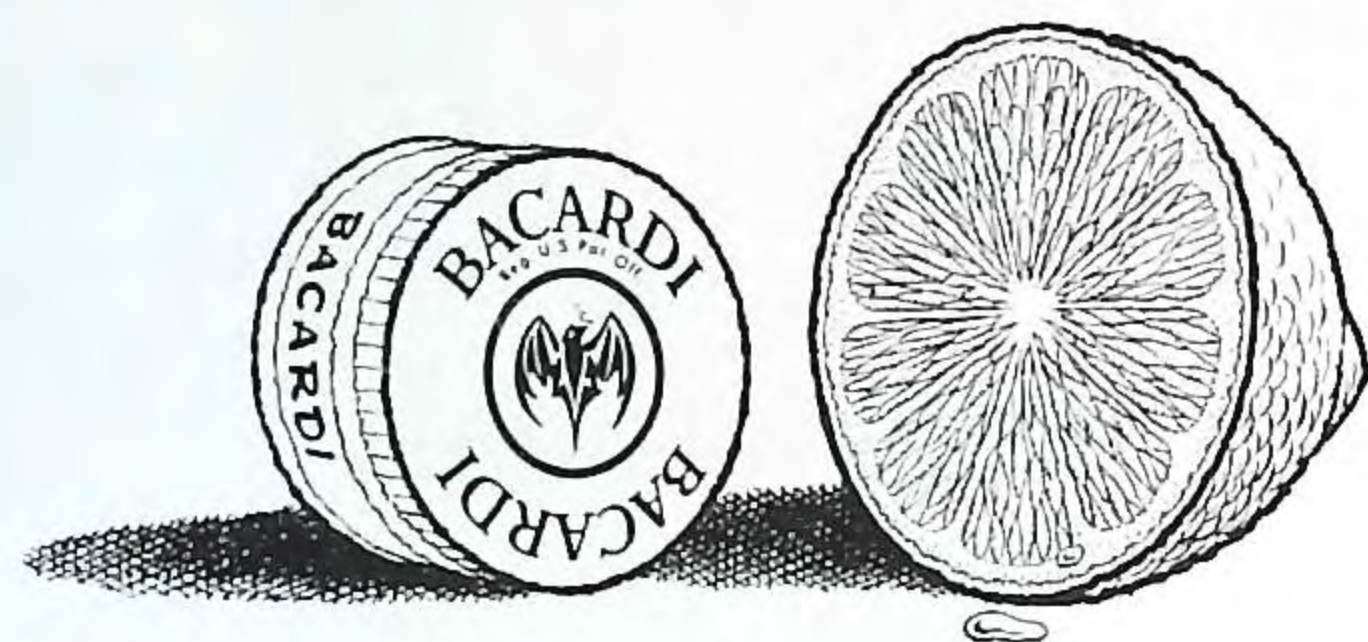
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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Royal Regiment
by Max Factor



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*Here's a tip on the winning combination
for perfect Daiquiris*

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approach in recalling the almost unbearably poignant history of Poland's Jews.

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET This Czech drama hurls the question of universal evil into a tranquil, Nazi-occupied Slovakian village in 1942. The case concerns a little Aryan nobody (Josef Kroner) who is put in charge of the business, and the fate of a shinningly innocent old Jewish shopkeeper (Ida Kaminska).

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE LAST BATTLE, by Cornelius Ryan. With meticulous detail, Author Ryan (*The Longest Day*) paints an exciting, often terrifying account of the final death agonies of Berlin and Hitler's Third Reich during World War II.

A GENEROUS MAN, by Reynolds Price. The wild and wandering pursuit of an escaped python through a North Carolina pinewoods provides the epic setting for this perceptive, humorous novel of an adolescent boy's march into manhood.

TOO FAR TO WALK, by John Hersey. Though his fictional sense is slightly askew, Author Hersey's finely tuned reportorial ear is near perfect in this Faustian spoof about a morose sophomore who temporarily strikes a bargain with the Devil.

THE DOUBLE IMAGE, by Helen MacInnes. Another well-mannered and innocent hero, another band of dastardly international spies, and—presto!—Master Spywriter MacInnes produces another of her literate and first-rate suspense tales.

GARIBALDI AND HIS ENEMIES, by Christopher Hibbert. Author Hibbert has drawn a clear and coherent portrait of the red-shirted romantic who led Italy from confusion to nationhood a century ago.

THE SADDEST SUMMER OF SAMUEL S., by J. P. Donleavy. A writer who can see the humor in human despair, Novelist Donleavy here disbursts another handsome, lean portion of his inexhaustible wit, this time about a man who embarks on a successful search for hopelessness.

BRET HARTE, by Richard O'Connor. Historian O'Connor does well with figures who never quite hit it big, and Bret Harte never did, despite all he wrote, his literary crown rests on two stories and a lot of very bad verse.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. The Double Image, MacInnes (2)
3. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (3)
4. The Embezzler, Auchincloss (5)
5. Those Who Love, Stone (4)
6. The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton (8)
7. Tell No Man, St. Johns (7)
8. The Comedians, Greene (6)
9. The Lockwood Concern, O'Hara (10)
10. The Adventurers, Robbins

NONFICTION

1. In Cold Blood, Capote (1)
2. The Last 100 Days, Toland (3)
3. The Proud Tower, Tuchman (4)
4. Games People Play, Berne (2)
5. The Last Battle, Ryan (5)
6. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (6)
7. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (7)
8. Kennedy, Sorensen (8)
9. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy (9)
10. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyar (10)

TIME, APRIL 5

They said nothing useful could grow on these abandoned cotton fields



Then Weyerhaeuser turned them into thriving pine forests



Mourning doves on a Weyerhaeuser southern pine tree farm.

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LETTERS

Doing the Job

Sir: So educators complain they have too much responsibility over students' lives because grades are a factor in draft deferments [March 25]. Draft boards must decide which men to take. Army classification people must decide which men to train for combat, which for jobs behind the lines. The Pentagon must decide which units to send to Viet Nam, which to non-combat areas. Leaders in Viet Nam must decide which units to send into combat. The platoon leader must decide which squad to send on patrol. I don't think it too much to ask the educator to do his job and grade his students according to their ability.

BILL SUNSTRUM

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Sir: I propose that each prospective college man be asked by the Government to sign a contract guaranteeing the student deferment for four years or until he got his degree, whichever came first. The student would also agree to serve in the armed forces for three years after graduation. His marital status would have no effect on the contract. If he dropped out of college, he would be classified 1-A. If he elected not to sign, he would go into the draft pool and take his chances with his less fortunate, less wealthy or less intelligent fellow citizens.

DAVID L. MCDANIEL

Imperial Beach, Calif.

Sir: Richard Bereza's comment that people "who aren't quite as capable are better able to endure the boredom of military life" is an ignorant affront to U.S. armed forces. I doubt that Bereza would be alive to say this were it not for the professional military men who led our civilian soldiers with magnificent brilliance in World War II.

JOSEPH N. HOSTENY III
Midshipman 2C, U.S.N.R.

Marquette University
Milwaukee

Noblesse Oblige

Sir: My mother, two feet shorter than Wilt Chamberlain [April 1] and 40 years his senior, discovered that they lived at the same address when he permitted her to hold the front door open for himself and his dogs. Intrigued with this bit of noblesse oblige, I inquired if he had rewarded her in the customary fashion with "thank you." "I don't recall that he did," my mother replied. Only sportsmen will un-

derstand my profound sense of relief for that answer. No irrational, misguided sentimentality shall befog my firm conviction that Bob Cousy, while still at Holy Cross, retired the title to "The Greatest." When one considers that he did so in the pre-pituitary era, it is doubly awesome.

PHYLLIS R. SUSSKIND
(MRS. DAVID SUSSKIND)

New York City

Looking at the Veep

Sir: I appreciate TIME's recognition of the vitality and skills of Vice President Humphrey [April 1]. A favorite teacher has become a favorite statesman. Thank heaven for his glands!

ALLEN DALE OLSON

Washington, D.C.

Sir: It's no use trying to build up Humphrey. He has let us liberals down, we won't forget it. He has sold out to expediency, tossed away his birthright for a mess of Administration pottage, even spews out the Viet Nam lump with a smile.

J. WILLIAMS

Newark

Sir: I was impressed by the cover picture of Humphrey. It's the first time I've seen him with his mouth shut.

(MRS.) CHARLOTTE MULFORD
Monroe, Conn.

Sir: You quote me as comparing certain critics of Humphrey's Viet Nam position to John Birchers. The quote is accurate, but the category emerges indistinctly. When I used the term Birchers of the Left, I referred to those who, in apocalyptic frenzy, denounce all who disagree with them as immoral sell-outs. A number of fine liberals disagree with the Vice President's views on Viet Nam (and mine), but it would no more occur to them to accuse him of selling out than it would occur to me to call them comsymps or appeasers. What is characteristic of Birchers of all persuasions is their repudiation of the standards of civility that make meaningful discourse and serious argument possible.

JOHN P. ROCHE
Professor of Politics

Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Crosstown Competition

Sir: I read your fine Essay, "Why Cars Must—and Can—Be Made Safer" [April

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TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

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1] on the day we won Senate passage of a historic tire safety bill. I congratulate you for a thorough analysis of this emotion-filled issue without repeating the cliché that a safe car would look like a Sherman tank. There is an awakening interest in this issue in both houses of Congress. A number of us will continue fighting for safe cars; we appreciate your help.

GAYLORD NELSON
U.S. Senator from Wisconsin
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Though there is room for improvement in cars, there's not much that present models won't do in the hands of educated, courteous drivers on roads not cluttered with "booby traps," governed by horse-and-buggy regulations or filled with drivers in worn-out cars who consider driving a right rather than a privilege. The good Senator Ribicoff [March 25] should try a few laps in the Hartford cross-town competition some cold, rainy night—Sebring is safer!

CHARLES B. CORT
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir: Perhaps Congress could embarrass the manufacturers into providing standard safety equipment by requiring them to label all new cars, "Caution: automobile driving may be hazardous to your health."

MRS. CLARKE F. O'REILLY
Seattle

Assassinating the Assassins

Sir: I applaud David O. Merrick's stand on critics [March 25]. For years I have fought a one-man battle against these freeloading character assassins, though they have generally been good to me. It has always been a mystery to me why of all man's endeavors, only the creative arts should be constantly exposed to public and generally destructive criticism.

FELIX DE COLA
Hollywood

Catch It If You Can

Sir: I have read TIME's Essay on the virtues of patience in America [March 25] with interest and concern. All too often is indecision, ignorance of a solution, or "letting the other guy do it" synonymous with patience. We have a plaque in the wardrobe and on the bridge of U.S.S. *Krishna* with this inscription: "Impatience and sense of urgency tempered with realism can never lead to complacency." Impatience in today's world is a virtue, not a vice.

EUGENE C. RUEFF
Lieut. Commander, U.S.N.
Commanding Officer, U.S.S. *Krishna*
Viet Nam

Sir: All things come to him who waits, as long as he does something while waiting.

A. R. ESSER
Milwaukee

Sir: Our childhood family maxim: Patience is a virtue./Catch it if you can./Seldom in a woman./NEVER in a man. (MRS.) EDNA VON HILLEBRANDT
San Juan, P.R.

Magnificent Unknowns

Sir: The Connolly reading list [March 25] is hopelessly provincial. However you define modernism, it is an international phenomenon. Yet Connolly leaves out Ibsen and Strindberg, Nietzsche and Rilke,

Tolstoy and Chekhov, all of whom surely have "helped shape the contemporary mind" to a far greater degree than Compton-Burnett or Henri Michaux. What about Marinetti and Cavafy and Karel Capek and Federico Garcia Lorca and other influential thinkers who did not happen to write in English or French?

SIMON KARLINSKY
Associate Professor of Slavic
Languages and Literatures
University of California
Berkeley

Sir: That Connolly excluded *Huckleberry Finn* and Henry Adams is justifiable: *de gustibus non est disputandum*. To exclude the major German, Russian, and other European writers merely because, it appears, Connolly could not read them in the original is unpardonable. We might as well ignore the Bible because we cannot read it in the original Aramaic and Greek.

J. C. VORVOREAN
London

Stamp for the Postcard

Sir: Your "good things in small packages" analysis of the sale of the postage-size Hubert Van Eyck oil [March 25, p. 69], and mention of the advantages of the rare stamp [p. 88], made me check the value of the world's most valuable postage stamp, the British Guiana 1¢ of 1856. Last year this 1-sq.-in. stamp was displayed at Royal Festival Hall in London, insured for a healthy \$560,000—the portable rare-painting market still has some distance to go to catch up with the portable rare stamp.

FRED S. JACOBY, M.D.
New York City

Cleverness or Craftsmanship?

Sir: "A Peek at the Pros" [March 25] is entertaining, but it leaves a distorted impression of continuing legal education. Dean Shapiro's organization is one of 30 in 30 states, all sponsoring courses in which many of the nation's lawyers participate. Those of us who know Shapiro well know a man who is not so much a P. T. Barnum as a dedicated, considerate, high-profile lawyer.

EDWARD J. KLOS
Director
Institute on Continuing Education of the
Illinois Bar
Springfield, Ill.

Sir: Watching staged courtroom drama can be fun; Perry Mason has proved that. But it is doubtful if one learns much. What is usually carried away is the conviction that cleverness rather than craftsmanship wins the suit. If your court reflected the goings-on at Ann Arbor, judges and professors who participate should be required to write 100 words.

P. O. PROCTOR
UCLA Professor of Law
Bordeaux, France

Tiffany's Hoving

Sir: In your April 1 issue there is a damaging statement about me. You say that Maxey Jarman "kicked" me out of Genesco Inc. There is no truth in whatsoever. The facts are that Mr. Jarman's surprise resignation as president of Genesco and as president of Bonwit Teller in June 1960 I resigned as chairman of Tiffany & Co. and as a group of associates.

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RENAULT

Oenologists
toast
their origin,
quality,
and taste

A color illustration of two men in suits at a social gathering. The man in the foreground, with grey hair, is smiling and looking up as a drink is poured into his glass from a bottle labeled 'RARE'. Another man with glasses is partially visible on the left. The bottle has a label that reads 'RARE' and 'BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY'. The man is holding two glasses, one of which is being filled. The background shows other people in formal attire, including a woman in a red dress.



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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

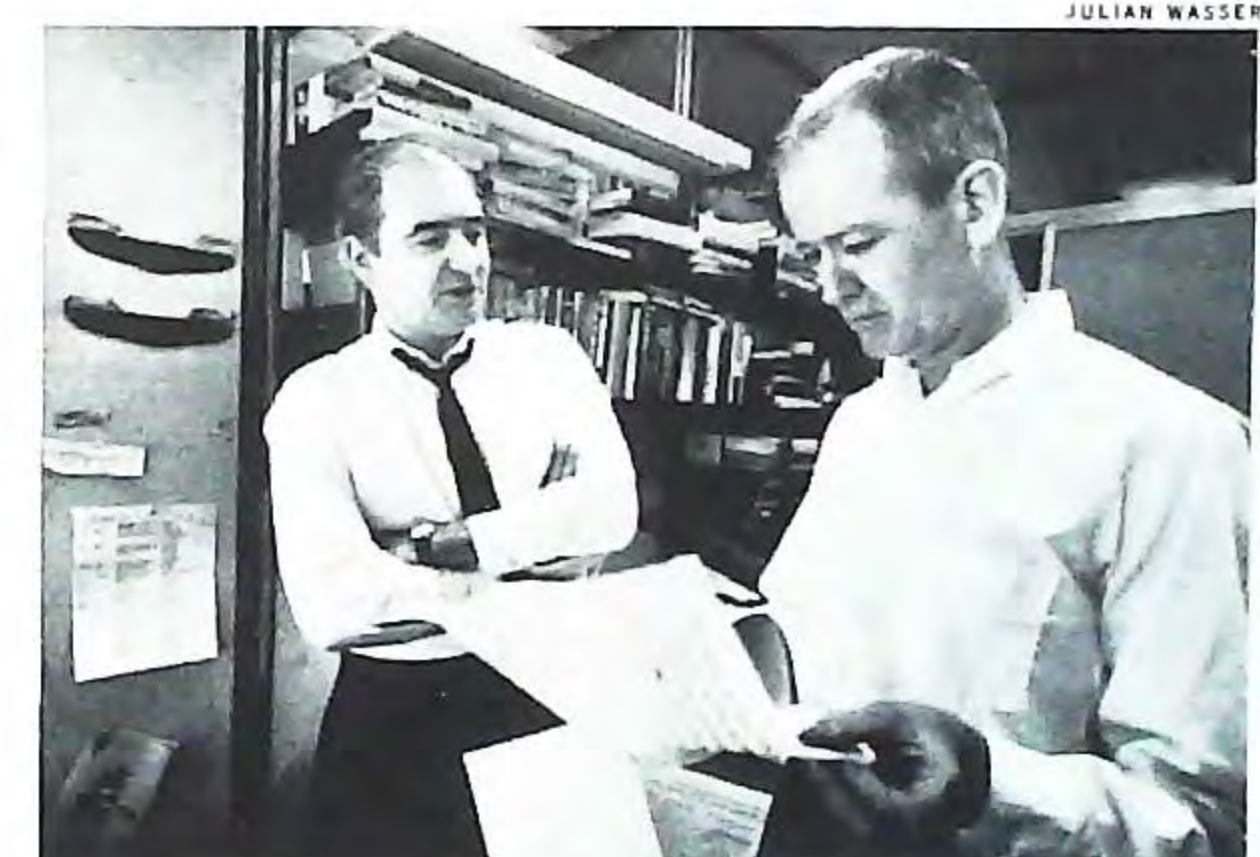
IN TIME's 43 years of publication, no story has been approached with more deliberation than this week's cover treatment of the contemporary concepts of God. The project was under consideration by the editors for nearly a year. What first brought the idea into the continuing discussions of possible cover subjects was the visibly growing concern among theologians about God and the secularized world of the mid-1960s. It was given impetus by the emergence of the "God is dead" group of theologians (TIME, Oct. 22), and the stir they created.

When the decision was made to go ahead with the project, Writer John T. Elson, for whom this is the tenth Religion cover story, approached his task, quite literally, with prayer. "It would have been easier to do in the Middle Ages in a magazine perhaps called *Tempus*," he said. "Easier because they had a God then that was consistent."

Before he was through, Elson had

read 40 books in direct preparation for the story, as well as Researcher Monica Dowdall's review of the concepts of God in religion and philosophy since Xenophanes. For the more immediate facets of the story, Elson and Senior Editor William Forbush drew on the results of more than 300 interviews conducted by 32 TIME correspondents around the world. The reporters had talked to theologians, philosophers, scientists, artists, teachers and students, among others, discussing notions of God that varied from pop atheism to the faithfully traditional.

After months of searching for a work of art suggesting a contemporary idea of God, the editors came to the conclusion that no appropriate representation could be found. In designing the first TIME cover ever to use only words, they decided that the ferment in modern theology was best suggested by the startling question hurled at a baffled world by the new theologians.



WRITER ELSON & EDITOR FORBUSH

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"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 8, 1966

Vol. 87, No. 14

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

The Virtues of Penny Pinching

It was Washington's No. 1 topic last week, overpowering talk of Viet Nam, Charles de Gaulle and the Sino-Soviet split. Lyndon Johnson, who had hoped that the subject might vanish of its own accord, now found himself devoting an extraordinary amount of time to talking and thinking about it. "I remember," he told a convention of municipal officials at the Washington Hilton Hotel, "when you couldn't walk into any hostess's home without them saying, 'What do you think about McCarthy?' A month ago, it was 'What do you think about the pause?' Now it is 'What do you think about inflation?'"

Inflation was certainly on almost everyone's mind. The housewife could see it on almost every price tag in the supermarket, the businessman in the price he pays for raw materials, the consumer in the rising cost of services. In fact, inflation is so much a topic of conversation that when Los Angeles Dodger Pitchers Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale signed last week for a new joint contract totaling some \$240,000, it was widely—and wryly—reported that their raise exceeded the President's 3.2% anti-inflationary wage guidelines by quite a bit. The increase for the two amounted to about 70%, despite the fact that their 1965 productivity rose by only 32% (from 37 victories to 49).

Still, the very talk of inflation has itself been somewhat inflated. Though there are ample signs of danger, the U.S. is not yet suffering from the serious inflation that precedes, and frequently causes, severe economic trouble. Lyndon Johnson noted last week that, as far as he could tell, the economy was not "shooting off into outer space." It is to make sure that this does not happen that Johnson all week—in public and in private, over telephone and microphone—exhorted everyone from housewife to Governor, labor leader to corporation head, to fight off inflation by clamping a tight rein on his

spending. "The amber light is on," he warned. "We must see that some restraint is applied."

Favorite Worry. Only a few weeks ago, the President felt confident that inflation was not a serious worry. His top economic consultants advised him that the economy was not "full of helium," and businessmen in whom he places trust assured him that inflation was not a real threat. "The favorite American pastime is worry," Johnson told a group of White House fellows when the talk turned to inflation. "It's their favorite jag." But the light turned amber—and Johnson called for an application of the brakes—when he got a look last week at a fresh stream of statistics that showed that inflation, if nothing to get panicky about yet, is certainly something to be dealt with.

First off, the President discovered that retail sales for January hit an all-time high of \$25 billion despite assurances that he had received, on the basis of early data, that they had leveled off—an anti-inflation sign he publicly welcomed two weeks ago. Price rises were

announced for shoes, sheet glass, fertilizers and, despite Administration efforts to avert it, most cigarettes (a penny more a pack). Most worrisome of all was a half-percent rise in the crucial consumer price index for February, caused largely by spiraling meat, milk, poultry and vegetable costs. It was the largest increase for any February since 1951, and it came after several other monthly rises and on the heels of an even greater spurt in the monthly wholesale price index.

"Prices are moving up too fast to be comfortable," the President complained to a convention of mayors. "Increases at these rates cannot long be tolerated." The President then brought up a subject that has become just about the major source of speculation in Washington: the possibility of a tax increase. Despite widespread urgings by such economists as M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson that taxes be hiked to head off inflation, Johnson has repeatedly said that he considers a tax hike a last resort and that he has not made up his mind to ask for one. If the price situation worsened, however, he noted last week, he would have little choice. While "I don't like to recommend a tax increase, I think that Congress would rather have a modest increase—5%, 6%, 7%, corporate and personal—then to see inflation and the value of the dollar go down."

Miserly Mood. Before he makes up his mind about a tax increase, the President seemed determined to talk the entire nation into a miserly mood in order to cool off the economic advance. Dining with some 200 businessmen at the White House, he asked: "How many of you would recommend tomorrow a tax increase for the purpose of restraining our economy? Those of you that would, I wish you would raise your right hand." Not a hand went up. In that case, said Johnson, he would expect them to defer, stretch out or abandon at least \$6 billion of a total of \$60 billion in planned capital expenditures. Several agreed to try. Campbell Soup President Wil-



KOUFAX & DRYSDALE AT DODGER STADIUM
The amber light was definitely on.

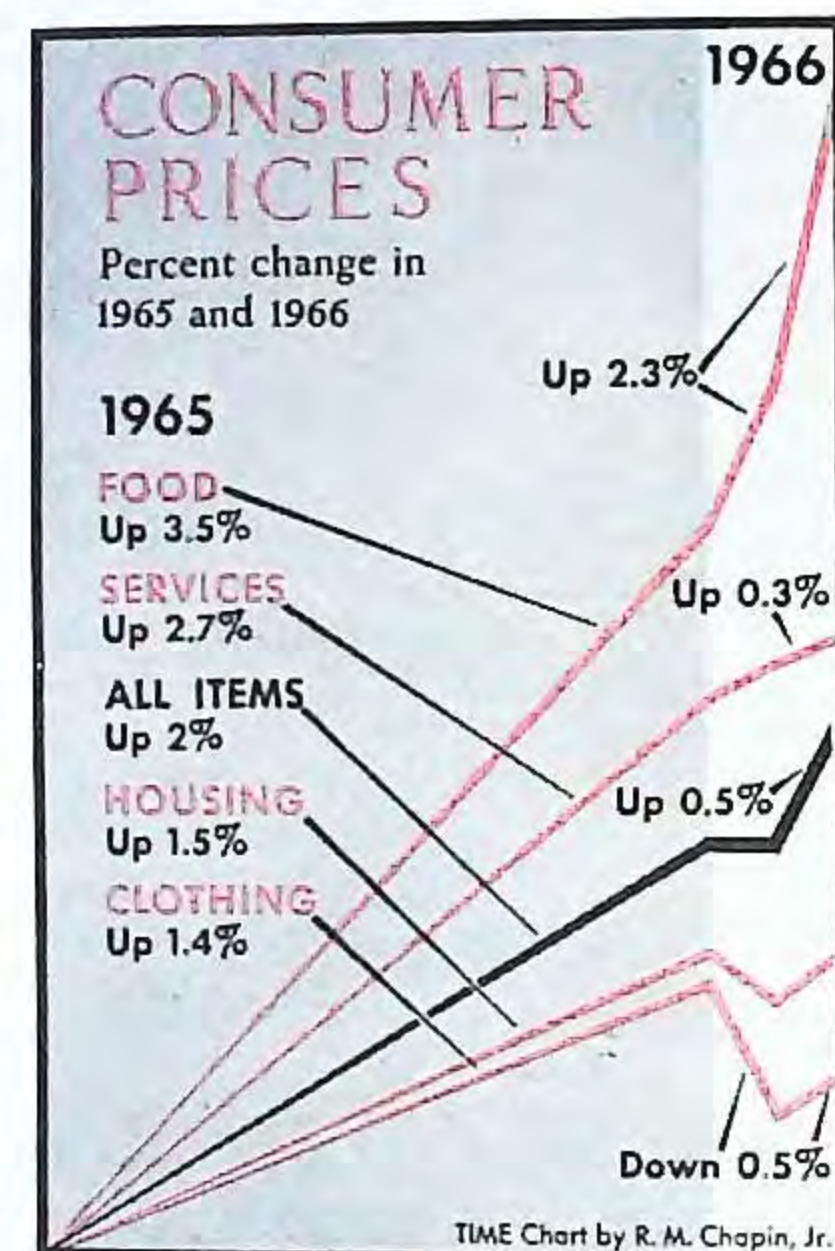
liam B. Murphy ordered aides to cut back on all capital expenditures except those that are "absolutely required," and not to be outspaced, H. J. Heinz Co. Board Chairman H. J. Heinz II ordered a similar review. Alcoa, Continental Oil and Reynolds Metals promised to try to trim their outlays.

To show that his Administration was doing its share, Johnson asked his Cabinet to reduce spending by \$1.1 billion over the next three months in order to cut the budget deficit to \$5.3 billion. He asked the mayors to cut spending too. "The Federal Government is doing it," he said. "I have asked the Governors to do it. I have asked the businessmen, the private managers, to do it, and I am asking the mayors to do it." Very shortly, he added, he would ask "the leaders of the workmen of this country"—most notably A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany—to do it. And he wanted the ladies to get in on the act. "I just wonder," said the President, "if the women of this country couldn't get out their lead pencils and put on their glasses and look at some of these price lists and say goodbye to those products that insist on going up and up. Just say, 'I don't have to have that. I will just substitute.'" The President had already revealed that he had asked Lady Bird to buy cheaper cuts of meat for the White House. Now he confessed that they had long been planning to add "two little rooms" to their house on the L.B.J. ranch. "But I asked Mrs. Johnson last night to defer those two rooms. That is a little thing, but if everybody does that, it won't get too tight, it won't heat up too much, the economy won't get out of our hands, and prices won't go up 5% in the next five months."

Rifles v. Ruffles. If the President's unorthodox strategies fail, stronger medicine may be in order—though probably not as strong as the dose that Lester Pearson's Liberals last week readied for Canada. To "pace the prosperity" there, the government hopes to raise income taxes 8%, cut back government construction 10% and levy a 5% tax on industry's cash profits, refundable with interest 18 to 36 months after payment. In the U.S., Johnson's Republican opposition insists that the most effective medicine would be a cut in domestic spending. Accordingly, when a \$2.5 billion money bill hit the House floor last week, G.O.P. Congressmen saw it as an issue of "guns v. butter," or as they now call it, "rifles v. ruffles." Since much of the money was earmarked for pensions and pay raises for Government employees and servicemen, the Republicans aimed instead at what they considered to be two Great Society ruffles: a \$12 million rent-subsidy program for the poor and a \$10 million Teachers Corps project for impoverished neighborhoods. During a seven-hour, bitterly partisan debate, the Republicans tried to strike out the rent-subsidy funds. But the Democratic leadership had done its work well. The at-

tempt failed narrowly, 198 to 190, with six Republicans helping to foil it. Later the entire bill passed by a comfortable 269-to-122 margin.

The Republicans obviously intend to make spending a major issue in this fall's campaign. If the Administration does not cut spending, says Minority Leader Gerald Ford, a tax hike is inevitable, and that "will hurt Democrats and help Republicans in November." Johnson is keenly aware of the issue's potency—and so far has handled it with considerable skill. Some Johnson buffs are convinced that he has intended all along to ask for a tax increase but has held off so as to get himself in the position of being urged to ask for one. If he feels it necessary to act, all the talk has so thoroughly prepared Americans for a tax increase that, according



to one poll, four of every five citizens fully expect one soon.

Lucky Breaks? Still, Johnson figures that with a couple of lucky breaks he might just manage to squeeze by without one. A tapering off in Viet Nam outlays would be one such break—though that depends, of course, on how the war goes in the next few months. Another would be a leveling off in wholesale and consumer prices. To a certain extent, that may already be happening. Last week Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman noted that in the month and a half since the figures were compiled for the latest price indexes, the prices of several key foods have dropped; preliminary figures for the latest wholesale price index also turned down slightly.

For the time being, says the President, "I'm going to sit steady. We don't want to put both feet on the brakes and turn us into a skid that is a recession or depression." For that reason, the President's voice is likely to be heard often over the land in the coming weeks of spring, earnestly preaching the virtues of penny pinching.

THE PRESIDENCY

Back to the Old Ways

Engrossed though he was with the economy, the President somehow managed to be in on just about everything else in Washington last week. Since his gall bladder operation six months ago, Lyndon Johnson has stayed more or less to himself in the White House, showing little of the freewheeling quality of his pre-operation days. Last week he seemed to break out and for the first time in months, become truly himself again—that is to say, elementally energetic, maddeningly moody and utterly unpredictable.

Johnson set the tone for the week by dancing into the wee hours after Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had gone home at midnight, following a state dinner in her honor at the White House. He signaled the scarlet-coated Marine Band to strike up *Hello, Dolly* fox-trotted with more than a dozen partners. Despite the rule that nobody leaves a social event before the President does, only a handful of the 140 guests managed to outlast him. Even Aides Marvin Watson and Jack Valenti, one of whom usually escorts the President to his White House bedroom each night, ducked out quietly while their boss danced on.

"I Sat Trembling." Ever since the President decided on the spur of the moment to drop in on the Gridiron Club dinner last month, Washington has not quite known just where he will turn up next. He unexpectedly stayed for Mrs. Gandhi's black-tie dinner at the Indian embassy. Later in the week he popped over to a United Service Organization dinner for Bob Hope at the Washington Hilton, presented the comedian with a plaque commending him for his entertainment of U.S. servicemen. "It's nice to be here in Washington," said Hope. "or, as the Republicans call it, Camp Runamuck. It's nice to be here in the land." The President was equal to the occasion. Hope, he said, "is an actor who isn't, as far as I know—at least now—running for public office. And he is a frequent visitor to Viet Nam who has never been asked to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—at least not yet."

All week, Johnson showed the old hunkered-down, lapel-tugging virtuosity, his hands flying, his words pulsing, his fists mashing the air for emphasis. At an unexpected and impromptu press conference after a Cabinet room conference, he twitted the press for predicting trouble over a supplemental bill that had just passed easily. "That was a great issue, and you all had your backgrounders up on the future fall of the Johnson Administration. I sat trembling, waiting for the announcement of that roll call. He scornfully chided the reporters for swallowing a Washington Post report, apparently based on a tip from the State Department, that U. Alexis Johnson would be named Ambassador to Japan: "I do not want any of you to

take seriously some kid's statement over at the State Department." Later, the White House changed the phrase to "someone's statement."

Burns on the Carpet. With an eye for the smallest detail, Johnson also found time to snuff out a smoldering—though minor—crisis that involved the report—having recently discovered two cigarette burns on the carpet of his oval office, the President, who stopped smoking after his 1955 heart attack, told Secret Service men to order reporters entering the office to ditch their lighted cigarettes. He also took to thrusting ashtrays at visitors, and recently, while walking with a guest outside his office, swooped down to pick up a crushed butt and dump it in an ashtray.

The high point of his anti-ash campaign came when he dropped in—unexpectedly, of course—at a press briefing conducted by Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. Seating himself next to New York Timesman Felix Belair Jr., the President began fidgeting when he noticed that the ash on Belair's cigarette was lengthening inexorably. Ostentatiously, he reached over and dragged a stand-up ashtray to the reporter's side. Too late; the offending ash broke loose and rained onto the green carpet. Mortified, Belair quickly followed it down, kneeling to scoop it up with his notebook. As the ash disappeared into the ashtray, the President of the U.S. appeared quietly pleased.

Playing All the Bases

Since the Feb. 28 departure of McGeorge Bundy to the Ford Foundation, White House watchers have been curious about whether the President would name one man to replace Bundy in the well-publicized position of Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. Last week the President made it clear that he has no intention of offering Bundy's spotlight to any one man. At what he called a "regular, impromptu, unannounced, hurried-up press conference," he announced the appointment of two new White House aides.

To join his staff as the \$30,000-a-year secretary to the Cabinet, Johnson named hard-driving Robert E. Kintner, 56, who just three months ago left his



ROSTOW

KINTNER

Two-for-one split.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

\$200,000-a-year job as president of the National Broadcasting Co. (after a well-muffled company dispute). Less surprisingly but no less provocatively, he named as a special presidential assistant Walt Whitman Rostow, 49, a Kennedy-picked M.I.T. economic history professor who served as a White House aide before but left in 1961 to become a State Department policy-maker because he did not get along with McGeorge Bundy.

When a reporter asked if it could be said that Rostow would be Bundy's successor, the President replied: "It could be, but that would be inaccurate. It would not be true. Most of the men play any position here, we hope." He added that Bundy's job has been split among White House Aides Robert Komer, Jack Valenti and Bill Moyers, and that Rostow would pick up some other pieces of it—"principally, but not necessarily exclusively, in the field of foreign policy, as well as special coordination of Latin American development." Rostow should feel at home: he has made several troubleshooting trips to Europe and Asia, helped to administer Latin American aid.

As for Kintner, a Johnson pal since the two first met in the early '30s while Kintner was a New York Herald Tribune reporter in Washington and Johnson was a young congressional secretary, even the President seemed a bit uncertain about where the gregarious ex-executive might wind up. There was a broad hint, though, that he just might be dealing with the press. "He will be at the service of the President, and if he needs to play first or second or third base, I hope he can do it," Johnson told reporters. "I don't want him to play any position too long because he gets too familiar with you, and familiarity breeds contempt."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A New Bloom

Practically everywhere she went on her U.S. visit, Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was smothered with roses, which are her symbol as well as her late father's. Lady Bird Johnson handed Mrs. Gandhi a dozen red American Beauties right after she disembarked from a helicopter on the White House lawn, later the Indian leader was variously presented with more red roses, yellow roses, artificial roses, an impressionistic painting of a rose and a gilded rose from Tiffany's. All of them could serve well to symbolize the result of her five-day visit: a new flowering in the relations between the world's two largest democracies.

President Johnson and Mrs. Gandhi, who had met before during the then Vice President's 1961 trip to India, hit it off well right from the start. Towering over the 5 ft. 2 in. visitor as they stood on the White House lawn, Johnson called for "that frankness and candor and detail that always mark conversa-



PRIME MINISTER & PRESIDENT
Poised, proud and understanding.

tions between good friends." He got it. "India and the U.S.," replied Mrs. Gandhi, "cannot and should not take each other for granted or allow their relations to drift." Later she said of the President: "He goes right to the point without a lot of chitchat beforehand. I like that. I like to talk business first and then have the pleasantries later if there is any time for them."

No Dancing. Starting with an hour-and-a-half get-acquainted talk in the White House, Johnson and Mrs. Gandhi had several private chats about India's domestic problems, the threat of Communist China and the presence of the U.S. in Southeast Asia. But there was plenty of time for pleasantries too. The President flattered Mrs. Gandhi by walking her home to Blair House half a block away, that night at a dinner in the White House described her as "not only a woman with an understanding heart but also a leader with a sense of vision." Wearing a gold-embroidered purple sari, her toenails painted red, Mrs. Gandhi chatted tête-à-tête with the President before and after the meal, left as soon as Violinist Isaac Stern finished his performance and before the dancing began. Explained she: "My countrymen would not approve if they heard I had been dancing."

Next day, in a talk before the National Press Club, Mrs. Gandhi showed more sympathy for the U.S.'s plight in Viet Nam than any other Indian leader had ever done before. "The Americans are in a difficult situation, and I can understand their difficulties now," she said. "I have been in my talks with Mr. Johnson impressed by the sincerity of the President's desire for a peaceful settlement in that war-torn country." Later, in a joint communiqué, the President and Mrs. Gandhi agreed that there

should be a "just and peaceful solution of this problem" and that Red China's aggressive policies "pose a threat to peace, particularly in Asia." That night, calling at the Indian Embassy ostensibly to make a brief farewell visit, the President stayed so long talking with Mrs. Gandhi that he was finally invited to remain for the black-tie dinner. "I'm happy to be asked," said the business-suited Johnson, thus causing a protocol scramble and breaking his own practice of never accepting reciprocal invitations from state visitors.

Warm Invitation. Mrs. Gandhi left Washington with several specific aid promises from the U.S. To expand education in India, the President announced plans for an Indo-American Founda-

other. Mrs. Gandhi proved to be not only "a very proud, gracious and very able lady," as the President called her, but a fiercely independent ruler with a determination to equal his own. As if to illustrate that independence, she flew off from London in a Soviet plane to visit Russia's rulers in Moscow before returning to India.

Underlining China

When the Fulbright hearings on Red China ended last week, they had produced little to cause the Administration to change its basic policy. Since Americans are more aware of and more interested in Europe, the sessions did perform a useful function in getting China into the headlines. Chairman J. William

implacable enmity and toward inevitably more aggressive policies. Only one of them, however, felt that the U.S. should not be in Viet Nam at all and should let the Chinese reign in their own "sphere of influence." He was the University of Chicago's Hans Morgenthau, a long-term critic of U.S. Viet Nam policies, who declared last week that all of Asia is China's proper sphere and disdained military containment of the Chinese as a step that will lead "sooner or later to war."

Far from being wrong, testified Walter H. Judd, former Minnesota Republican Congressman, U.S. China policy since 1950 has been "hardheaded and realistic." Judd, a former medical missionary in China, insisted that a softer attitude would not only betray the Nationalist Chinese but destroy the faith of U.S. allies elsewhere. He caustically recalled that efforts to placate Japan in the late '30s "did not lead to peace; they led to Pearl Harbor," and snapped that many of the critics who preceded him were advocating that "same general approach to aggression in Asia today."

Though he is against isolating Red China and in favor of universal membership in the U.N., the University of California's Robert A. Scalapino also rejected the arguments that the U.S. should not be fighting in Viet Nam. "By virtue of its strength and resources," he said, "the U.S. cannot escape from a powerful element of unilateralism and I see no point in naively or romantically railing against this fact." Nonetheless, he urged the Administration to allow itself "a broad range of policy alternatives" in Southeast Asia. "If we continue to live by the all-or-nothing philosophy—either all in or all out—we cannot possibly sustain our values and our interests."

Blunt Reply. Even as the Sinologists finished their testimony, Red China leaders were making the whole subject seem slightly academic. Peking's official press voice, Jenmin Jih Pao, bluntly discarded a recent suggestion by President Johnson that the two countries exchange visits of newsmen, scientists and scholars. Under the headline OLD NEWS CONSPIRACY, the newspaper called the idea "a sheer daydream." It accused the U.S. of "feigning eagerness to improve Sino-U.S. relations to divert public attention from its deployment for aggression against China."

THE FIRST LADY

Home on the Range

Still carrying a slight cough from a two-day bout with viral laryngitis, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson last week set out on her most ambitious sightseeing trip since becoming First Lady. It was, appropriately enough, within the borders of Texas.

In San Antonio, where the Johnsons were married in 1934, she turned on a new scenic lighting system for the Antonio River, then floated down

illuminated water on a barge while crowds lined the banks and local songsters serenaded her from bridges and landings. Lady Bird cited San Antonio as a model for the beautification and preservation efforts of other American cities. "Here is a great example of what can be done," she said. "It says to every city—look around and find the individual charm, the bounty of nature, the heritage of the past with which to rebuild."

From San Antonio, Lady Bird and her entourage, 70 strong, flew to the desert mountain fastnesses of Big Bend National Park, where she was greeted by a crowd of 4,200, including, one local noted, "every living critter around here." So stark and jagged that astronauts have visited it to see what they will encounter on the moon—yet fiercely beautiful withal—Big Bend receives far fewer visitors than most other national parks, was thus a prime spot for one of the First Lady's See America First promotion trips.

With a doctor beside her to treat possible rattlesnake, tarantula or scorpion bites, Secret Service men and rangers nearby to fend away any stray panthers or bobcats (Big Bend counts 28 species of snakes and 60 different species of animal), Mrs. Johnson hiked up the Lost Mine Trail for a look across the Rio Grande. She ate dinner beside a campfire at sunset, listened to Western songs from local troupes and genuine tall tales by a folklorist imported from the University of Texas.

Big Bend had not seen such commotion since Pancho Villa tromped over the border in 1916, and it was hardly prepared for the crush. Extra telephone lines and fast-transmission Telex machines were jammed into ranger headquarters at Panther Junction to handle press copy, and a car stood ready to rush outgoing material to the airstrip 120 miles away. For Lady Bird's five-hour raft journey through the wild gorges of the Rio Grande, rangers had floated box lunches, soft drinks and coffee, and portable toilets to the sand bar where the party was to stop for lunch. The river, which frequently falls so low that rafts cannot negotiate it, was also up to the occasion—a full 1 ft. 9 in.

LABOR

Walking the Rails

The largest U.S. railway walkout since 1946 (when Harry Truman threatened to draft strikers) last week tied up passenger and freight trains in 38 states. The strike, called by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen against eight major railroads, immediately stranded 32,000 commuters in Chicago, another 12,000 in Boston. Mail service was disrupted and transport problems forced manufacturers to cut back production. More than 200,000 workers found themselves on short schedules or off the job altogether. Ostensibly, the brotherhood was de-

manding an apprenticeship program to train firemen for engineer positions. It was clear, however, that Brotherhood President H. E. (Ed) Gilbert was angling to recoup the power lost by his union in 1963 when Congress, to break a negotiations impasse over featherbedding, enacted the first peacetime compulsory-arbitration law. The arbitration board subsequently approved the elimination from yard and freight crews of nine out of every ten firemen jobs. At least 18,000 jobs have since vanished.

Reacting promptly to the walkout, Federal District Judge Alexander Holtzoff held that the union had failed to properly mediate its demands and ordered the strikers back to work. Instead of complying, Gilbert said that he would

Representatives is expected to go along.

Medicare benefits become available July 1 for virtually everyone over 65. Medicare Part 1, providing primarily for hospital expenses, is paid for by payroll deductions and provides automatic coverage for those in the Social Security and Railroad Retirement Systems. Medicare Part 2, which will pay most physicians' bills and other costs not defrayed by Part 1, is financed half by the Government and half by beneficiaries' contributions of \$3 a month. It was to get oldsters to sign up for this bargain that the Great Society waged its great sales campaign.

The drive, which began in September, at first proved a dud. By Dec. 31, only 8,000,000 had enrolled, and the



OLDSTERS SIGNING FOR MEDICARE BENEFITS IN INDIANA
Until every sheep has heard the shepherd's horn.

call off the pickets only if management promised to bring neither damage nor contempt suits. Holtzoff held the brotherhood in contempt of court, as a starter fined it \$25,000 a day for the duration of the strike. This week, a court of appeals upheld Holtzoff's decision—and the union ordered its men back to work.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Great Salesmanship

Having 90% of the people respond favorably to one of his proposals is not enough for Lyndon Johnson. Last week as the deadline came for signing up for the full benefits of the new medicare program, one of the widest and most successful canvassing drives in history had enrolled all but 10% of the 19 million eligible. But if one sheep be lost, would not Lyndon Johnson leave the flock to go in search of it? At the very last minute, he asked Congress to extend the initial deadline for enrollment by two months, until May 31, thus rescuing those who had not signed up from being excluded from the plan until 1967. The Senate approved the proposal the very next day, and the House of

rate was a discouraging 120,000 a week. The Government reacted with follow-up mailings to those who had not responded to the first one, printed promotional pamphlets in 22 languages, retained a public relations firm and hired an additional 1,800 employees for the last weeks of the job. The Office of Economic Opportunity contributed \$2,000,000 and 8,000 workers. Using planes and dog sleds for transportation in remote areas of Alaska, and a horse to reach at least one Maine community, Government workers combed the cities and the countryside for subscribers.

By week's end, some 17 million people had been enrolled—including 500,000 who had at first turned down the initial mail solicitation. About 1,000,000 still declined and another 1,000,000 are uncommitted. Meanwhile, the President has turned to pushing yet another section of the Medicare Act: a federal-state program to give medical assistance to the poor, with emphasis on children, that requires states rather than individuals to sign up. "The world's wealthiest nation," said Johnson in formally beginning the campaign, "must also be the world's healthiest."



INDIRA GANDHI RECEIVING AN IMPRESSIONISTIC ROSE AT LINCOLN CENTER*
Illustrating independence on a Russian plane to Moscow.

tion, to be financed by \$300 million in rupees held by the U.S. in Indian Food for Peace payments. To alleviate India's food shortage, he proposed shipping an additional \$500 million worth of U.S. surplus commodities to India by year's end (\$500 million worth is already scheduled) and appealed to other nations to match the U.S. contribution.

Mrs. Gandhi extended a warm invitation to the President to visit India, then moved on to Manhattan for a brief stop before flying to London to see Prime Minister Wilson. She gave a poised speech before the New York Economic Club, inviting private enterprise to socialist-leaning India and maintaining that India's troubles, though serious, are not really as bad as they are sometimes portrayed. With foreign assistance, she said, "we shall tide over the famine without too great suffering."

The result of Mrs. Gandhi's visit was primarily a new mood of increased warmth and understanding between the U.S. and India. She and the President decided during the week that they were going roughly in the same direction and that they could accomplish things together without making demands on each

Fulbright took what comfort he could from that fact.

What else did the hearings accomplish? Because Hubert Humphrey three weeks ago quoted the testimony of Columbia University Sinologist A. Doak Barnett that the U.S. was interested in "containment without isolation" of Red China, many people assumed that the Administration had made a switch in policy. It was hardly that, because China has not been isolated, and certainly not by the U.S. In testimony last week, Professor George Taylor, a University of Washington Asia expert, pointed out that, far from being isolated, Peking has diplomatic relations with 48 nations. "It is Peking that is trying to isolate us," said Taylor. "She is very much in the international community where it counts, in fact too much."

No Escape. The main point made by the opponents of the Administration during the hearings was that the U.S. is ignoring the Chinese, driving them into

* With (from left) William Schuman, president of the Center, Joel Hahn, the artist; New York's Mayor John Lindsay and John D. Rockefeller III, the Center's chairman.

PROTEST

The Wrong Place

The handful of youngsters who actively oppose the nation's draft seem intent on making a public display of their protest. So far, the public has been remarkably forbearing of their demonstrations, but last week the Viet-niks picked the wrong place to stage a protest: South Boston. There, the predominantly Irish inhabitants not only retain a good bit of the rough and tumble of their immigrant ancestors but take most unkindly to unpatriotic displays. Trouble was in the air as eleven Viet Nam demonstrators reached the steps of the South Boston courthouse, where two of them calmly burned their draft cards and two others put the torch to their draft-reclassification notices.

Though the burnings had been announced in advance, no uniformed police were present. But a crowd of 150 high school students were on hand for the show—and they did not like what they saw. "Kill them! Shoot them! Commie!" cried the gang. They surged forward, knocking some of the demonstrators to the ground and slugging and kicking them until the cops finally arrived to rescue them. Said a veteran police captain: "Anyone foolish enough to commit such an unpatriotic gesture in South Boston can only expect what these people got." Later, in court to face charges stemming from an earlier sit-in at the Boston Army Base, the protesters were found guilty of loitering. Nine of them began serving jail sentences rather than pay \$20 fines; the other two plan appeals.

When it comes to outright draft dodging, as opposed to demonstrations, the authorities have little patience. In Hartford, Conn., Bookseller David Mitchell, 23, who had refused to report for induction and declared the U.S. "morally bankrupt and criminally liable" in Viet

Nam, was given the maximum prison sentence of five years for draft evasion. In a New York City crackdown, 38 men, including several fathers and their draft-age sons, were indicted for participating in one of the biggest draft-dodging schemes ever. They had allegedly bought stolen Defense Department documents for as much as \$5,000 each, falsified them to satisfy draft boards that the youths belonged to reserve units and thus were ineligible for induction.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Toward Outlawing Murder

In the inexorable tide of new rights bills that has flowed from an increasingly enlightened Congress in the past decade, there has remained one area of ironic negligence: the lack of strong federal laws against racial murder. Given the intransigence of many Southern jurists, often nothing more than a fuzzy, fragile bit of Reconstruction legislation stands between segregationist killers and total freedom. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court moved to sharpen the focus—and the teeth—of those 19th century laws in decisions that dealt with two of the South's most wanton racist slayings: the June 1964 murder of three civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss., and the shotgun killing along a Georgia highway three weeks later of Lemuel Penn, a Washington Negro educator. In both cases, the court reversed rulings by Southern federal-court judges and opened the way for further Justice Department prosecutions.

"Color of Law." In the Philadelphia triple killing, the state of Mississippi refused to bring murder charges against 18 suspects, including Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey, Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price and Philadelphia Cop Richard Willis. Because murder is not a federal offense except when it occurs on U.S.-owned property, Government attorneys prosecuted the 18 on federal charges growing out of an 1876 law. The Government accusations were based on two parts of the law. Section 241 makes it a crime punishable by two or more persons to conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the U.S." Section 242 prohibits people from acting "under color of any law to deprive anyone of his federal rights, an offense punishable by one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

The case came up in Jackson, Miss., in February 1965 before Federal District Judge William Harold Cox. He threw out the indictments under Section 241 on grounds that murder, even if it did involve civil rights, was not within federal jurisdiction. Cox allowed to stand against Rainey, Price and Willis only the charges under Section 242, reasoning that as law officers they were the only suspects actually operating under "the color of law" when the crime was committed.

In a blunt and unanimous reversal of Cox, written by Justice Abe Fortas, the Supreme Court ruled that the suspects must be tried under both sections. "Private persons, jointly engaged with state officials in the prohibited action, are acting 'under color' of law," said Fortas. As for the more punitive Section 241, "Its language embraces all of the rights and privileges secured to citizens by the Constitution and all of the laws of the U.S." Thus Rainey, Price & Co. must face trial again.

Persons & Commodities. In the Georgia slaying, Penn, a Negro who directed vocational schools in the District of Columbia, was gunned down while driving to Washington after a two-week Army Reserve stint at Fort Benning, Ga. A pair of admitted Klansmen, Joseph H. Sims and Cecil W. Myers, were charged with the killing and accused of murder in a state court. Federal attorneys subsequently accused them of violating Section 241, but like Mississippi's Cox, Federal District Judge W. A. Bootle of Macon dismissed the charges. The Supreme Court sent the case back to Bootle's court for trial. The majority opinion, written by Justice Potter Stewart, pointed out that "the constitutional right to travel from one state to another occupies a position fundamental to the concept of our Federal Union." He wrote that a federal law protects "persons, as well as commodities," and that if the predominant purpose of a plot is to block interstate travel, "then, whether or not motivated by racial discrimination, the conspiracy becomes a proper object of the federal law."

Knight's & Shotguns. Armed and encouraged by the court's rulings, the Justice Department could conceivably move to prosecute under federal law other rights murder cases such as the sidewalk slaying of the Rev. James Reeb in Selma, the Birmingham church bombing in which four Negro girls died and the killing of Seminarian Jonathan Daniels in Hayneville, Ala. Indeed, FBI agents last week wound up an intense 76-day investigation in Mississippi with the arrest of 14 White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, who were indicted under Section 241 and the 1965 Voting Rights Act in connection with the Jan. 10 fire-bomb attack on the Hattiesburg home of Vernon Dahmer, 58, a Negro who had been president of the local NAACP in 1964. When Dahmer tried to flee his blazing house, he was forced back into the flames by a fusillade of shotgun blasts, later died of his burns. Shocked Mississippi law-enforcement authorities cooperated fully with the FBI in an investigation.

Although a Mississippi murder charge will more than likely be forthcoming in this case, it is clear that the Federal Government needs a strong law to deal with Southern segregationists' violence. In its decision last week, the Supreme Court made it clear that such legislation is not only necessary but welcome. Six of the court's nine justices agreed in principle with Justice Tom Clark that Congress does have the power to "enact laws punishing all conspiracies—with or without state action—that interfere with 14th Amendment rights."

HIGHWAYS

Steps Toward Safety

Auto safety has become such an urgent and popular issue (TIME Essay, April 1), particularly in Washington, that hardly a week passes without some action on several fronts:

► In hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee, New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy echoed earlier pleas that the Administration strengthen its pending safety legislation and push up the deadline by which manufacturers would have to meet safety standards from the 1970 to the 1968 models. A persistent critic of Detroit's safety record, Kennedy pointed out that astronauts and test pilots undergo much greater shocks than do people in many auto accidents—and survive. He asked the Government to force automakers to do something about protecting passengers from the "second collision" when they slam into a car's interior. "Our automobiles," he said, "are simply not designed to protect the passengers under these shocks." When military commanders want money to improve safety at airbases, added Kennedy, they place the boots of dead pilots on the conference table before them. The boots of millions of traffic victims—past and future—are on the table before us. It is time to act.

► The Senate passed, 79 to 0, an Administration measure authorizing the Secretary of Commerce to set minimum



SENATOR KENNEDY



CRITIC BUCKLEY

"Why does baloney reject the grinder?"

standards for tires, effective in August 1967. The bill would give the Secretary authority to force Detroit to equip its new cars with stronger load-bearing tires and to bar from the road so-called "cheapies," the substandard tires with fancy names that have an unfortunate history of blowouts.

► The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare told manufacturers that, effective with 1968 models, all cars sold in the U.S. must be equipped with devices that will curb exhaust fumes, which pollute the air in almost every major U.S. city and are potentially a major killer. HEW hopes that its new regulations, which will cut out about half of the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon pollutants, will clear the air somewhat by the end of the decade, as new cars replace older smoky models.

► To focus legislative attention on the chief causes of accidents, about which auto experts have little precise data, the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory announced that it will conduct a three-year study of accidents in Buffalo, N.Y. Said Dr. B. J. Campbell, head of the laboratory's accident research division: "We don't want to make a massive allocation of the country's resources to combat an accident cause that maybe ranks only 87th among causes." The study will be financed with \$800,000 from the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

POLITICS

The Bill & Bobby Show

Robert F. Kennedy and William F. Buckley Jr. have much in common. They are both young, attractive, wealthy, Roman Catholic, of Irish descent and Ivy League background. Both married daughters of wealthy families and chose to spend their lives in politics (and related professions) rather than in merely enlarging the fortunes their industrious fathers gave them. Both are aggressive combatants.

There the similarities end. Senator

Kennedy is a liberal Democrat who is pitching his woo farther left. *National Review* Editor Buckley, who last year ran unsuccessfully for mayor of New York, wants to make the Republican Party more conservative. With both now calling New York home base, conflict is inevitable. "We will soon have a vendetta going," Buckley said happily last week.

Kennedy declined to debate Buckley last fall on the grounds that he was not a candidate in the municipal election. Now Buckley is starting a television series matching himself against liberal sparring partners. He invited Kennedy to appear on the first show, scheduled to be broadcast this week, offering him 1) a choice of time because the program is taped, 2) a \$500 honorarium and 3) a role in planning the format. Kennedy had an aide send terse regrets. As to why Kennedy refused, Buckley explains: "Why does baloney reject the grinder?"

Buckley, whose forte is devastating repartee delivered in a droll drawl, intends to conduct a debate with or without Kennedy. Indeed, he keeps writing about Kennedy in his column, "On the Right," carried in 148 papers. Last week he had a piece titled "The Inevitability of Bobby Kennedy," which reported with some humor and without alarm that Bobby is headed for higher things.

"He is indestructible," wrote Buckley. "He can say silly things, as he did all over Latin America, and somehow, not be taken as silly. He can say outrageous things, as for instance that he would not object to American blood flowing into Viet Cong veins, and when the public winces, he will issue a torrent of explanations and modifications which are gratefully and instantly accepted, and emerge as the forward-looking thinker. He can back the machine and somehow escape the normal consequences. It is, so far, a winning combination."

With praise like that, does Bobby need enemies?

MOB ATTACK ON DRAFT CARD BURNERS IN SOUTH BOSTON



SAFETY IN THE AIR

THE Jet Age is eight years old, and its high white contrails and graceful, swept-wing planes are familiar sights from the most cosmopolitan cities to the farthest provinces of the globe. Flight has grown into an absolute essential for mobile, modern man. By occasional tourist and veteran traveler, the big aircraft are recognized as the most comfortable, convenient means of long-distance travel. Yet hardly a passenger escapes entirely from an ancient skepticism, a lurking suspicion that manned flight is somehow unnatural and inherently dangerous. The hazards are always magnified. Just as the Sunday driver tends to minimize the difficulties of the crowded highway because he himself is at the wheel, in control of his own destiny, the air traveler often exaggerates his peril. He has put the responsibility for his life into the hands of others—pilot, ground controllers, even weathermen—and his unease is understandable. When word of a crash hits the headlines, he inevitably asks himself the question he has asked so many times before: "Is flying really safe?"

It is. Scheduled-airline flying in the U.S. is 6.4 times safer than personal driving; a person would have to travel 263 million miles in a plane, but only 41 million miles in a car, before he ran an odds-on chance of being killed. More people die by falling off ladders than by crashing in airliners. Life insurance is no more expensive for today's pilots than it is for bookkeepers; in a year, only one commercial pilot out of 1,000 dies in a plane. And the record is steadily improving; one accident occurred in every 85,000 hours of flight in 1959, but the rate in 1965 was one in every 800,000 hours.

Reason for this reassuring ratio is that no other industry spends nearly so much time or money playing it safe. The planes themselves are built to such exacting standards that any big multiengine plane can easily climb away from the ground with one engine out, cruise on even less power, and land safely—as a Pan Am 707 did last year—with half a wing burned away. If private cars were serviced as intensely as commercial planes, each driver would need three full-time mechanics, and his auto would be fully inspected before every trip, however short. As for pilots, the airlines select only one applicant out of 20, spend \$1,000 an hour to train him, retest him every six months, send him back to flight school once a year, and pay him up to \$40,000 a year. With rare exceptions, the pilots are well worth it. Says Jerome Lederer, director of the Flight Safety Foundation and one of the nation's top air-safety experts: "Unless he is a professional driver, no man is one-tenth as capable of driving as the greenest copilot is capable of flying."

The Price of Pressure

For all that, hardly anyone in the aviation industry would deny that, safe as the air is, it can and should be safer. The industry has been aroused by the worst bunching of crashes in history: nine plane disasters, worldwide, since Jan. 1 have killed 597 passengers—almost as many as all last year. The fatality total is likely to grow because planes are becoming more capacious, skyways are getting more crowded, and the number of passengers—150 million this year—is expanding by 15% annually. Figuring that the number of passenger-miles will multiply 20-fold within 35 years, Bo Lundberg, head of Sweden's Aeronautical Foundation, forecasts that fatalities will soar to an intolerable 10,000 a year unless the accident rate is sharply reduced. It almost surely will be. But there will always be accidents. "If we wanted absolute safety," says Douglas Aircraft Executive Vice President Wellwood Beall, "we'd never get the planes to fly."

Even without shooting for perfection, though, the remarkable air-safety record might be better than it is. The obstacles are largely matters of economics. Safety costs time

and money, pares the payload and performance of the plane and ultimately has to be paid for by the passenger. Every modern plane is structurally safe according to rigid Government standards, but airlines have been known to pressure on planemakers to work closer and closer to the lower levels of acceptability. Mechanics do not know how to send unsound planes back to the flight line, but they have a limited number of planes to keep flying, and front-office pressure to keep those planes in the air can be subtly intense. Occasionally, the mechanics slip; in 1961, a North-west Orient plane's aileron cables were improperly installed, causing a crash that killed 37.

Pilots also feel pressure to stick to a timetable. No sensible man will ever take off or land in dangerous weather or in a questionable ship simply to please his passengers or the Civil Aeronautics Board, which issues a critical monthly report on flights that miss schedules. But there are times when the pilot's choice is not so easy, when a reasonable man might stay or go, and pressures may make the ultimate difference in his decision. Whenever possible, most pilots prefer to make landings according to visual (fair weather) flight rules, instead of instrument approaches that take more time and cost more in fuel. Circling in a fog over Tokyo in March, a Canadian Pacific pilot decided to divert his flight to Taipei. He changed his mind when he heard a better weather reading from the Tokyo tower and tried a visual approach. The crash killed 64.

The most cautious and experienced pilots have been known to make just such errors. Example: the St. Louis crash that killed Astronauts Elliott Sess and Charles Bassett. Pilot Sess, having missed his first pass at the runway, told the tower that he planned a second instrument-landing approach in his T-38 jet trainer. He inexplicably continued to fly a visual pattern and made a wide turn just below the overcast, ran into a patch of fog, apparently lost orientation, slammed into a building—and just barely missed demolishing the tower where all the space capsules for the next four Gemini flights were stored.

Catching Errors in Time

In 60% of crashes, the "probable cause" is eventually listed as pilot error—a reflection of the fact that increasingly complex planes have become so unforgiving that they must be flown strictly by the book. Departure from proper procedure, a lapse in cockpit discipline, can be a flirtation with disaster. But U.S. airlines, for all their check flights, are sometimes slow to catch and correct pilot mistakes before they become fatal. Electronic flight recorders keep a continuous "profile" of every flight—course, speed, altitude, rate of descent, etc. When they are recovered from crashes, they are an invaluable help in detecting the cause. But despite a recorder's tape is a time-consuming, expensive process—which is why they have not been routinely checked on safe flights to detect dangerous or careless airman's errors. has not yet caused trouble. United Air Lines has started analyzing its recorder tapes and re-evaluating its pilots' records since the November crash of one of its 727s piloted by a captain whose training record was peppered with comments as "unsatisfactory," "weak," "slow," and "inclined to get sloppy."

Other forms of economic pressure prevent the learning as much as they might from mistakes. The airlines are reluctant to make public all the information they glean from a crash lest they lay themselves open to suits for defaming the manufacturer or pilot, or perhaps way for damage claims from crash victims. In San Francisco Lawyer Melvin Belli has recorded a pilot's hesitant to report collision near misses since former Pan

Aeronautics Administration Chief Elwood Quesada started to fine them for errors in airmanship.

One of the greatest impediments to safety is noise-abatement procedure—a product of political and economic pressure that forces pilots to make some drastic power reductions and steep turns while still flying low and slow after takeoff. Says Pilot Harry Orlady, a 25-year veteran with United: "Noise-abatement procedures force you to fly as close to danger as you dare to. You don't have much margin for error." Adds Continental Air Lines Captain Al O'Neal: "If I were a passenger, I would deeply resent those sharp turns close to the ground." Noise abatement is a problem near most cities, but the pilot's nightmare is Runway 31 Left, the busiest at New York's Kennedy Airport. Its takeoff procedure requires pilots to make a sharp turn at a low altitude and low speed. An aviation cadet trying the same trick might never win his wings. Though no crash has been directly blamed on noise abatement, at least one American 707—which plunged into Jamaica Bay and killed all 95 aboard in 1962—would have had a better chance if the pilot had been allowed to climb away fast and straight.

Surviving a Crash

The same economic factors that can make planes somewhat less "airworthy" than they might otherwise be, also stand to make them somewhat less "crashworthy." To dress up the cabin, the manufacturers have put in nylon and Diacron seat covers, soundproofing and rugs; the stuff may be pleasing to the passengers' eyes and pay off in ticket sales, but it can generate black, toxic fumes in a fire. To save weight, and make easy changes in the cabin configuration, seats are not moored to the floor as firmly as possible. Stewardess training is sometimes more of a brief charm school than a careful safety course. The lines have also handled safety drills and demonstrations in the cabin casually for fear of scaring away passengers. Recently, United pilots began to urge passengers to "pay strict attention" to the drills, but so many people complained that the announcements were quietly discontinued.

Modern jets are so powerful that most of them can fly with just about all the passengers and baggage that can be crowded into them. The current trend is to take advantage of this load-carrying ability with "high density" seating. To cut back on that might cause a rise in fares; it might also mean a rise in safety. Though all the passengers survived the crack-up of a United 727 at Salt Lake City, 42 died in the fire because they could not break through the crowded aisles to the few escape hatches. Criticizing what he calls "hardcore seating," United Airlines Chairman William A. Patterson asks: "In all good conscience, just how many passengers can you squeeze aboard a plane?"

Experts figure that they could reduce the number of crash deaths by 50% if they could prevent fires. The airlines, the FAA, CAB and NASA are all hard at work on that problem. They are developing a "very promising" fuel tank that burns slowly and does not leak from ruptured tanks. The Pentagon and the FAA are experimenting with "tough wall" tanks made of nylon and polyurethane. When a tough-wall helicopter was slammed against a jagged rock at 100 Gs, the crash left only a one-eighth-inch crack. Airlines are also experimenting with a fire-resistant foam which would automatically flood the fuselage after a crash and protect the passengers.

The industry's desire is not merely to cut the losses in accidents but to improve an already sound record by cutting the accident rate. What the airlines want most is a modern, fail-safe, all-weather traffic-control system. As a first requirement, they need better airports. Of the 709 commercial landing fields in the U.S., fewer than one half have instrument-landing systems. Worldwide, in 1963, 80% of landing accidents occurred where only 17% of the landings were made—at airports with marginal landing aids. In the developing countries, safety records are far less impressive than in the U.S.

Traffic-handling techniques on the ground have lagged 20 years behind today's planes, but there is also need for more

modern equipment on the jets themselves. That equipment is on the way. Sperry Rand Corp. is developing an inertial-navigation system for Pan Am so that pilots soon will be able to know exactly where they are at all times—without any visual reference to ground or water. Airlines are experimenting with lasers and other devices to spot the dreaded "CAT" (clear-air turbulence), which may have torn the tail off a BOAC jet near Mount Fuji a month ago.

For 20 years, companies have been working toward on-board warning systems to prevent mid-air collisions, which are often the result of visual illusions that lead pilots astray. Last month the Air Transport Association announced that development of a practical, economical device is "now closer to realization than at any time in the past." The promising system is McDonnell Aircraft's "Eros" (for Eliminate Range System), which will keep a warning to pilots when two planes get on a collision course. It will also instruct pilots—by means of arrows on the instrument panel—which way to turn to avoid trouble. Everyone is trying to improve altimeters, which are tough to read and may have figured in the first 727 crash, into Lake Michigan, last year. Boeing is tinkering with a radio altimeter, from which a girl's voice calls out the altitude as the plane descends.

The great goal of the airmen is to devise an automatic landing system that will work 100% of the time, whatever the weather, and eliminate the cause of more than half of all fatal crashes. The British are building a computerized autopilot that brings the plane right down to the deck; theoretically, it would fail only once in 1.25 billion landings, but even that is too much for U.S. airmen. Ultimately, computers will control all flight patterns, analyze the weather, and do much of the work in takeoffs and landings. The computers are not smarter than man; they simply solve the complex problems of flight more rapidly and reliably. As Los Angeles Psychologist Chaytor Mason, a former Marine aviator, explains, complex planes call for complex decisions that the best human pilot may not be able to make in time.

It Pays to Ask

Even before the era of computerized flight arrives, the ordinary passenger can do much to lengthen his own odds on security. He can make sure to find out where his exit door is and how it works, where his life jacket is, and what position to fold into in the unlikely event of a crash landing (head on knees, arms locked around legs). He should keep his safety belt buckled throughout the flight, as most pilots do; it can prevent a bad injury in case the plane hits sudden turbulence. The common belief that seats in the tail are safer than those up front has a little basis in fact, but the passenger can do better by sitting close to an emergency exit. Above all, he should swallow his shyness and ask questions. He should not imitate Comedian Mort Sahl's timid traveler who would "rather die than look foolish." The annals of the air are filled with stories of people who led many other passengers out of a crash simply because they had troubled to find out about emergency doors.

"Nothing hampers the progress of civil aviation more than fear," says Jeremiah Dempsey, general manager of Ireland's Aer Lingus. The other side of the equation is that, as planes become safer, more people will become less fearful and will fly. Since 1962, the proportion of Americans who have been up in a plane has climbed from 33% to 38%. But as more people fly, the casualty toll will climb too—unless the one-in-a-million chance of accident can be cut still lower.

Everyone—airline officials, pilots, Government regulators, airport chiefs—will have to work toward reducing the possibility of error as the planes grow to take on larger loads. Douglas is already test-flying an expanded DC-8 that can carry 250 people; Boeing plans soon to start building a 500-passenger 747; and Lockheed intends to market a 700-seat commercial version of the C-5A in the early 1970s. Saving just one of those planes would easily save \$10 million worth of airplane and a priceless amount of humanity—which would make almost any effort to improve an already excellent safety record a worthwhile investment.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Labor Sweep

Seldom had so smashing a victory come out of so dull and humdrum a campaign. For three weeks, Britons had barely suppressed yawns as the Conservatives and Laborites exchanged salvos of slogans. Searching for an issue, the Tories attacked Labor for not being eager enough to join the Common Market, for rising prices, for trade-union strong-arm methods, and for just about everything else untoward that has happened in the British Isles for the past 17 months. The Laborites shucked off the attacks, arguing that they had done

party workers at Labor clubhouses swilled beer and danced with joy as one red pin after another replaced blue ones on election maps, indicating that yet another Tory constituency had fallen to Wilson. At the final count, Labor won 363 seats v. the Tories' 253. The Liberals picked up two seats for a total of twelve. It was Labor's best showing—and the Tories' worst—since 1945, and it gave Wilson an absolute majority of 97 seats in the House. Cried he: "This has been a great victory."

Wilson carried his own constituency of Huyton, a working-class suburb of Liverpool, by 20,940 votes. Of all the Labor victories, the happiest belonged

was ahead of its time," explained Heath. "We did not succeed in convincing people of the dangers facing the country. But as time passes, people will remember what was said in this campaign." Perhaps so, but as leader during such a defeat, Heath is in some danger of being dumped as the Conservatives reshape their strategy to challenge Labor in the next election.

The Busy Future. The men who swelled Labor's back benches are markedly different from the hot-eyed socialists who stormed to Parliament in the 1945 election and opened the session with a rousing chorus of *The Red Flag*. The new M.P.s are younger (average age: 36), drawn mainly from the professions, and generally are pragmatists like Wilson. In fact, the moderate character of the new Labor M.P.s reduced the fears that a large majority would give the party's left wing strength to force Wilson into abandoning his support of the U.S. position in Viet Nam. Wilson will keep Parliament busy when it convenes April 21. Zerosing on his party's last great doctrinaire objective, Wilson intends to press for the nationalization of Britain's steel industry. Other items high on his legislative agenda: stronger machinery for controlling Britain's rising prices and wages; a reform of the featherbedding trade unions, and a drive to make British industry more productive.

RHODESIA

The Tobacco Curtain

When the British declared their embargo against rebellious Rhodesia, the moment of truth that was expected to arrive when the tobacco crop came in—and the nation's tobacco farmers would find themselves unable to sell it. Smith had other ideas, however, and they emerged last week when the annual five-month tobacco auction opened in Salisbury.

To beat the international ban on Rhodesian tobacco, Smith threw a security net around the normally raucous auction sheds, cut prices and ferred wildcat buyers guaranteed absolute secrecy. Gone were the throngs of auctioneers, the throngs of tatters. Instead, armed guards kept away all unauthorized visitors, and floors last week were empty except for a scattering of watchful officials and a carefully anonymous buyers' list. There was no open bargaining; transactions were quietly conducted by government agents, and anyone caught leaking information about sales was subject to two years in prison.

Smith's tobacco curtain seemed to be paying off. There was no way to tell how the sales were going. But Salisbury hotels were filled with hovers from

over Western Europe and even Asia. In any case, tobacco farmers could not lose very much, for the government had guaranteed purchase of this year's crop if necessary, at prices only slightly lower than last year's. To the chagrin of the British, economic distress seemed as far away for the Smith government as ever.

As for that other major embargo, the ban on selling oil and gasoline to Rhodesia, it was faring no better. Smith's friends in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola have been openly smuggling in enough petroleum to keep his industries running, his trucks on the road and his taxis on the streets. So heavy has been the flow of oil, in fact, that the government may have to cut it off for a while. "There is more oil in the country than we can find space for," said one oil company official last week.

NATO

Who Pays the Bill?

Having broken the lease last month, French landlord Charles de Gaulle last week told his NATO tenants precisely when he expects them to clear off French property. In messages to each of his 14 NATO "partners," he also pinpointed French evacuation from NATO's integrated commands. His timetable for all the au revoirs:

► By July 1 of this year, the 23,000 French troops and two tactical air squadrons based in West Germany will be withdrawn from joint commands. Whether they physically remain on German soil will depend, says De Gaulle, on bilateral arrangements with Bonn.

► By the same date, French officers in NATO's two military headquarters at Rocquencourt and Fontainebleau must pack their duffel bags and go home to strictly French military duties.

► By April 1, 1967, the NATO military headquarters themselves must be dismantled, and all U.S. and Canadian troops now in France moved elsewhere. Delays may be possible in certain cases, such as an aircraft-repair complex near Châteauroux, which just happens to employ 2,900 French civilians.

De Gaulle's latest ultimatum coincided with a regular meeting in Paris of the NATO council, the political arm of the defense community, which De Gaulle has given leave to stay on in France in the hope of emphasizing a Gallic distinction: that France is withdrawing from NATO's military structure while remaining a member of the Atlantic Alliance. That is a bit of window dressing the U.S. is little disposed to allow De Gaulle. If the other NATO members will go along, Washington will likely try to move the NATO council out of France as well.

U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball, attending the NATO council meeting, had a few other questions. Who was going to pay for the move, which might cost as much as \$1 billion? Ball argued that it ought to be France, which had

unilaterally abrogated the NATO agreements. "Why should France contribute to an organization of which she is not a member?" replied a Gaullist spokesman loftily. In that case, hinted the U.S., NATO just might not move on De Gaulle's schedule—and then what would he do? Cut off the gas and electricity like any petty French *propriétaire*?

COMMUNISTS

A Do-Nothing Congress

To many of the 6,000 comrades who swarmed into Moscow last week for the 23rd Communist Party Congress, getting there was hardly fun. The Rumanian delegation, led by Nicolae Ceausescu (TIME cover, March 18), was forced to land in Kiev; Czech Party Boss Antonin Novotny had to wait 16

fortunately remain unsatisfactory," but Russia is still willing to meet "at any moment with the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party." Brezhnev trotted out routine Soviet attacks on "U.S. aggression" in Viet Nam, with "more than 200,000 U.S. troops, aircraft carriers, huge bombers, poison gases and napalm." He promised continued aid to North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong, and was rewarded—doubtless to Peking's chagrin—with warm speeches from Hanoi Party Secretary Le Duan and the Viet Cong's female representative, Nguyen Thi Binh, who praised the Russians as "the true combat friends of the people of South Viet Nam."

Soviet Doubletalk. It had all the earmarks of a do-nothing Congress, but Brezhnev jolted a few staunch anti-Stalinists by proposing that the Soviet



BREZHNEV* ADDRESSING COMRADES
Heavy going in Russian or Quechua

hours in Leningrad for the Moscow fog to lift. Once they arrived, the delegates wandered the city like conventioners anywhere, clicking pictures of the Spassky Gate, shopping at GUM, or lining up to peek at Lenin, whose tomb was banked in flowers and bedecked with signs reading "Glory to Communism." Others belted vodka in their freshly painted hotel rooms and watched the proceedings on television, or listened to highlights of the Congress broadcast in 54 languages, including Zulu, Nepalese and Quechua—a language spoken by Indians in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia.

True Friends. In any language, they would have found the opening address of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev heavy going. For 4½ hours he droned on, neither reading the Red Chinese out of the Communist movement nor declaring war on the U.S. His few references to Peking were apparently calculated to avoid polemics and make Moscow look mature and dignified. Relations with Peking, he allowed, "un-

Party Presidium be renamed Politburo—a title that won infamy under General Secretary Stalin prior to 1952. But Moscow City Boss Nikolai Egorychev, who proposed a return to the General Secretary label, hastened to point out that both terms were "Leninist" in origin. Egorychev was tapped by his superiors to deliver a lengthy speech explaining the difference between the sins of Stalin and the heroism of the Stalin era, a piece of Soviet doubletalk that left most listeners tranquilized but at least assured them that Stalin was not about to be personally or politically rehabilitated.

Meanwhile, Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists, who caustically refused to attend the Moscow Congress, were busy with other things. Not only did a Chinese delegation gather huzzas in Pakistan, but Peking last week celebrated the 95th anniversary of the Paris Commune. The ceremony came replete with a 400-item exhibition including a Communard sword, a badge reading "République des Communes," and a Red Flag editorial that lambasted Russia for "embarking on the path of restoring capitalism."

* Flanked by Ideologue Mikhail Suslov and Premier Aleksei Kosygin.



WILSON RETURNING VICTORIOUS FROM LIVERPOOL
Markedly different from the hot eyes of 1945.

their best, considering the mess that they had inherited after 13 years of "Tory drift and indecision."

British voters were plainly uninterested in such issues. Hence the campaign centered on personalities: Labor's Harold Wilson against the Conservatives' Ted Heath. The odds were on Wilson. Gone was the reputation as a slippery opportunist that had hurt him in the 1964 election. Instead, though operating with a bare three-seat majority, Wilson had proved to be an able statesman who could handle his own left wing, was not afraid to slap down raise-happy trade unions. In Parliament his acerbic wit and quick thrusts had continually kept the Opposition off-balance. Heath had no such advantages. He had taken over a badly divided party only eight months ago, and not entirely succeeded in closing the rifts. As a leader, he did not begin to shed his image of aloofness until the last ten days of the campaign. By then it was too late.

Happiest Victory. All the polls had predicted a Wilson sweep. On election night, the very first returns indicated that they might be right. The next reports confirmed it. All across Britain,

to Patrick Gordon Walker, whom Wilson had appointed Foreign Secretary in his first Cabinet. But Gordon Walker lost in 1964 in a campaign marred by racism in the Midland town of Smethwick, then lost a "safe" by-election at Leyton last year and had to step down. This time Gordon Walker won Leyton handily, will probably be rewarded with a Cabinet post—perhaps as the minister to explore the possibilities of Britain's entry into the Common Market.

Dangers of Defeat. While losing 51 seats, the Conservatives took not one seat away from another party. Swept out of the House were a dozen former Tory ministers, including onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft, former Aviation Minister Julian Amery, and onetime Minister of Agriculture Christopher Soames. Ted Heath managed to hold on to his seat in the genteel London suburb of Bexley, but his majority fell by 50%.

As the dimensions of Labor's victory became clear, the normally ebullient Heath spoke soberly to reporters. Privately, he had not thought that he could beat Wilson, but he had hoped to hold Labor to a lean margin. "Our campaign

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Capital of Discontent

Sleeping beside the River of Perfumes, the Imperial City of Huế in central Viet Nam seems to have no purpose beyond its past. Once, a century ago, the Nguyen princes ruled nearly all of Viet Nam from their proud palaces with their gardens and lagoons in Huế (pronounced whey). Today their palaces are crumbling, and Huế is a subdued and ceremonial city of 105,000 without a newspaper, scarcely a telephone, and little traffic beyond bicycles and canvas-topped cyclo taxis. The only industry is a lime plant employing 50 people. Lunch is a leisurely three-hour affair. A woman dropping her cooking pans can shatter the tree-shaded

12-ft. banners. A two-day general strike was called for civil service employees—and like others in recent weeks, was happily honored by the citizens of Huế. Indeed, Huế and the five northernmost provinces of the I Corps, in which it is the principal city, are virtually under the control of militant Buddhist Leader Thich Tri Quang and the Huế students. Though Ky's government remained in control in Saigon, the Huế infection was all too evident.

On the public holiday commemorating Emperor Hung Vuong, who founded Viet Nam more than 3,000 years ago, Saigon's Buddhists asked the government for a license to celebrate the occasion in the city's central market. Ky and the generals agreed, provided that no more than 600 took part and that

The extremist Buddhists led by Thich Tri Quang are unwilling to wait even though ousting the generals would cut off the Buddhists' best chance of getting a constitution. The Buddhists are maneuvering to get the Assembly chosen from provincial and city councils—which Buddhists control. Ky has so far refused, and with good reason. A Buddhist-dominated Assembly would bring into the streets Viet Nam's other major religious groups: the Catholics, the Hoa Hao, the Cao Dai and the Protestants. Saigon Buddhist Thich Tam Chau seems willing to compromise with the government on the Assembly, but so far the fiery Tri Quang has refused—and is using the demonstrations to improve his leverage.

Meanwhile the Communist agitators are using the Buddhists' mobs to show they are worth, and at week's end the demonstrations boiled up dangerously. Some 5,000 turned out in Huế and warm-up for the "Week of Anger." Quang scheduled in the city this week. Another 10,000 marched in Da Nang. Government offices were looted in Qui Nhon, where 10,000, including 2,000 soldiers—among them several senior officers—demonstrated. In Saigon, Buddhist students brandishing bicycle chains and sticks took to the streets, overturning autos, throwing rocks and chanting "Yankees go home" in the most violent and ugly outburst of the crisis thus far.

When some 300 Buddhists refused to break up a sit-down protest around the national radio station, Saigon police last cracked down, wielding clubs and wicker shields in their first show of force. Da Nang was now in Communist hands, according to Premier Ky, who announced that the government soon would launch military operations there to gain control. Ky blamed Da Nang mayor, a 37-year-old doctor, who had been in office since January. Warned, "Either Da Nang's mayor is shot or the government will fall." Whether so, a threat would quell the unrest, or simply fan it, a nervous Saigon—and an anxious Washington—waited to see.

Back to the Valley of Death

While the political agitators in cities railed against South Viet Nam government and the U.S. presence, allies went on with the grim and grueling task of preserving the nation's battlefields. For six days the reconnaissance helicopters of the 1st Cavalry Division (airmobile) hummed down the mountainsides, darting to the valleys, recklessly trying to break the back of organized military resistance. Terrorism still remains the Communists' deadly alternative weapon. Last week a dozen Viet Cong attacked the Hotel Victoria, in suburban Saigon. Machine-gunning down the guards, they set off a Claymore-type mine, then hit the enemy off-balance as he prepared his campaigns for the monsoon, and Air Cav Com-

Americans and three Vietnamese were killed, 113 Americans and twelve Vietnamese wounded. Only the week before, a barrier of drums filled with concrete had been removed from in front of the Victoria because, explained a U.S. spokesman at the time, "we don't want the V.C. to think we're afraid of them."

INDONESIA

A General at the Palace

It was dinner time at Merdeka Palace. There, at the round table, was President Sukarno, glaring nervously around him. There was his charming young Japanese-born wife, Ratna Sari Dewi, the hostess with the mostest in Indonesia. And there was quiet, almost

fairs. Back in the government, though not in the top rank, was General Abdul Haris Nasution, dumped by Sukarno as Defense Minister in February in a move that set the Indonesian political pot aboil. With Suharto, impassive in open-necked khaki uniform, at his side, Sukarno himself announced the new presidium, claimed the new government would operate strictly on his direction.

Would it? One clue to where the power lay came when General Suharto took to radio and television to declare that "the people are fed up with fake leaders" and to plead for patience in the struggle for a new political and economic order. The Cabinet shake-up, Suharto said, was only the first in a series of steps "which will lead to our ultimate victory." The general's empha-



DINNER AT MERDEKA: DEWI (LEFT), SUHARTO (RIGHT), SUKARNO (CENTER REAR)
Pretty well fed up with fake leaders.

shy Army Lieut. General Suharto, Indonesia's apparent new strongman, sitting on Dewi's right. As photographers clicked away, the dinner guests sipped their soup in icy silence. Not until Dewi coaxed a smile, and then a laugh, from Suharto did everyone relax.

The Big Three. There was reason for strain. The dinner was intended to smooth the way toward an agreement between the President and the general. But only hours earlier, Sukarno had been forced to go along with the appointment of a new military-civilian government whose key figures were picked by Suharto. A face-saving compromise, not unusual for such Javanese drama, had saved a few Sukarno associates for minor roles. But the men who would call the shots were Suharto, in charge of defense and security; brainy former Ambassador to Moscow Adam Malik, in charge of foreign affairs as well as social and political matters, and widely respected Hamengku Buwono IX, the Sultan of Djokjakarta, in charge of economic, financial and developmental af-

sis was on doing things gradually, and his plea was primarily directed toward Djakarta's restive students, who would have liked to see a bigger shake-up and who had recently begun clamoring for a cleanup of Parliament, for "social justice" and for elections.

Into Exile? Their demands may well be met. For the moment, however, Suharto's associates were more concerned with finding means to ease Sukarno from the scene, perhaps even into exile. Already the new government is looking for a quiet way to re-enter the United Nations, which Sukarno quit in 1965, and is sounding out other countries on the possibility of aid to strengthen Indonesia's economy. The hope is eventually to slide the island republic from its leftist posture into a genuinely non-aligned position.

All of which Indonesians seemed to like. Crowded one Djakarta paper: "The people are behind Suharto." Said another: "A new Cabinet—yes. A new program—by all means. But above all, a new way of life. To sanity."



BUDDHIST DEMONSTRATORS IN HUÉ
Just a warm-up for the Week of Anger.

silence at midday for blocks around.

The façade is deceiving. The site of Viet Nam's first university in 1918, Huế is the intellectual—and Buddhist—capital of the nation. It is also the capital of the nation's discontent, a place where politics is an obsession and proud factionalism the overarching fact of life. Under the French, the people of Huế mounted some sort of rebellious trouble at least once a year. More recently, the agitations that ultimately toppled Diem, then General Khanh, then Chief of State Phan Khắc Sửu, all began in Huế and rippled southward to Saigon like an infection. And for the last month, the waves of political unrest aimed at swamping Premier Nguyen Cao Ky have been rolling out of Huế in measured but ominously mounting intensity across Viet Nam.

Chouffeur Monks. Last week Huế provincial police staged a protest march against the recall of their chief to Saigon, after a weekend protest march of 20,000 civilians and even some uniformed soldiers demanding "Down with [Chief of State] Thieu and Ky" in

there was no antigovernment tone to it. Saigon Buddhist Leader Thich Tam Chau promised as much—or as little. But several thousand gathered at the market, led by five well-known agitators. They pinned up pictures of Ky and other generals on the stakes used for public executions, together with a sign that read: "This is the plaza of demagoguery. Ky, Thieu and Co. must be executed." With that, the Buddhist monks slipped into their chauffeur-driven cars and sped away, while the agitators used megaphones to turn the assembly into an antigovernment, anti-American, anti-war parade through Saigon. Their banners, in English, were often antigrammatical as well. Samples: "Down with U.S. Obstructions," "Our Nation's Sovereignty Must Be Conserved," and "Down with the Americans' Attempt of Objecting to the Forming of a Vietnamese National Assembly."

In Quest of Power. What the Buddhists say they want is a constitution, an elected civilian government and a National Assembly. Ky has told them they can have all three—in good time.



LIU (CENTER), WIFE & PRESIDENT AYUB PLANTING CHINESE TALLOW TREE
"A few deliveries from a new source."

PAKISTAN

A Bellyful of What?

Had Pakistan overplayed the welcome? Not as far as visiting Communist Chinese President Liu Shao-chi was concerned. But President Mohammed Ayub Khan, his host, seemed to be having second thoughts last week as Pakistanis gave Liu, 68, and Foreign Minister Chen Yi, 65, the headiest welcome ever accorded state visitors to their country. After tumultuous greetings in Rawalpindi (TIME, April 1), perhaps 1,000,000 people poured into the streets of Lahore, the old Mogul capital, sprinkling rose water into the path of the Chinese, heaping flower petals on Liu's car, shouting "Long live Pakistan-China friendship!" It was the greatest celebration since Independence in 1947, and, predictably, in spots it had a distinctly anti-American flavor. Young toughs waved "Chinese yes, Yankees no" signs, taunted U.S. newsmen with shouts of "white skinned monkeys" and "Yankee bastards." "We cannot altogether control the response of our people," muttered one Pakistani official lamely.

Control or not, Pakistan's "non-aligned" government was clearly taken back by the outpouring, obviously concerned over what Washington's reaction might be. To take away some of the sting, Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto called a special press conference for Western newsmen, gave assurance that Pakistan, despite its friendship with China, would "do nothing to endanger relations" with "friend" and "ally" America, would "not be a party to any scheme that will injure the United States." There had been no negotiations

on military assistance from Peking, Bhutto asserted. Then he went on to belittle the handful of Chinese-supplied T-59 tanks and MIG-19 jet fighters featured in a military parade the previous week as "a few deliveries from a new source."

Ayub himself did not seem too comfortable as the five-day tour wore on. At Islamabad, where Pakistan is building a new capital, Liu planted a Chinese tallow tree, declaring, "We hope that it grows and flourishes like the friendship between Pakistan and China." Asked Ayub, in his clipped Sandhurst English: "It becomes a big tree, does it?" And at a banquet where Liu unexpectedly offered not only a toast but also a prepared text for the press, the Pakistani President—more likely in reference to the meal than the occasion—intoned coolly, "I hope you have all had a bellyful."

Pakistan steered cautiously all the way to the final communiqué. If the Chinese, woefully short of friends these days, had hoped for a Pakistan denunciation of the U.S. role in Viet Nam, they were in for a disappointment. The communiqué at visit's end contained not one word on the subject.

CUBA

Do-It-Yourself Airlift

The U.S.-Cuban airlift can handle only a trickle of the flood of Cubans who would leave for the mainland if they could. For those who are barred by Castro or lack the patience to wait as much as five years for a plane seat, there are other routes. Last week four Cubans hijacked a 43-ft. government mineral-resources boat and tootled

into the Florida Keys. Seven others went into Marathon, Fla., in a 16-ft. sailboat, and the U.S. Coast Guard rescued the other twelve Cubans in a small craft just off the Cuban coast. But the week's boldest try was by air.

Shortly after sunset one evening, Cubana Airlines Ilyushin-18 took off from Santiago, Cuba's second largest city, bound for Havana with 91 passengers. Among the crew was Flight Engineer Angel Betancourt Cueto, who was prepared to risk his life to escape Cuba. Seventy miles west of Havana, Betancourt made his move. Locking the door that separates the flight deck from the passengers, he suddenly slugged the guard who stood just behind the pilot and copilot and ordered Captain Fernando Alvarez Perez to set a course for Miami. "From this moment," as a government communiqué later described Havana's "flight control, in combination with the air force and air defense, drafted a plan by which the pilot was to pretend he was flying directly to Miami when in reality he would be maneuvering back toward Havana." Meantime, he was to continue his communications in English, pretending that he was in contact with Miami.

As the plane neared Key West, two U.S. Navy F-102s streaked aloft to get it the once-over. But it already was curving back toward Cuba. It was late after dark, and the plane was touching down on the runway at Havana's José Martí Airport, when Betancourt caught on to the trick. Angrily, he ordered Alvarez to take off again. When the pilot refused, Betancourt shot him dead and frantically tried to get the plane off the ground himself. But the Ilyushin roared off the end of the runway and came to rest in a plowed field. Leaping out of the pilot's window, Betancourt managed to escape into the darkness.

ECUADOR

"People, Yes!"

In Ecuador's 135 years of independence, only 13 elected presidents have lasted out their four-year terms. Last week Ecuadorians were at it again, overthrowing the military junta that had overthrown their last president. It didn't stop there. By week's end, they were threatening to overthrow the government that had overthrown the last president that had overthrown their last president.

Sense of Un-Togetherness. Ecuador's troubles make the rest of Latin America look like a model of stability. No less than 15 political parties, and jostling constantly vie for attention, and jagged coastal swampland and three mountainous divide the country into three mutually suspicious regions. To add to the sense of un-togetherness, 10% of the population owns 60% of the land, and in bleak highlands, where half of the country's 5,000,000 people live in medieval squalor and ignorance, hacienda owners pay their workers as little as 50¢ a day. The four-man military junta

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toppled hard-drinking President Carlos Julio Arosemena three years ago promised to change all that. In a blizzard of decrees, they set out on a daring program that sought moderate land-reform, modernized tax collections, a civil-service law, and more highways, housing and schools.

Some of their hopes were realized; others bogged down in hopeless inefficiency and bad planning. Businessmen were soon complaining about government interference; everyone else gripped about the junta's delay in calling elections. Recently, the political right, center and left formed a united opposition that erupted in a series of demonstrations by merchants and students alike. As the decibel count climbed in Quito and the commercial capital of Guayaquil, the junta's patience began running out. Two weeks ago, 500 troops armed with rifles and machine guns swarmed onto the campus of Quito's Central University, firing into the air, hustling 800 students and professors off to jail—and triggering even more demonstrations throughout the country.

Finally, the military decided that things had indeed gone too far. Fearing a split within the armed forces, the junta agreed to step down, and the military high command—led by General Telmo Vargas, chief of the general staff—invited politicians to designate a provisional president. They chose Clemente Yerovi Indaburu, 61, a respected economist, banker and businessman who promised "congressional and presidential elections as soon as possible."

Voices of Disapproval. Students cheered the election promise but not Yerovi, whom they viewed as a symbol of the hated oligarchy. In Guayaquil, Cuenca and Loja, they stormed government buildings and held them for hours. Nevertheless, Yerovi went calmly ahead and took the oath of office as Ecuador's 57th president. "I have heard voices of disapproval for my presence here," he said in his inaugural address. "I would



PRESIDENT YEROVI



RIOTING IN GUAYAQUIL

Too much of a good thing.

like them to know my point of view." With that Yerovi promised peace, austerity and economic stability. Meantime, students outside were chanting on: "People, yes! Yerovi, no!"

LATIN AMERICA

Cry for Progress

Ever since he was a Manhattan lawyer before World War II, the senior U.S. Senator from New York has been interested in Latin America. What makes Republican Jacob Javits' thoughts especially worthwhile is that they often coincide with the private views of the White House. Thus last week, as the New York Republican ended a swing through Peru, Chile, Argentina and Brazil, Government and business leaders listened attentively to his ideas.

Javits had something new and something old to offer. New was a proposal to increase hemispheric understanding by lofting into space a new satellite that would transmit television programs between north and south. Older was his plea for a barriers-down trading area in Latin America modeled on the European Common Market. Javits envisaged a tariff-free trading zone stretching from Tierra del Fuego to the Rio Grande and embracing a population of 220 million with an annual gross national product of \$78 billion. He hoped that the U.S. and Canada would ultimately join, forming a market that would dwarf the European Economic Community.

Javits need not start from scratch. Since 1962, the Latin America Free Trade Association (LAFTA) has helped increase trade 85% among its nine members. It has reduced tariffs on a cumbersome item-by-item basis. The slightly older Central American Common Market has done better by chopping tariffs across the board. Partly as a result, trade among its five members has increased 294% since 1960.

According to Javits, Peru's President

SOUTH AFRICA

Forward with Verwoerd

The names may change, but the issue in South African elections is always dismayingly the same—*swart gevaar* (black danger), *wit baaskap* (white bossdom), or just plain *apartheid*. Last week, when South Africa's 1.7 million white voters went to the polls, there was no new term for Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's racism, but both major parties were claiming to be the whitest of the white. So extremist have the nation's politics become, in fact, that Segregationist Verwoerd was even accused of being soft on blacks.

The charges would not stick, for during the past five years Verwoerd's police and a series of suppressive laws have successfully stamped out all organized black resistance. When the results were in, the Nationalists had swept a record-breaking 60% of the vote, won 126 of the 170 seats in Parliament. The once-powerful United Party, campaigning for outright support of Rhodesia's Ian Smith, took most of the rest.

Only hint that a few South African whites were at all disturbed by *apartheid*.



JAVITS & RIO CHILDREN
Visions, both old and new.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

heid came in the narrow victory of the Progressive Party's perky Mrs. Helen Suzman, who in the past five years has been the only voice of dissent in the South African Parliament. Supported by all major English-language papers and by gold-and-diamond Magnate Harry Oppenheimer, Mrs. Suzman carried her wealthy Johannesburg district by a bare 711 votes.

AFRICA

Sense at the Summit

Recently, any gathering of African leaders has tended to be as harmonious as a meeting of magpies. At Addis Ababa last month, eight of the 36 delegations to the Organization of African Unity walked out huffily over the question of seating Ghana's new government. Even such a simple task as forg-

reason to resent Uganda's Milton Obote, who harbors Sudanese rebels. Congo Strongman Joseph Mobutu is no friend of Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, who helped funnel arms to the Simba rebels. Since Tanzania is currently a base for the enemies of Malawi's Premier Kamuzu Banda, the crotchety autocrat stayed away from the Nairobi summit, although he unbent enough to send his Commerce Minister. Of the lot, only Kenya and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda were on good terms with all hands.

Need for Spontaneity. Kenyatta paid close attention to diplomatic detail: antagonists were seated well apart from one another; security guards were watchful but unobtrusive (two were stationed in the attic of Government House); detailed instructions were posted all the way down to the houseboy level. "It should be noted that guests

AKHTAR HUSSEIN



CONFEREES STROLLING OUTSIDE NAIROBI'S GOVERNMENT HOUSE*
Solid goals, refreshing modesty.

ing a united opposition to white-ruled Rhodesia has proved beyond African capability. Pride and pretentiousness are part of the trouble, but last week in Nairobi, where Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta and ten other African leaders sat down to discuss their problems, their goal was sensibly limited and their communiqué refreshingly modest.

Tense Frontiers. Greeting his guests at Nairobi's Embakasi Airport, Jomo looked jaunty with a yellow rose in his lapel, a fly whisk in one hand and a gold-tipped ebony walking stick in the other. But there was reason for concern: almost all of the guests had grievances with at least one of the others. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie and Somalia's Premier Abdirazak Hussein were hardly on the best of terms now that raids and murder had resumed along the frontier they share. Burundi's Premier Leopold Biha kept well clear of the Rwanda delegation: Watutsi warriors are still massed on the Rwanda side of his border, threatening invasion. The Sudan's Mohammed Mahgoub has

from Ethiopia are partial to good strong coffee," read one notice. The leaders met in Kenyatta's library—the most soundproof room in the mansion. There was purposely no agenda, for, as Jomo said: "That would have deprived us of spontaneity."

Spontaneity there was, as well as some solid thinking for the future. With a total area of 4,000,000 sq. mi. and a population of 100 million, the eleven nations would do well to establish a regional economic federation. In their discussions, the leaders agreed to work toward an abolition of trade barriers between them but recognized that before federation could become a reality, each of their separate economies would have to be considerably strengthened. Simple as that may sound, it was the most sensible decision reached by African nations in many a wrangling month.

* Somalia's Hussein (in white cap), Uganda's Obote (with walking stick), Tanzania's Nyerere (in short sleeves), Congo's Mobutu (in uniform), Kenya's Kenyatta (with fly whisk) and Ethiopia's Selassie (in beard).

GHANA

Fangs a Lot

"The soldiers now left in Flagstaff House, residence of the former President, are, I am told, eating their way through his private zoo," reported a columnist in West Africa magazine last month. Full details were hard to come by, but the report set correspondents and writers to speculation about what might be going on in the cages of Kwame Nkrumah's private zoo.

Somehow the old eland was missing. Neither hide nor hair of him had been seen since the day that Kwame Nkrumah had been ostrichized, accused of being the biggest cheetah in Ghana, but safaris anyone knew, no fowl was involved.

First sign that anything was cooking at Flagstaff House came when Lt. General Joseph Ankrah got on the horn and was told by the operator: "I'm sorry, the lion is busy." "Rhino, you're up to," he roared, with the phone still Ringling in his ears, "but I don't know vulture doing it for." In a frightful stew, Ankrah headed for the waterfront zoo (known as Hyenasport) for an on-the-spots investigation.

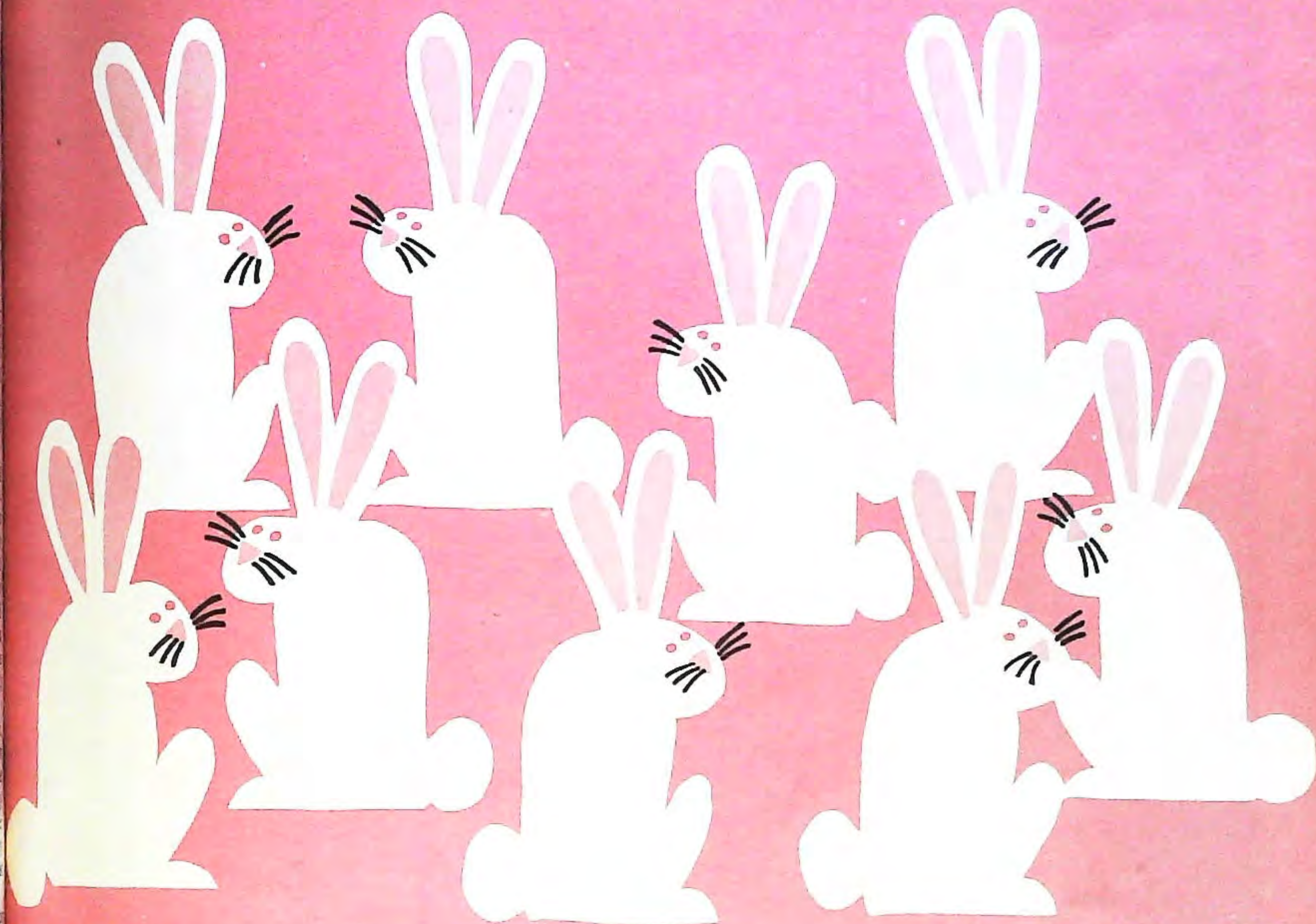
The bear facts, as Ankrah heard them, suggested that the garrison had been reluctant at first about eating up the zoo. But hesitation quickly gave way to hunger, and it soon became a matter of gibbon take. For the first time he could remember, the ill-paid troops at Flagstaff House were all in plover.

To some, of course, it was sportsmanship, killing defenseless animals and all, but Nkrumah had made chimp of his soldiers too long, and they had lots of bones to pick. The animals they decided, were fair game. So while Nkrumah sat in Conakry, turning himself into a Guinea pig and pondering whether he should pack his trunk to join his friend Nasser at his Nile party, the boarded soldiers decided what they needed was some good anus. One night when they were all crowded, they turned the zoo into Nkrumah's Bar & Grill.

It was aardvark. One apprentice soldier was kept beesy making hamster sandwiches, but he won't be looking for efforts: the troops were looking for fancier fare, such as peppered leopard or antelope with cantaloupe. The troops washed down their meals with glasses of wine, and afternoon visitors to Flagstaff House were offered tea and smokes, followed by lemon meringue and python.

By the time Ankrah arrived on the scene, the zoo was nearly empty. He hadn't someone phoned to inform him, he growled. "We are out of range," he did not answer," the zookeeper replied. After a halfhearted tour of the cages, he returned to his quarters, and wearily into a chair and realizing it was too late to save the animals, told the garrison commander to allow his troops to continue the feast. "As a matter of fact," said Ankrah, "as long as you up, get me a Grant's gazelle."

TIME, APRIL 8, 1968



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PEOPLE

"You don't know the duke's face when he sees those envelopes that hold bills!" winced the Duchess of Windsor, 69. She does, and so on a visit to Manhattan, Her Grace, who was enshrined in the Fashion Hall of Fame seven years ago, reported that she's been skimping on the *haute couture* lately. "That navy blue coat I wore the other day is two years old," she sighed. "When my maid packed my bags, she said, 'Madame, some of these evening dresses have gone to Palm Beach with you three times.' I'm hoping nobody will remember."

San Francisco State College's famed Semantist S. I. Hayakawa has no illusions. When *ETC.*, the quarterly review of the International Society for General Semantics, devoted a special issue to LSD and other psychedelic drugs, Editor Hayakawa chose a few acid words for acid heads. Wrote he: "Most people haven't learned to use the senses they possess. I not only *hear* music, I *listen* to it. I find the colors of the day such vivid experiences that I sometimes pound my steering wheel with excitement. And I say, why disorient your beautiful senses with drugs and poisons before you have half discovered what they can do for you?"

This time the lift-off was awfully slow, but former Astronaut John Glenn, 44, didn't mind a bit. Bumping up the slopes on the T-bar at Stowe, Vt., Glenn pronounced the terrestrial view "beautiful" and prepared all systems for the descent. Thoroughly cured of the inner-ear trouble that caused him to yaw and



JOHN GLENN
No pitch in the ear.

pitch two years ago, after he whacked his head on a bathtub, Glenn roared down the slopes with perfect balance and later lamented that he doesn't have a chance to practice more, seeing as he lives down around Houston, where he still works as a NASA consultant.

Luci Johnson's August wedding promises to be quite a production, but it couldn't be any livelier than the one Hubert Humphrey is cooking up. His second son, Robert, 22, a junior at Minnesota's Mankato State College, will marry Collegemate Donna Erickson, 21, on July 9 in Minneapolis, and since the Vice President loves a party, he is turning over his eight-room house in Waverly, Minn., for the blowout reception. Hubert even promised the kids he'd bring Herb Alpert's stomping Tijuana Brass band to the party, and with all



DONNA ERICKSON & ROBERT HUMPHREY
Big stomp in Waverly.

the Humphreys whooping on top of that, Waverly (pop. 580) ought to be the noisiest town north of the Pedernales.

Jacqueline Kennedy will be speaking practically nothing but Spanish this month. She flies off to Buenos Aires with Caroline and John-John to spend an Easter holiday on the cattle ranch of former Argentine Foreign Minister Miguel Cárcano, an old family friend. After a good week's riding on the pampas, Jackie will bring the children back to Manhattan for a short rest, then set off for more Spanish and horses, this time as guest of the Duchess of Alba at Seville's *muy pintoresca* Spring Fair.

Pia Lindstrom, 27, was firm about one thing: "I would be very happy to become a fine actress like my mother," she said in Rome. "But I am not competing with her." On the face of it, Pia could give her mother, Ingrid Bergman, some pretty fair competition, though she wasn't looking like Joan of Arc when she played the screen tests for *The Devil in Love*, a merry morality



PIA LINDSTROM

Hot role with the devil.

film in which Pia would try to get Satan to join the angels. If Ingrid's girl got the part, she may have the most unlikely little devil in the world fall in love with her: Mickey Rooney.

In an elegant speech on "History and Literature" before the Society of American Historians in Washington, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, 71, told a wry tale. "Some years ago," he said, "a colleague in the State Department wrote papers in such beautiful prose that I found myself influenced toward conclusions which, when challenged, I could not justify. Protection against this siren proved simple. Another colleague rewrote the paper in telegraphese, leaving out most adjectives, inserting the word 'stop' for periods. This exorcised the magic. Too much art in the mixture and, as John Seeley's contemptuous words, history fades into mere literature."

As one of his executors pointed out, "The question is no longer of any concern" to Master Showman Billy Rose, who died Feb. 10 of linear pneumonia. But his two sisters are bitterly concerned, as they demonstrated in Manhattan's surrogate court by filing a charge against Billy's temporary executor, among other things, a failure to honor their request that be memorialized with a \$25,000 burial plot and monument. So poor Billy's body has been waiting in a temporary receiving vault for eight weeks while family and lawyers haggle. Measured by his fortune, variously estimated between \$10 million and \$30 million, he has been temporarily reduced by a \$600,000 because of a dip in the market price of AT & T stock, which Bantam Barnum, with 160,000 shares, was the biggest single stockholder.



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God's judgment
and he maketh it a god: they
fall down, yea, they worship,
they bear him upon the
shoulder, they carry him, and
set him in his place, and he
standeth; from his place shall
he not remove: yea, one shall
cry unto him, yet can he not
answer, nor save him out of his
trouble.

8 Remember men: bring it again
to mind, O ye transgressors.
9 Remember the former things
of old: for I am God, and
is none else: I am God, and
there is none like me.

10 Declaring the end from the
beginning, and from ancient
times the things that are not yet
done, saying, My counsel shall
stand, and I will do all my
pleasure.

11 Calling a ravenous bird
from the east, the man that
executeth my counsel from a
far country: yea, I have spoken
it, I will also bring it to pass;
I have purposed it, I will also
do it.

12 Hearken unto me, ye
stouthearted, that are far from
righteousness:

13 I bring near my righteous-
ness: it shall not be far off, and
my salvation shall not tarry:
and I will place salvation in
Zi-on for Is-ra-el my glory.

CHAPTER 47.
COME down, and sit in the
dust, O virgin daughter of
Bab'-y-lon, sit on the ground:
there is no throne, O daughter
of the Chal-de'-ans: for thou
shalt no more be called tender
and delicate.

2 Take the millstones, and
grind meal: uncover thy locks,
make bare the leg, uncover the
thigh, pass over the rivers.

3 Thy nakedness shall be
covered, yea, thy shame shall
be seen: I will take vengeance
upon Babylon, and I will not
meet thee any more.

4 As for our redemption,
Lord, One of Is-ra-el is his name:
Holy One of Is-ra-el is his name:
5 Sit thou silent, and get thee
into darkness, O daughter of
the Chal-de'-ans: for thou shalt
no more be called, The lady of
kingdoms.

6 I was wroth with thee, O
people, I have polluted with
inheritance, and given thee
into thine hand: given thee
shew them no mercy: thou hast
laid thy yoke.

7 And thou saidst, I shall
be a lady for ever: so that I
didst not lay these things to
thy heart, neither didst thou
remember the latter end of it.

8 Therefore hear ye now, O
they that art given to pleasure,
that dwellest carelessly,
sayest in thine heart,
and none else beside me:
I shall not sit as a widow,
neither shall I know the loss of
children:

9 But these two things shall
come to thee in a moment,
one day, the loss of children,
and widowhood: and they shall
come upon thee in their
abundance, and for the multitude
of thy sorceries, and for the
abundance of thine enchant-
ments.

10 For thou hast trusted
in thy wickedness: thou hast
said, None seeth me. Thy wis-
dom and thy knowledge, it hath
verted thee; and thou hast
said in thine heart, I am
none else beside me.

11 Therefore shall evil
upon thee; thou shalt not
be able to stand.

12 Hearken unto me, O
Jah'-cob, which are called
by the name of Is'-ra-el, and
make mention of the Lord, and
name of the God of Is'-ra-el,
but not in truth, nor in right-
eousness.

2 For they call themselves of
the holy city, and stay them-
selves upon the God of Is'-ra-el;
the Lord of hosts is his name.

3 I have declared the former
things from the beginning; and
they went forth out of my

mouth, and I showed them: I
came to pass, and they
came to pass.

4 Because I knew that thou
art obstinate, and thy neck is
an iron sinew, and thy brow
brass;

5 I have even from the be-
ginning declared it to thee;
before it came to pass, I showed
it thee: lest thou shouldest
say, Mine idol hath done them,
and my graven image, and my
molten image, hath commanded
them.

6 Thou hast heard, and
this; and wilt not yet declare
things from this time, even
hidden things, and thou didst
not know them.

7 They are created now, and
before the beginning; and
before the day when thou
shouldest say, Behold, I knew
them.

8 Yea, thou heardest not;
yea, thou knewest not; yea,
from that time that thine ear
was not opened: for I knew
that thou wouldest deal very
treacherously, and wast called
a transgressor from the womb.

9 For my name's sake will
I defer mine anger, and for my
praise will I refrain for thee,
that I cut thee not off.

10 Behold, I have refined thee,
but not with silver; I have
chosen thee in the furnace of
affliction.

11 For mine own sake, even
for how should my name be
polluted? and I will not give
my glory unto another.

12 Hearken unto me, O
Jah'-cob and Is'-ra-el, my called;
I am he; I am the first, I also
am the last.

ISAIAH, 48.

THE intent
from whence it riseth: and
mischievous shall be able to put
it off, and desolation shall come
upon thee suddenly, which thou
shalt not know.

12 Stand now with thine en-
chantments, and with the mid-
dle of thy sorceries, wherein
thou hast laboured from thy
youth: if so be thou
shalt be able to profit,
yea, if thou art wearied in the
multitude of thy counsels, let
them stand up, and save thee
from these things that shall come
upon thee.

13 Behold, they shall be as
stubble; they shall not deliver
them: they shall be as the power of
the flame: there shall not be a
coal to warm at, nor fire to sit
before it.

14 Thus shall they be unto
thee with whom thou hast
laboured, even thy merchants:
from thy youth; they shall
wander every one to his quarter;
none shall save thee.

CHAPTER 48.
HEAR ye this, O house of
Jah'-cob, which are called
by the name of Is'-ra-el, and
make mention of the Lord, and
name of the God of Is'-ra-el,
but not in truth, nor in right-
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affliction.

11 For mine own sake, even
for how should my name be
polluted? and I will not give
my glory unto another.

12 Hearken unto me, O
Jah'-cob and Is'-ra-el, my called;
I am he; I am the first, I also
am the last.

ISAIAH, 48.

THE intent
from whence it riseth: and
mischievous shall be able to put
it off, and desolation shall come
upon thee suddenly, which thou
shalt not know.

12 Stand now with thine en-
chantments, and with the mid-
dle of thy sorceries, wherein
thou hast laboured from thy
youth: if so be thou
shalt be able to profit,
yea, if thou art wearied in the
multitude of thy counsels, let
them stand up, and save thee
from these things that shall come
upon thee.

13 Behold, they shall be as
stubble; they shall not deliver
them: they shall be as the power of
the flame: there shall not be a
coal to warm at, nor fire to sit
before it.

14 Thus shall they be unto
thee with whom thou hast
laboured, even thy merchants:
from thy youth; they shall
wander every one to his quarter;
none shall save thee.

CHAPTER 48.
HEAR ye this, O house of
Jah'-cob, which are called
by the name of Is'-ra-el, and
make mention of the Lord, and
name of the God of Is'-ra-el,
but not in truth, nor in right-
eousness.

2 For they call themselves of
the holy city, and stay them-
selves upon the God of Is'-ra-el;
the Lord of hosts is his name.

3 I have declared the former
things from the beginning; and
they went forth out of my

mouth, and I showed them: I
came to pass, and they
came to pass.

4 Because I knew that thou
art obstinate, and thy neck is
an iron sinew, and thy brow
brass;

5 I have even from the be-
ginning declared it to thee;
before it came to pass, I showed
it thee: lest thou shouldest
say, Mine idol hath done them,
and my graven image, and my
molten image, hath commanded
them.

6 Thou hast heard, and
this; and wilt not yet declare
things from this time, even
hidden things, and thou didst
not know them.

7 They are created now, and
before the beginning; and
before the day when thou
shouldest say, Behold, I knew
them.

8 Yea, thou heardest not;
yea, thou knewest not; yea,
from that time that thine ear
was not opened: for I knew
that thou wouldest deal very
treacherously, and wast called
a transgressor from the womb.

9 For my name's sake will
I defer mine anger, and for my
praise will I refrain for thee,
that I cut thee not off.

10 Behold, I have refined thee,
but not with silver; I have
chosen thee in the furnace of
affliction.

11 For mine own sake, even
for how should my name be
polluted? and I will not give
my glory unto another.

12 Hearken unto me, O
Jah'-cob and Is'-ra-el, my called;
I am he; I am the first, I also
am the last.

The Good Book that John is forbidden to read.

If anyone read this book, it would probably fall apart. And that wouldn't be nice, because it's an heirloom that's been handed down from generation to generation. So, many families have two Bibles. One like this one, and another one to be read. But no one ever has to be afraid of somebody reading a Bible made of Olin's special Bible paper. Time barely touches it; it won't yellow or crack, no matter how many

people turn its pages. Over half the quality Bibles being printed in this country are made of Olin's paper. And generations from now, they'll look as bright and white as they look today. No one has been able to improve on the message of the Good Book. The least Olin could do was to improve the paper it's printed on. Which we did.



Olin is Chemicals, Metals, Squibb Pharmaceuticals, Paper and Packaging, Winchester-Western Arms and Ammunition.



Sylvania's color tube brightened the whole TV picture. How did it make GT&E look sharp?

It all began in laser research. That's when GT&E scientists found that a rare-earth element—Europium—could be made to produce an unusually brilliant red hue. GT&E's Sylvania subsidiary took over from there. The result: the *color bright 85™* picture tube.

Sylvania's unique process for

applying phosphors to the face of each tube produced the sharpest, most colorful picture in television.

You might say we made everyone take a new look at color TV.

Innovation in communications comes from GT&E. Expect it anytime from any member of the family: General Telephone Operating Com-

panies • General Telephone • Lenkurt Electric Products • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics Corporation. We're 110,000 strong, dedicated to Total Communication.

GT&E
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

MEDICINE

DENTISTRY

Fluorides for Adults

Virtually all U.S. dentists now agree that the best way to prevent tooth decay is to fluoridate water supplies so that children get the benefits from the time their tooth buds begin to form—only a few weeks after conception. Failing that, many dentists paint stronger fluoride solutions on children's teeth once or twice a year. Adults, with their fully developed teeth, have seemed beyond fluorides' help—destined to suffer the traditional "find the cavity, then drill and fill."

Now, that adult tradition may be on the way out, largely because the U.S. Navy found itself swamped with dental patients. Each year Navy dentists become responsible for the dental health of 120,000 new "boots" and Marine Corps recruits suffering from an average of seven cavities apiece. In addition, Navy dentists are responsible for 850,000 in-service or dependent personnel who had been getting decay holes at the rate of two a year, making a total of 2,500,000 cavities.

Dent in the Backlog. Putting fluorides to work on a test basis, the Navy has adopted a three-stage treatment. First, each patient is given a basin, a toothbrush, a small cup of pumice paste containing stannous fluoride, and a five-minute lecture on how to proceed. He brushes his teeth for ten minutes. Next, he is plopped into the dentist's chair. A technician spends three to five minutes air-drying his teeth and applying a 10% stannous fluoride solution. Third, the patient gets up to 15 minutes of instruction in how to make daily use of the stannous fluoride toothpaste, which the Navy recommends.

After its dentists satisfied themselves that the fluoridated toothpastes help to keep adequate amounts of fluoride in the teeth after painting, the Navy settled on painting every year. The first treatment costs only 25¢ a man for materials; dental technicians are treating three or four times as many patients as before, and the Navy expects soon to make a big dent in its huge backlog of cavities, treating 1,000,000 patients a year at 48 preventive-dentistry centers. Says Rear Admiral Frank M. Kyes, chief of the Navy's dental services: "It now takes us less time to prevent cavities than to fill them."

Mouthful of Chemicals. Some civilian dentists think that the Navy's claim of preventing two-thirds of new cavities is overoptimistic, and they emphasize that a program like the Navy's, which the Army and Air Force are now adopting, is no substitute for general fluoridation. The Navy never said it was. But after the massive consensus reached years ago on the value of fluorides for children, there is growing agreement that fluorides in the water, plus periodic

paintings and regular use of fluoridated toothpastes, give some degree of protection against cavities at all ages.

With the Navy work to encourage them, more and more civilian dentists seem likely to give their patients a mouthful of one chemical or another as an alternative to the dreaded drill. Dr. Finn Brudevold of Harvard's famed Forsyth Dental Center is concerned that the tin in the stannous fluoride solution commonly used for painting may interfere with the absorption of fluorine, and he is casting around for a better compound. Meanwhile, he says, it



MARINE RECRUITS BRUSHING TEETH IN DECAY-PREVENTION PROGRAM
Some benefit at any age.

helps to cover the teeth, right after painting, with a protective coat of silicone grease. A colleague, Dr. Basil Richardson, believes that the best coating is polyoxyethylene soya amine—a sort of reverse detergent to keep the saliva from washing the fluoride away.

Other chemicals are also gaining status as decay preventives. Zirconium salts have been suggested by some researchers, but they appear to be too poisonous for general use. Phosphates are safer and more promising, and several communities are trying the addition of dicalcium phosphate to cereals and bread. Even the most skeptical investigators at the National Institute of Dental Research now believe that decay may be arrested in its earliest stages by painting the teeth with a solution containing tricalcium phosphate and potassium fluoride.

There is no lack of work for all such chemicals. The National Institute's former director, Dr. Francis A. Arnold Jr., estimates in round, "open wide" numbers that there are 1,000,000,000 unfilled cavities in the U.S.

HOSPITALS

The Rectal Thermometer

Near dawn every morning, a nurse walks into the hospital room, wakes the patient and subjects him to what for many remains a humiliating procedure, although it has become routine: insertion of a rectal thermometer. "The importance of this entrenched practice," said last week's *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "is so universally accepted that, like the mechanics of normal breathing, it is rarely discussed or even considered."

The time has come for doctors to reflect on it, says the A.M.A., because the entrenched practice can be fatal.

U.S. MARINE CORPS

The University of Minnesota's Dr. Justin J. Wolfson recently reported a case in which an eight-day-old baby died because the thermometer had pierced the wall of its rectum. Actual perforation of the rectum appears to be rare, says the A.M.A., but "injury to the rectum by the thermometer is not uncommon. Severe bleeding, ulceration, abscesses, hematomas and scarring have been reported." Autopsies indicate that rectal injury may occur in more than 6% of patients.

What is needed, says the A.M.A., is a thermometer that will not cause injury. But no U.S. manufacturer has yet produced a safer thermometer at an economic price. A safer design, used in Scandinavia, has a slender sensing tip, similar to the American, but then broadens out to a flat shank, thick enough to prevent too deep a penetration. The best the A.M.A. can suggest is that nurses and mothers be instructed in how to insert a thermometer correctly, and told never to leave a child or a debilitated patient alone with the thermometer in place.

NEWSPAPERS

Boston's month-old newspaper strike sputtered out last week. During a 14-hour negotiating session with the unions, the publishers offered a fresh proposal on the controversial pension plan and gave hints of a wage boost as well. "We've got enough unions to talk to from here to Chicago," said Boston Globe President John Taylor, referring to the eleven unions, which disagree on the kind of contract they want.

While they waited for the unions and the papers to compromise, Bostonians were getting their news in spurts. Sales of out-of-town papers rose sharply. The Sunday New York Times brought as much as \$1.50 a copy. *TV Guide* sold like sweepstakes tickets. Television stations stepped up their coverage, and staffers of the Record American and the Herald-Traveler appeared on camera daily to read the news. Decked out in button-down TV-blue shirts, they no longer looked like the old city-room gang. Boston Globe reporters also tried TV, but gave it up. What with stumbling over their lines and never looking at the camera, they were making such a bad impression that they feared people would not read them once they got back into print.

Their concern was understandable, but Bostonians were obviously hungering for print. When WNAC-TV plastered subways and buses with posters of a newspaper overlaid with big black letters, "Tonight go home and read your Channel 7," one subway rider was spotted with his nose against a poster as he tried to decipher the fine print in the background of the ad.

He may soon get something meatier to read. At week's end, the publishers announced that they had reached a tentative settlement with the printers and mailers, leaders of the strike—who reportedly agreed to accept pay raises

in lieu of increased fringe benefits. The agreement still must be ratified by the union membership. But with luck, Bostonians will be getting their fingers dirty again this week.

To the editors of the New York Times, the story obviously seemed significant. It began with more than half a column on the front page and carried over to a full page inside. Written by Times Washington Bureau Chief Tom Wicker, the piece was based on a hand-out: a statement calling for a more liberalized U.S. policy toward Communist China, including eventual diplomatic recognition and admission to the United Nations. Wicker emphasized that the statement had been signed by "198 academic experts on China," all of whom belong to the Association for Asian Studies. Happy to have so many experts agreeing with its own position, the Times applauded in an editorial: "The statement on China by 198 Asian scholars—opposed by only 19 other members of the Association for Asian Studies—shows where the weight of informed American opinion lies."

Signers in Dispute. All of which goes to illustrate the danger of making too much of handouts. In a letter published by the Times last week, Wm. Theodore de Bary, a member of the Association for Asian Studies and Chairman of the Department of Chinese and Japanese at Columbia University, explained that the signers are only a fraction of the association's 3,374 members. "Since it is a policy of the Association not to take a stand or conduct a vote on political questions," wrote De Bary, "no person or group can claim to represent the membership. Signers of the statement must have been unaware such a construction would be put upon it by those presenting it to the Times."

The association's national secretary, L. A. Peter Gosling, associate profes-



TIMESMAN TOM WICKER
Much ado about nothing

sor of geography at the University of Michigan, was even blunter. Carl Wicker's article "factually inaccurate," Gosling estimated that only one of the signers could be considered bona fide experts. By paying \$15-a-year dues, anyone who demonstrates an interest in Asia can join the association, members range from anthropologists to theologists to librarians. Moreover, charged Gosling, some of the signers do not belong to the association, nor was the entire membership contacted and given a chance to sign the paper. "It's disorganized," says Gosling. "They wrote letters to people they knew who share similar views, and these people gave the material on to others who gave it to others who gave it to others who were in agreement."

The drafters of the document—old Taylor, onetime president of State College, and Betty Gooden, of Cornell University's School of Industrial and Labor Relations—denied such intent. As the leaders of the Manhattan-based National Research Council on Peace Strategy, which issues comments on foreign policy, they feel they consulted enough China scholars on the wording of their paper, and they circulated it sufficiently. No *U.S. newspaper*, however, shared the *Times's* enthusiasm for the document. If they ran anything on it at all, the papers carried a much shorter Associated Press story that coupled the scholars' recommendations with similar ones made by Senator Fulbright. Even so, of the papers that subscribe to the *New York Times News Service* ran the version.

Acute Scholaritis "I and the New York Times," says Wicker, "and still think the document was a considerable contribution to debate on the subject." He attributed the comment to what he calls the "China lobby" the fact is that the criticism came from all quarters. In his appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

the last week, David Nelson Rowe, political science professor at Yale, charged the Times with "at the very least a gross distortion of the meaning of the statistics. Such are the distortions of propagandistic journalism." The liberal *Reverend* magazine editorialized: "The Times built the release into major significance by giving it inordinate prominence and a largely spurious authority. This is not just an acute case of 'scholarship', this is irresponsible journalism."

Victory in Springfield

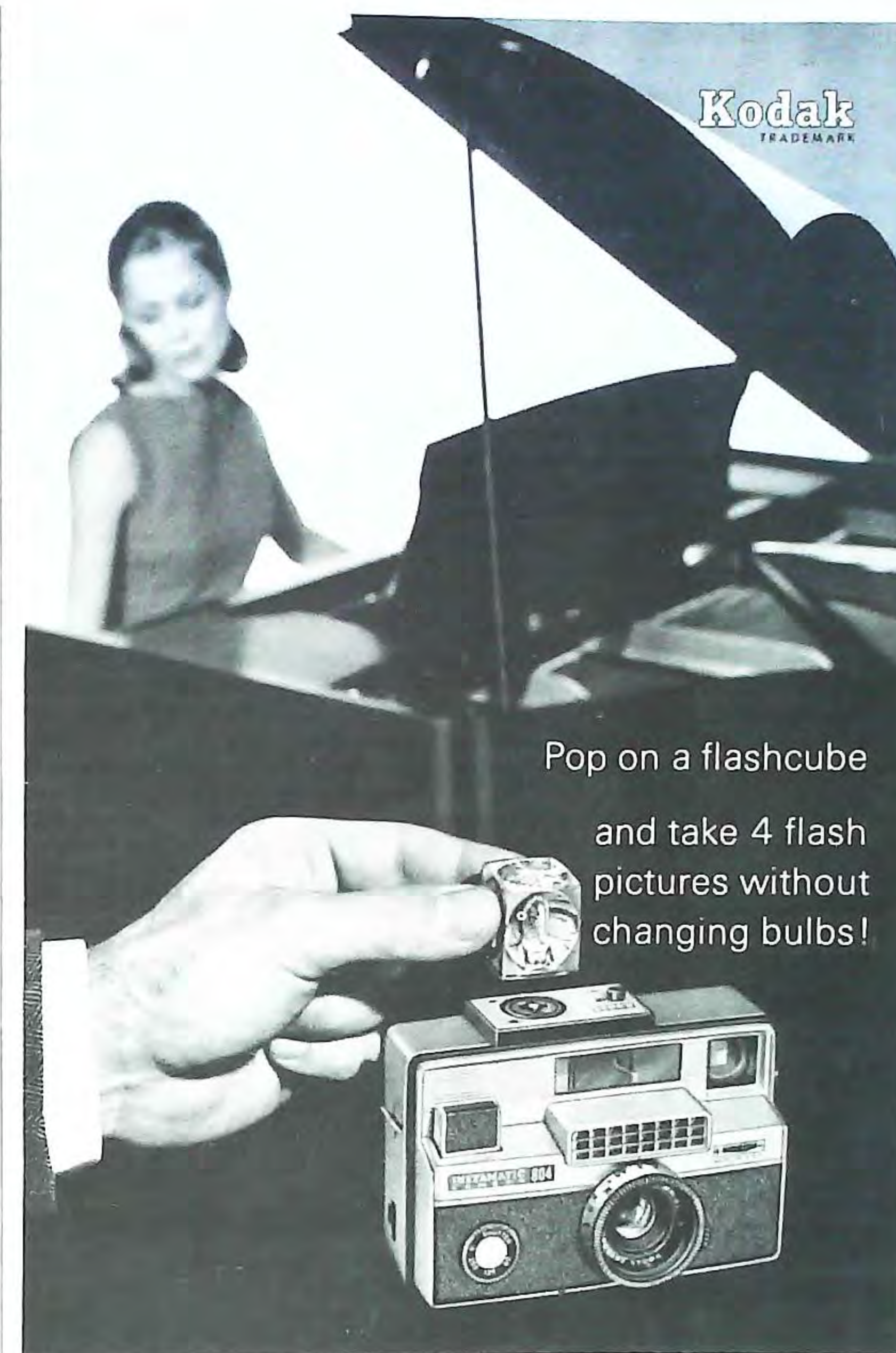
Publisher Sam Newhouse, 70, finally "bought" Springfield, Mass., last week. It took him six years of tough scrapping to win control of the town's three papers, the morning Union, the afternoon News and the Sunday Republican. But as usual, what Sam Newhouse wanted, Sam eventually got.

Newhouse already owned 14 other papers, plus Condé Nast publications, when he bought a controlling interest in the Springfield papers back in 1960. But voting rights to a large block of stock were not to be his until September 1967. In the meantime that stock was to be voted by the papers' management, which regarded Newhouse as a foreign raider and would not even let him look at the company's books. Newhouse fought back by filing a flock of lawsuits; he charged that the papers' profits were being haphazardly poured into the already swollen employee pension funds. In turn, the newspapers ran stories belittling their boss-to-be.

To Newhouse, the settlement that came at the cost of \$4,000,000 will give him a 17-month head start as undisputed owner of his new papers. To Springfield staffers, it now means little, if anything. They are already reconciled to the brash outsider. "We have had a lot of opportunity to talk with employees in other Newhouse operations," says one editor, "and we haven't found anything to get alarmed about."



PUBLISHER SAM NEWHOUSE
Three more into the fold.



Pop on a flashcube

and take 4 flash pictures without changing bulbs!

Now the most automatic of cameras
does even more for you.

This camera makes it so much easier for you to take the indoor pictures you've always wanted. The new instant-loading KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera does practically everything for you automatically. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It automatically adjusts for film speed... automatically advances the film for you after each shot... automatically adjusts the fast f2.8 lens for correct daylight exposure... automatically warns you when you need to use flash... automatically switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube... automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct... and more, much more! Yet this most helpful of precision cameras costs less than \$125.

Price subject to change without notice.

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KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

TONIGHT ...
Go home and read
your Channel 7

TV BUS & SUBWAY AD

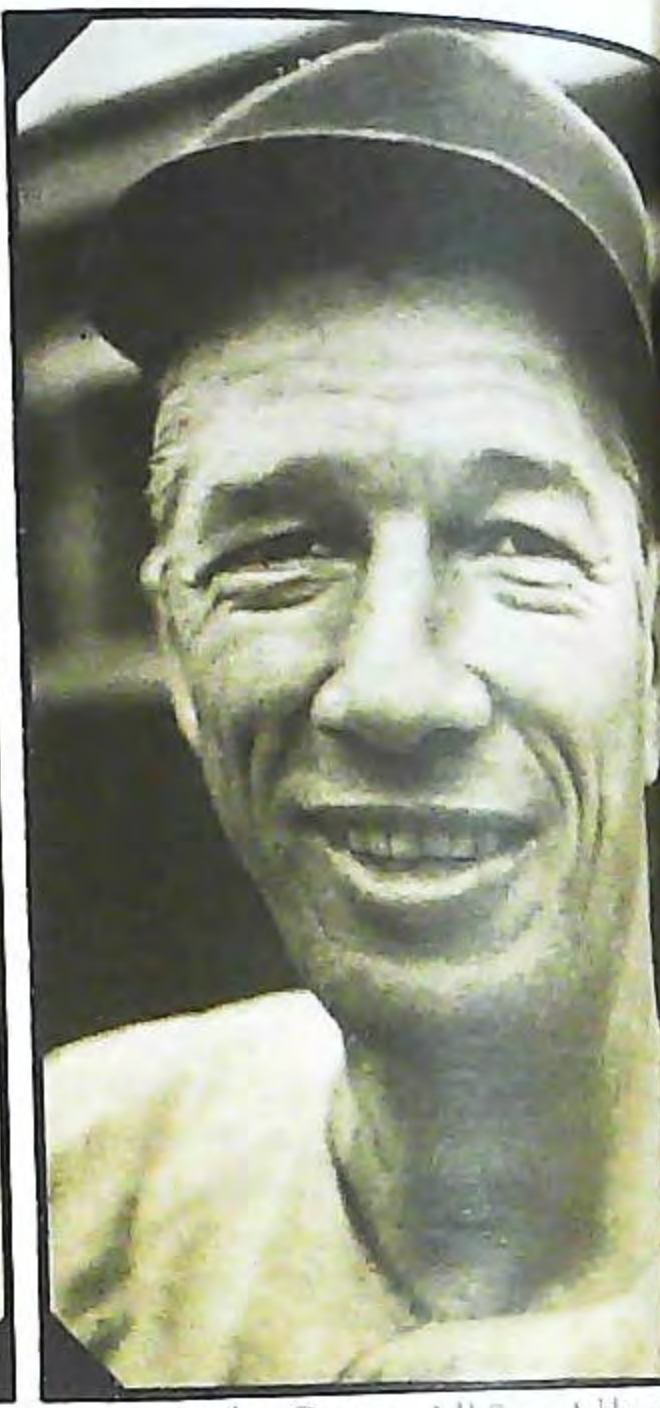
After the button-down blues, a nose to the fine print.



Lou Gehrig, All-Star, Yankees



Babe Ruth, All-Star, Yankees



Lefty Grove, All-Star, Athletics



Jimmy Dykes, All-Star, White Sox



Wes Ferrell, All-Star, Red Sox



Al Crowder, All-Star, Senators

What if you could do the same thing with the world's greatest Scotches?

Take the star whisky from each and combine them into one?

It took us a generation to find out.

We had to sift and sort through 530 distillations to get the whiskies we wanted.

We tried peaty-tasting Scotches from the misty Isle of Islay; Scotches from Inverness as fragile as myrtle bloom.

In one case we even had to buy a distillery to get a whisky we wanted.

It took us more than 20 years, but our "crazy idea" is now being bottled

in Scotland.

As you might expect, a Scotch this doesn't exactly come clean. But what we ended up with is the smoothest combination of time:

From Keith to Glenlivet to Bunnah...

The 1933 All-Star team gave us a crazy idea for a Scotch.



100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND - SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



Lincoln Continental
expresses the excitement of your way of life.



Shown above, America's only four-door convertible. Also available, the Continental sedan and the new Continental coupé, broadening your choice. 1966, a new 462 cu. in. engine and a completely new transmission. New luxury options include automatic temperature control system, stereo tape, and more.

Lincoln Continental distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is the luxury car that stands apart from all other cars. As an expression of individuality, good accomplishment. As the reflection of a way of life. Come take a closer look: drive it, experience it, and discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Continental.

LINCOLN Continental

America's most distinguished motor cars



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

Toward Nationwide D.S.T.

Ever since the U.S. began experimenting with daylight-saving time in 1918, the nation during the spring, summer and fall has turned itself into a chaotic quilt of conflicting time patterns. Eighteen states observe D.S.T. on a uniform statewide basis. In another 18 states, individual communities decide for themselves whether or not they will follow D.S.T. and set for themselves the dates on which it goes into and out of effect. Fourteen other states, including almost the entire South, remain on standard time all year long.

The great timekeeping hodgepodge costs railroads, airlines and bus companies millions of dollars a year just for printing and distributing revised timetables. But the obvious answer, nationwide D.S.T., has long been opposed by farmers who argue that "fast time," as they call it, wrecks their harvests since they cannot begin work until the dew is off the hay. Furthermore, they complain, it is one thing to tell a man to get up an hour earlier, quite another thing to tell a cow.

Last week, by a decisive 281-to-91 vote in the House, Congress approved a bill previously passed by the Senate that takes a major step in the direction of uniform nationwide D.S.T. Effective this year, the bill requires that D.S.T. commence on the last Sunday in April and end on the last Sunday in October for all states and communities that choose to observe it. Next year, under the bill's provisions, all states will have to observe uniform D.S.T. statewide unless their legislatures opt for uniform standard time for the entire state. But as early risers know, the sun is already up before 6 a.m., tennis courts in the South have been readied for after-work play, and early gardening has begun. So why not begin D.S.T. on the last Sunday in March rather than April?

FASHION

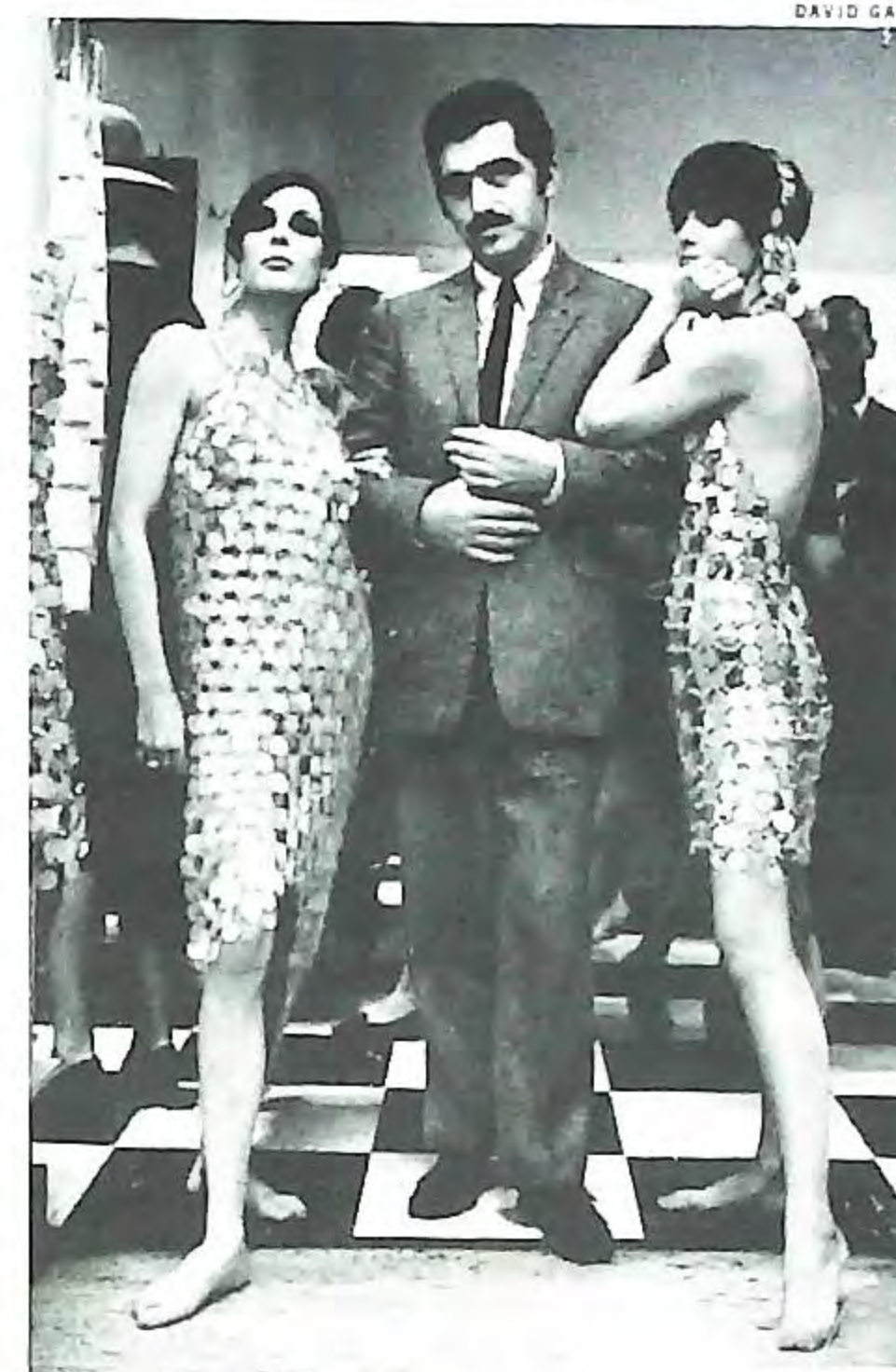
Priced in Plastic

The effect was breathtaking. Out rode the model, clothed in nothing but wafer-thin plastic disks, each glinting with dazzling sun colors (hot orange, pink) and hung together with fine wires. Next came a coat of mail in glistening silver that let a generous amount of skin go unprotected. Then came sun visors shaped like welders' helmets and oversized plastic earrings that dangled weightlessly at shoulder level.

It was the U.S. debut at Manhattan's Lord & Taylor of Jewelry Designer Paco Rabanne, at 32 the hit of Paris and overnight a whole industry in himself. Only last February, Paco presented a small experimental collection of disk dresses in his fifth-floor, walk-up Paris studio, and suddenly the rush was on.

Britain's *Queen* plunged with 14 pages, *Harper's Bazaar* put his work on last month's cover, and *Vogue's* current issue leads off with Top Model Donyale Luna (*TIME*, April 1) in one of Paco's shifts, which amply displays her body (models in the U.S. prefer to wear a body stocking underneath).

Sexy Mermaids. Bound to be seen everywhere this summer, if Paco's hand-crafters can keep up with demand and charge accounts can take the gaff (dresses begin at \$300, simple earrings \$4). Rabanne's disks were an instant hit with the models. "It makes such a nice clatter when you move," said one "I feel like a sexy mermaid." What happens if you sit down? "You shouldn't; they're



PACO & MODELS
With such a nice clatter.

for dancing," was Paco's prompt retort. One model tried anyway, reported: "Not bad. It sort of slips away."

Paco himself sort of slipped into *haute couture*. As the son of Balenciaga's *première* (first seamstress) in San Sebastián, Spain, he grew up in the world of fashion. He set out to be an architect, studied at the Atelier Perret, then drifted into fashion design. "Fashion is the same process as architecture," he explains. "Both are concerned with very precise limits—in fashion, those of a woman's body." One reminder of his former studies is his white-pailletted hat, "directly inspired by Bucky Fuller's geodesic dome."

Clean-Cut & Brilliant. He began hitting his stride with plastic accessories. Then from sun goggles and huge choker necklaces the jewelry grew into whole

dresses, until currently he buys 30,000 meter-square sheets of Rhodoid plastic a month. But production is still painstakingly slow: ten days for a short shift, 15 days for a long dress.

Paco is pleased but not surprised by his sudden success: "There was a need for a new concept of femininity," he explains. "Feathers and boas have no meaning for today's woman. She needs something clean-cut and brilliant." The ideal? "A shining rubber paint that would dry into a second skin."

THE TELEPHONE

Ringing in the Suspect

The phone can ring at any hour of the day or night. There on the other end of the line is the unidentified voice, mouthing obscenities or threats. The receiver in most cases is a woman, often in a city apartment. Until now, her only way out of such repeated and nerve-shattering harassment has been to change the telephone number and have it unlisted. For, as she quickly discovers, simply hanging up does not break the circuit, which is controlled by the caller. To apprehend him, the police tell the victim to keep the caller talking until they can trace the call and, in some cases, have her make an appointment with the caller.

Abusive calls have increased so much in recent years—New England Telephone Co. estimates up to 1,500 a month are made in its area—that A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel has called for a crackdown, and individual Bell companies are now declaring statewide "wars on obscene calls." Their most effective weapon is an electronic device known as "called-party holding," which the telephone company hooks up free. It consists of a small signal box that is linked to the nearest central office. By simply pushing the button on the box, the victim signals the central office, which immediately locks the circuit. Even if the caller hangs up, the circuit remains open and the telephone company can begin tracing the call.

The device is not foolproof. Calls made from party lines make tracing tough. But already it is paying dividends in terms of arrests. With slight variations, New Jersey Bell Telephone has been using it since last fall, Bell in Pennsylvania since the first of the year. In Rockland, Me., the device pinpointed a 17-year-old boy who had been pestering a family with several teen-age girls. And in Massachusetts it has led to a dozen convictions in the past six months on charges of harassment and use of obscene language, resulting in sentences ranging from a \$200 fine to three months in prison.

EDUCATION

CAMPUSES

The Frat's in the Fire

College fraternities, which have been fading in influence ever since World War II's returning G.I.s failed to blush when not rushed, are newly under fire. At Amherst College, for example, they are the subject of a tough report by a committee of deans, faculty members and alumni. Amherst fraternities, says the report, "have become an anachronism, the possibilities for their reform have been exhausted, and they now stand directly in the way of exciting new possibilities." It urges a shift to

of Colorado to end the probation of its Boulder chapter. Officials of eight Eastern colleges recently met privately in Syracuse, N.Y., to agree on how to handle their Sigma Chi chapters.

Nationwide fraternity membership is up from 162,000 in 1962 to 200,000 today (out of 3,600,000 male students), and the number of chapters has risen from 3,600 in 1962 to 4,000 now. But the percentage of students who join Greek societies is shrinking steadily. Fraternity membership has declined at the University of Illinois, despite an increase of 4,000 more undergraduate men in the past ten years. Similarly, at

JAMES F. COYNE



M.I.T.'S DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY HOUSE
Status is for Klans, or kids.

more broadly based residential societies to "wean students into more mature forms of independent expression."

Fraternity members and alumni of Amherst are fighting back, hoping to prevent their school from following the lead of Williams College, which has been gradually abolishing its 15 national fraternities; only two are left. Williams President John Edward Sawyer was bitterly condemned by some alumni for the change, but Assistant Dean Donald W. Gardner insists that the changes "made this campus come alive."

Decisions on Sigma Chi. College administrations are also losing patience with fraternities that still refuse, after some 15 years of pressure, to broaden their membership selection. National officers of Sigma Chi were to decide this week whether to kick out its Stanford chapter, which was suspended last year after announcing that it intended to pledge a Negro. The trustees of Brown University ordered the Brown Sigma Chi chapter to disaffiliate on grounds that the national organization was discriminatory. Sigma Chi has filed a federal suit to force the University

of California's Berkeley campus, Greek societies lost 20% of their members in five years, while undergraduate enrollment rose 13%. On some campuses, fraternities are numerically as strong as ever, but everywhere students take Greek membership much less seriously. "For the first time a student can feel he neither should—nor should not—belong to a fraternity," says Ohio State's Dean John Bonner.

The Durable Blackball. Critics of fraternities contend that they are anachronistic because today's college students tend to be serious about scholarship, scoff at any pretensions to status, consider secret rituals something for Klans or kids, resist togetherness, applaud all moves toward individual equality. Despite official pressure against racial discrimination, the blackball system, which forfeits membership control to the most prejudiced among a chapter's members, still keeps most fraternities segregated. In the 42,000-enrollment at the University of Minnesota, not a single Negro belongs to any fraternity except all-Negro Alpha Phi Alpha. There are no Negro fraternity members at all among

the University of Wisconsin's 39 students.

Also working against fraternities are plush new dormitories, which offer swimming pools, libraries, billiard tables and rooms with baths, and cost less to live in than fraternity houses.

Less Rah-Rah. Some Greek societies are reforming to meet the new mood. University of Texas fraternities have set up a system to tutor their freshmen members. Social services of many types have long since transformed the Greek "hell week" to "help week" at Rutgers, ten of the 27 campus fraternities have Negro members. There is a growing movement by local chapters to break from their nationals and to disavow alumni influence. "We insist upon autonomy," says Colgate Dean William Griffith. Many colleges insist that fraternities still improve student life and offer them financial help in return for institutional control. M.I.T. strongly encourages its strong fraternity system.

Berkeley's Assistant Dean of Student Affairs Lewis Rice argues that fraternities and sororities still meet "a basic social need, particularly on a large campus, in giving students 'a sense of belonging and identification with a peer group.' The rah-rah pledge-or-die appeal of Greek groups is fading, it may well be to their benefit, enabling them to move more naturally into the diverse life of today's campus life.

EDUCATION ABROAD

The Uninfected

They wear tight blue jeans or pants that bell at the bottom. Their hair is in ringlets over shirt collars. They sing cowboy tunes on guitars, favor English phrases such as "Hello, baby," "Love me, do." They claim to be liberated from their elders and resist any form of ideological indoctrination. In short, many students in Eastern Europe are surprisingly like U.S. campus kids. In Prague a fortnight ago, 400 Westerners, including a dozen Westerners, met in a conference sponsored by Czechoslovakia's Red regime to discuss about why the Communist culture is to grab the kids.

Utter Pessimism. In part, the pessimism is that many Eastern European students are bored with propaganda, restricted literature and limited social life. "We are young and cannot allow ourselves only of building socialism," says a Czech student. "It is the only alternative currents for our generation coming from the Western part of the world. Here they tell us we are a new generation building a new world, they insist we dance a folk dance centuries old." As a consequence, many Eastern European girls prefer the jerk, and big-beat music.

"Our youth feel a sense of disillusion, a rejection of any kind of political commitment," complains a communist elder. "They doubt the

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	Open	High	
Finan	137 $\frac{1}{4}$	138	3
Dat	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	35	1
ack	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	3
Asso	23	24	2
rl	58	59	1
oto	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Oil	111 $\frac{1}{4}$	112	1
El	52 $\frac{3}{8}$	53	5
ater	11	11	1
p	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	26	2

Sean Connery, as Agent 007, in the new James Bond thriller, THUNDERBALL, a United Artists release.

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**Only busy men have time to read
The Wall Street Journal**

56

of positive effort. Their only real interest is sex." Youthful Yugoslav author Mihajlo Mihajlov recently wrote President Tito that any fears that the young Western literature could "infect" Mihajlov with a "foreign ideology" were unfounded. His proof? "I have been reading Communist literature since childhood, and I still fail to find any sympathy for Communism."

Well-Educated Watchmen. Such discrimination stems partly from students' feeling that their education is put to use by Communist societies, which intend to reserve the best jobs for party favorites. "They encourage us to study engineering and medicine," complained a young Pole, "and then they expect us to join a farming community and to make less money as a doctor than a common laborer. I didn't study ten years for that." A Czech student complained that university graduates are being put to work as night watchmen—we have best-educated night watchmen in the world."

To stem such discontent, European countries are making it tougher for students to get into universities and are channeling more of them into vocational and trade schools, which often lead to better-paying jobs. When Polish children complete their new, eight-year compulsory schooling, one-fifth go on to four-year universities, one-fifth to academic high schools, the rest to vocational schools. After that they can take entrance exams for university but only 33,000 out of 80,000 applicants made it last year.

Communist indoctrination in schools has perforce turned soft-sell. Political universities dropped compulsory Marxism widely scorned—cram courses in the elements of Marxism-Leninism, "not a more flexible discussion course." The "Main Problems of Marxist Philosophy" Grade schools offer a new course in "civic education" directed at the children of "the superiority of the socialist system over the capitalist system," mainly by studying the party constitution and local government in action.

Facing the Beatles. Czechoslovakia recently injected a bit of democracy into their academic bureaucracy by admitting faculty members to elect principals and deans. Students are offered an "advisory" role in university policy. At the local level, teachers have had difficulty getting teen-agers to a civics class. One headmaster, Vladimir Jirasek, complained over Radio Prague that it is really not so easy to reach an old wearing a checkered jacket and a red badge inscribed "The Communist Party." He asked teachers to talk to him about Communist education.

The dilemma for the East is, of course, that as they lower the ideological pitch and give students more freedom, they invite ideas that they consider dangerous. As education advances in Eastern Europe, the student's loyalty to Communism declines. It seems to be that East or West, education breeds freedom.

TIME AFTER

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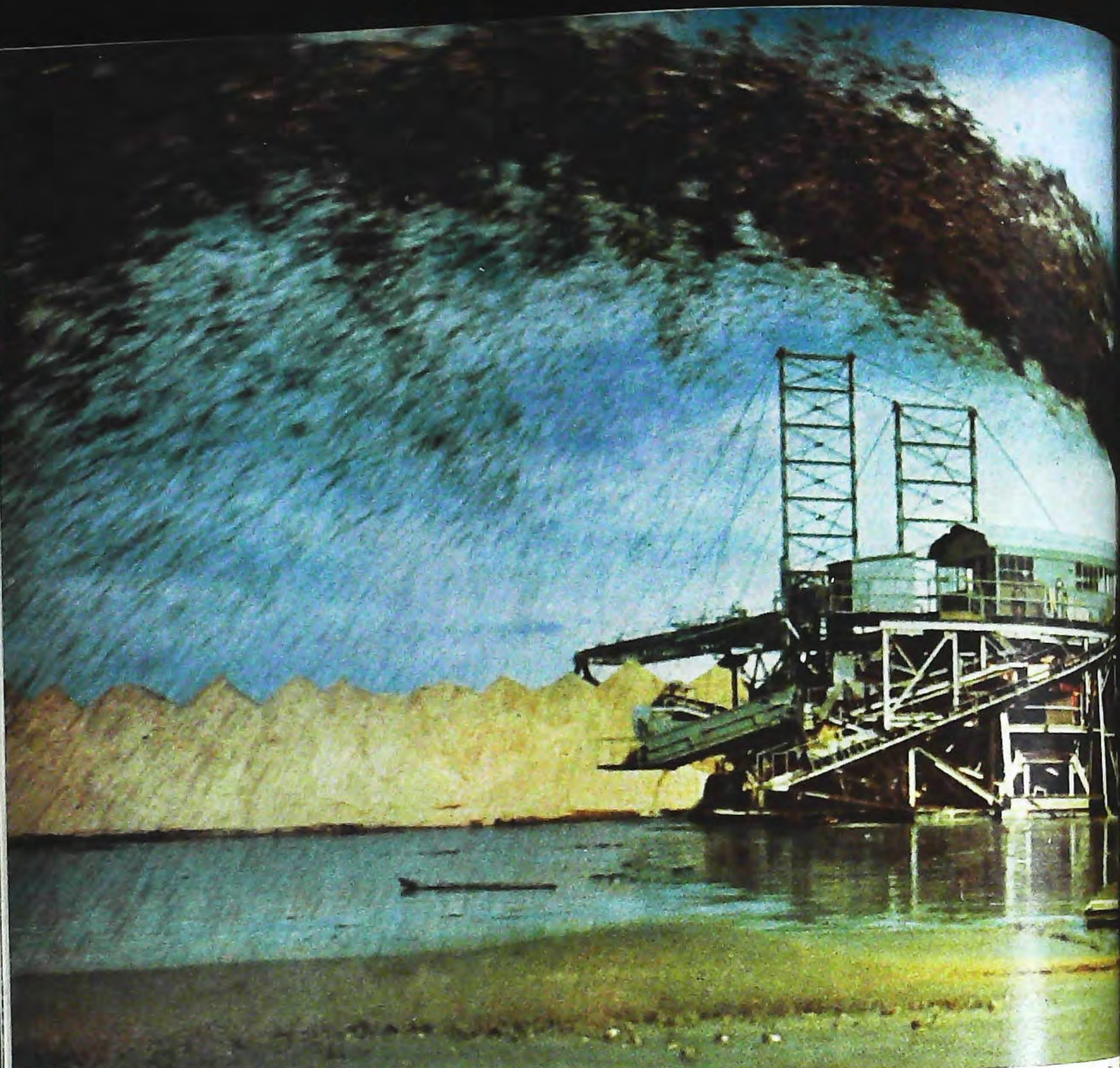
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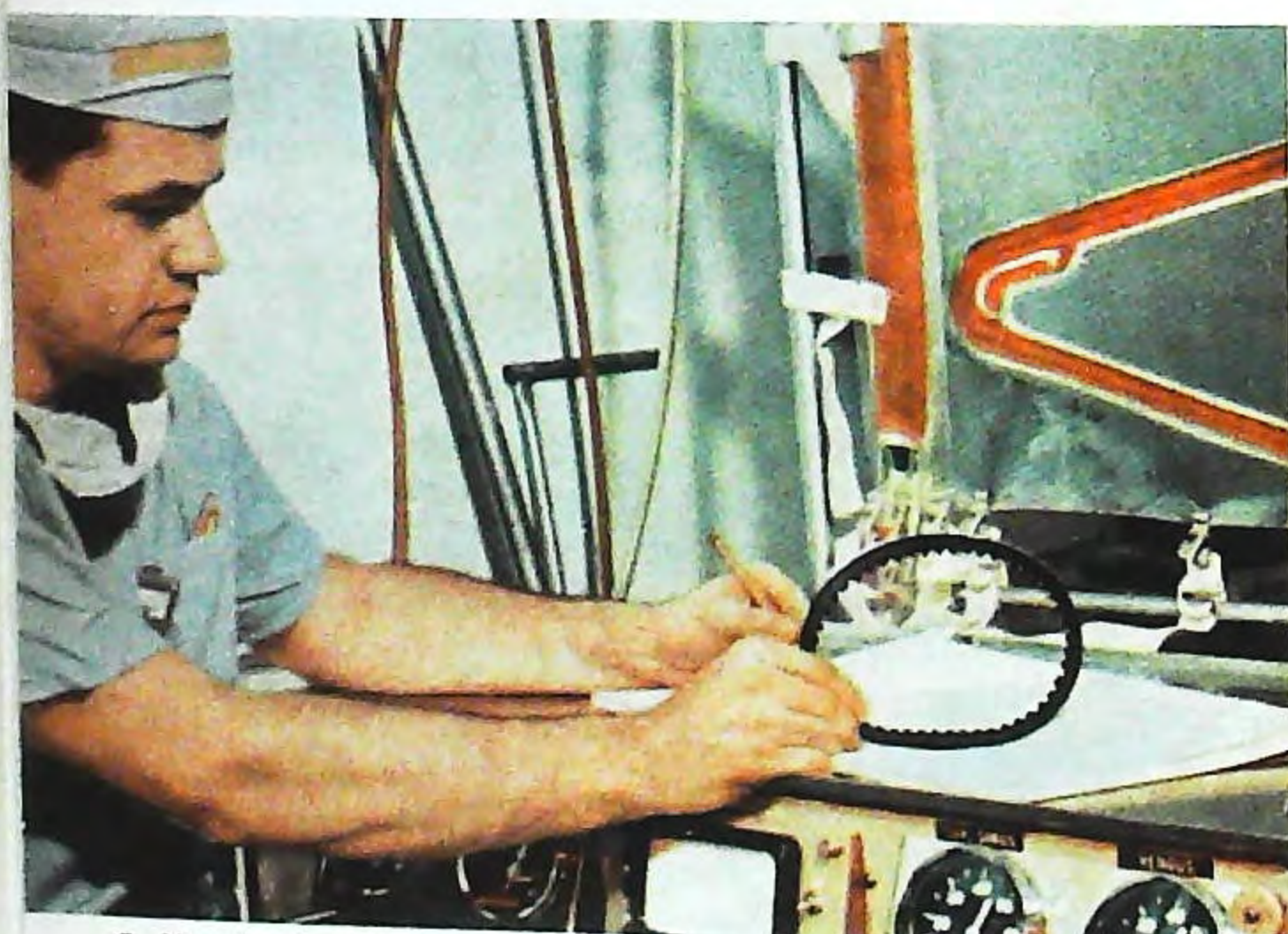
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BARBRA & ANTEATER
Animal crackers in her soup.

TELEVISION

Flip-Side Streisand

It was Barbra Streisand's second television special, and the publicity buildup made it sound like the Second Coming. "The most electrifying entertainer in the world," pealed a CBS advertisement on air day last week, "has a new hit on her hands . . . even more exciting than the first." The morning after, many a critic looped ecstatically through the hoop. *Color Me Barbra*, the show was called, and one reviewer exclaimed, "Color her magnificent." "She is the only younger superstar around," cried another. "The show of this year," declared a third. Yet for all the press raves and the excessive bravos of the studio audience, last week's Barbra was, at best, flip-side Streisand. The addition of color was *Color Me Barbra's* single improvement over the original. Otherwise the show was over-cute, overwrought and suffocatingly over-produced.

Last season, in her show-stopper, Barbra was given the run of Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman. This time, for an opener and attempted topper, she gawked girlishly through the hallowed marble halls of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, singing as a Modigliani lady, now a latter-day Nefertiti, now Marie Antoinette. Later, she serenaded her poodle in French (with subtitles), tromped like a kangaroo on a trampoline, played Tarzan on a trapeze, juxtaposed noses with an anteater and hoofed with a squad of penguins.

If anything, the show proved that one full hour of Streisand's peculiarly nasal voice is about 45 minutes too much, and that her choice of songs—*Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long*, *Animal Crackers in My Soup*—can be appalling. The Streisand talent is considerable, but it is getting lost in a myth.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

SHOW BUSINESS

Seven Deadly Daytime Sins

"I broke off with Mrs. Scott, God help me . . . and her . . ."

"I'm frightened, Dr. Bauer . . . so frightened . . ."

"I don't feel anything just now . . . except dead inside."

Such are the arias of soap operas, day in and day out, on daytime television, the last outpost of the knitting brow and the purring organ. Once, nighttime TV was the only phase of programming that interested sponsors and networks; today, television executives are laughing on the other side of their phases.

Daytime TV now reaches about 140 million women a week, women who are in the money—and in the market for detergents, beauty aids, foods, baby products and hundreds of other advertisable commodities. But the 25-inch screen offers them little more than sodden, sorrowful soap operas, plus situation-comedy reruns, game shows and old movies. Save for the sell, it might be 1956; except for the pictures, it could be 1936 and the heyday of daytime radio.

Relations & Romance. As in the old days, the housewife is bombarded with programs whose aim is to exploit at least five of the seven deadly sins. Avarice and gluttony are the main components of such game shows as *Let's Make a Deal*, where husbands and wives bicker as they try to guess the prices of lawn sprinklers and diet bread, and *Supermarket Sweep*, where grocery shelves are swept clean by tense men with shopping carts racing against a clock. Envy, too, is an important ingredient of the game-show recipe. The housewife who abandons diaper and vacuum cleaner to watch *Jeopardy* or *You Don't Say!* sits red- and green-eyed as other

women—coifed and dressed in their finest at midday—win money and refrigerators and play charades ("lie, czar, rust . . . Lazarus!") with real, live, ever-popular, never-to-be-forgotten celebrities such as Alan King, Tom Poston, Morey Amsterdam, and what's-his-name.

But it is lust that wins the viewers' closest attention. Once the radio soap operas seemed as spotless as if they had been scrubbed down by the sponsor's product; now the TV actors seem to need their mouths washed out with it. The girl who wondered if her parents knew about her abortion used to be put off with a sigh, now she is told outright: "No, they think you have ruptured ovarian

cysts." *Confidential for Women* presents melodramas of domestic relations out of Albee by Metahous. He: "I hope our daughter doesn't turn into a dried up, emasculating . . ." She: "Oh, shut up! If you don't like it, get out of here!" He: "For 23 years you've stripped the manhood right off of me, and I needed you." She: "Wanted, not needed!" Whereupon a "human relations specialist" instantly pops up before the cameras to analyze the situation as "a breakdown in communication and too much dependence on romance."

Fun & Games. For variety, the housewife can tune in on *As the World Turns*, the *doyenne* of daily dramas, where the actors still say "You mean . . ." and "It can't be true!" and regularly face death, disease, violence, alcoholism, attempted suicide, amnesia, rape, malpractice and child-custody suits. The viewer can be forgiven if she becomes a victim of another deadly sin—pride—at having a family who, no matter what their vagaries, must seem to be the epitome of middle-class morality compared to the atrocity-ridden citizens of *World*, *Search for Tomorrow*, *Love of Life*, and *Guiding Light*.

All of which leaves daytime TV with only two sins untouched: wrath and sloth.

And as the shadows begin to lengthen on her lawn and the commercials for virile laundry detergents (Boost!, Blast!, Fist!, Kick!, Sneer!, Guts!) ricochet around the homemaker's uncleaned living room, sloth can easily be accounted for. As for wrath, that depends. Will she one day wax wrath when she suddenly realizes how many sunlit hours have been spent before the tube? Will she rise and turn off the set? Or is she trapped forever in the flickering world of vicarious fun and games, scandal and sex? Tune out tomorrow.



DAYTIME TV. "LOVE OF LIFE"
Wanted, not needed.

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

The Elite Eleven

When the Ford Foundation awarded an \$85 million grant to U.S. orchestras five months ago, it was paying tribute to the nation's richest and most undervalued cultural asset. The symphony orchestra has long been a mighty factor in the creative life of U.S. communities, but most Americans, cowed by a self-consciousness about European culture, have never acknowledged it.

Actually, when it comes to making symphony music, the Old World is not only inferior to the U.S., it isn't even old. The New York Philharmonic, for example, was founded in 1842, is 40 years older than the Berlin Philharmonic; the St. Louis Symphony (1885) predates both Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra and the London Symphony. Indeed, by most any yardstick, U.S. orchestras outstrip their counterparts on the Continent. Last season the Vienna Philharmonic performed 50 concerts and the London Symphony 32, while the Philadelphia Orchestra played 179 and the Boston Symphony 206. Of the world's 2,000 orchestras, the U.S. claims 1,401, including 25 that rank as major. France, by contrast, has only two professional symphony orchestras outside Paris, Britain only six outside London.

What is more, the quality of the top U.S. orchestras has developed to such a marked degree in the past few years that the Big Five—Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia—are being crowded for honors by numerous other contenders. The first to surface was the Pittsburgh Symphony under Conductor William Stein-

berg. Through unstinting musicianship and an easygoing charm, Steinberg has molded his orchestra into a precision instrument of the highest caliber (TIME, Sept. 11, 1964). Moving west, there are no fewer than five more orchestras which, by the outstanding efforts of their masterbuilder conductors, now merit room at the top with the Big Five and Pittsburgh, comprising, in all, what might be called the Elite Eleven.

► DETROIT SYMPHONY operates under the successful "Detroit Plan," which this season accounted for contributions of \$275,000 from 185 corporations, and a broad base of individual support to back its proud claim of being "everybody's orchestra." Sweden's Sixten Ehrling, 48, who replaced the venerable Paul Paray as conductor in 1962, has tempered the heavily romantic repertoire favored by "Papa Paray" with stiff doses of modern music, has sharpened the ensemble playing into machine-tooled precision, and has added a velvety sheen to the orchestra's sound with the addition of 23 new musicians this year. Intense, sharp-featured Ehrling has brought a dashing and vigorous new image to the Detroit podium.

► HOUSTON SYMPHONY has come a long way from the days when it played *Old Black Joe* for encores and accompanied a wrestling match at a war-bond rally. The secret of the Houston's success today is Sir John Barbirolli, 66, whose solid musicianship, gained during a long career as conductor of such ensembles as the New York Philharmonic and Britain's Hallé Orchestra, compensates mightily for the lack of depth in his players. Mindful that attendance had skidded with the modernist programming of Leopold Stokowski

(1955-61), Barbirolli plays it safe and sticks close to the classics, out of which he produces a sound as fresh and breezy as the Southwest itself.

► LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC is right in the forefront of the city's cultural boom, with Conductor Zubin Mehta leading the way. Mehta, 29, the youngest conductor of any major U.S. orchestra, was appointed to the post three years ago, has won the respect of his musicians, who share the critics' opinion that he is the finest young conductor to come up in years. He is a somewhat theatrical figure on the podium, but his tone is warm and expansive, a reflection of his Viennese training. He has succeeded, moreover, in ridding the orchestra of much of its dead wood (and brass and strings, for that matter). And there are new instruments as well as new players. Mehta got the orchestra to buy \$250,000 worth of good string instruments. "This improves the sound," he says. "Before, some musicians played on cheap, poor instruments."

► MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY, whose list of distinguished maestros has included Eugene Ormandy, Dimitri Mitropoulos and Antal Dorati, has a good find in 43-year-old, Polish-born Stanislaw Skrowaczewski (pronounced Skro-vah-ehf-ski). Since he took over six years ago, he has broadened the orchestra's activities to include performances with local dance and theater groups, chamber music concerts, and several weeks of touring (in keeping with Minneapolis' reputation as "the orchestra on wheels"). A champion of modern music, the scholarly-looking Skrowaczewski is a stern, businesslike mentor who directs with the spare, efficient stroke of a Japanese brush painter. More technician than poet, his approach has built a solid following, which this season has



SKROWACZEWSKI



MEHTA



KRIPS



EHRLING



BARBIROLLI



DETROIT SYMPHONY PERFORMING



MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY REHEARSING

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...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00 ...the HAIR DRESSING, \$1.50 ...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION and AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$3.50 ...other GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

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filled the cavernous 4,822-seat Northrop auditorium to 97% capacity.
► **SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY**, after a period of decline during the tenure of Conductor Enrique Jorda (1954-62), is now breaking attendance records with Josef Krips, 63, who is a master of the singing legato style. In his four years at the San Francisco, Krips has imported a raft of front-rank musicians from other orchestras, including a cellist from the Chicago, a clarinetist from the New York, an oboist from the Cleveland. A fleshy, cherubic-faced Viennese, Krips can be a mountain of motion when conducting—cajoling, grimacing, beaming like a silent-movie hero. A dynamo of energy, he has lengthened the season from 26 to 30 weeks, performed 20 concerts a season in the towns surrounding San Francisco. Says one flutist: "He wants everyone to play with a smile." With a recording contract soon to be signed and a junket through the Far East planned for 1968, everyone is smiling.

The pre-eminence of U.S. orchestras stems from a unique musical environment. Always a haven for the displaced musician, the top U.S. orchestras have been able to draw the best performers from an international pool. Thirty years ago, more than half of U.S. symphonies were composed of foreign-born musicians; today the proportion runs about 10%. Thus, U.S. symphonies are free from the national mannerisms that mark European orchestras. And while European players tend to grow phlegmatic in the security of their state-subsidized jobs, the self-supporting arrangement in the U.S. engenders a competition that compels each musician to produce his best. Says Concert Violinist Henry Szeryng: "I always find that my best accompaniments in the U.S. are in February and March, the time when contracts come up for renewal."

Still, it is one of the realities of symphony life that players' salaries in the top 25 orchestras last year averaged only \$5,267. The cultural explosion has attracted wider support, but resources are still woefully lacking. Though performing-arts centers are shooting up as fast as prefab bungalows, many orchestras must play under less than ideal conditions. The New Orleans Philharmonic, which performs in the Municipal Auditorium, often has to compete with the roars from a wrestling match on the other side of the wall. Concerts in St. Louis' Kiel auditorium are punctuated with cheers at Hawks basketball games. In the mobile musician's market, it is almost axiomatic that the best orchestras are those with the biggest budgets. Facing up to the demands of the modern orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony hired a young concert manager who has a master's degree from the Wharton School of Business in "marketing opportunities for the symphony orchestra." That the U.S. has produced such orchestras in the world despite such difficulties makes the achievement all the more remarkable.



I give thanks unto Thee,
O Lord,
for Thou hast freed
my soul from the pit
and drawn me up
from the slough of hell
to the crest of the world.
So walk I
on uplands unbounded
and know
that there is hope
for that which Thou
didst mold out of dust
to have consort with things eternal.

The Book of Hymns,
Dead Sea Scrolls,
170 B.C.-68 A.D.
Artist: Norman La Liberte

Great Ideas of Eastern Man
One of a Series

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Tomorrow is more than war

When Time-Life Broadcast sent its first reporter-cameraman team to Asia late in 1965, their assignment was the war in Viet Nam. Bill Roberts, chief of our Washington bureau, and cameraman Norris Brock (pictured above) reported the

war on land, sea and air—but they gave equal time to Vietnamese efforts to build for tomorrow. The five Time-Life Broadcast station teams that follow will have covered the entire Pacific area, from Japan to Australia and into troubled India and

Pakistan, 17 countries in all. Their reports are being seen and heard on our five TV and four radio stations, in the high-rated news periods. (Howard Caldwell, WFBM-TV Indianapolis, obtained the first TV interview granted by India's new Prime Minister,

Mrs. Indira Gandhi.) For a broad, least group, dedicated to informing audiences about the world today and tomorrow, we consider "Project Asia" to be a sizable obligation and a sizable opportunity.

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THE LAW

MILITARY COURTS

See Here, Specialist Schmidt

Specialist Fourth Class Gerald L. Schmidt sounded like an average G.I. when he bellyached about the Fort Riley chow and groused about overcrowded quarters. Unlike most of his buddies, though, Schmidt was not content to re-strict his complaint to barracks bull sessions; he put his beefs in writing and sent them to Senator Gaylord Nelson of his home state of Wisconsin. The Senator forwarded the complaint to Fort Riley's commanding general. A veteran of four years of Army service during World War II, Nelson might have been expected to choose a more promising way of serving a constituent.

Schmidt's letter finally got into the hands of the first sergeant. After that Schmidt really did have something to bitch about. He was assigned to extra duty peeling potatoes and scrubbing the grease trap in the mess hall. When he warned his company commander that unless the persecution stopped he would inform the press, he was charged with "wrongful communication of a threat" and "extortion." Despite the chaplain's testimony that he was only guilty of immaturity, singular lack of judgment and stubbornness, a general court-martial sentenced him to 18 months in the stockade and a bad-conduct discharge. The sentence was eventually cut in half, and Schmidt was given a "general discharge," which ranks somewhere below "honorable" but does not carry the stigma of "dishonorable."

Last month the U.S. Court of Military Appeals unanimously threw out the conviction. "Military discipline, harsh

FREDERICK A. MEYER



CIVILIAN SCHMIDT
But Congress told him to.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

as it may seem, is essential to the efficient functioning of our armed forces," conceded Judge Homer Ferguson. "But when it is perverted into an excuse for retaliating against a soldier for doing only that which Congress has expressly said it wishes him to be free to do, this court would be remiss if it did not condemn the effort to persecute him." Schmidt's announcement that he would write the papers "to expose to public view the unlawful and unjust measures which have been taken against him does not amount to an unlawful threat or an extortionate communication."

Heady with success, Schmidt is now talking about getting an honorable discharge and says that he even expects to get damages from the Army for his unlawful imprisonment.

LAW SCHOOLS

Learning by Trying

"The adversary system," said Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark in a speech to Houston lawyers and law students, "operates on the basis that effective representation of opposing interests is a better lie detector than any machine." Unhappily, he added, U.S. law schools have so neglected trial training that "from where I sit, it appears that the tribe of advocates is a vanishing race." The country's few skilled advocates, said Clark, are now so swamped that court delays could conceivably force the abolition of trial by jury.

Ex-Prosecutor Clark is determined to do what he can to prevent so drastic a change in U.S. justice. Under a 1964 law, indigent federal prisoners may now be represented by paid public defenders, and last year Clark suggested that law students could aid the federal defenders while learning the art of advocacy in the process. Such on-the-job training for students would serve much the same purpose as the back-to-school movement that provides continuing legal education for practicing attorneys (TIME, March 25); it might also enlarge the nation's short supply of trial lawyers by whetting the appetites of fledglings who would otherwise pass up such practice in favor of other specialties.

With Ford Foundation money, Chicago's U.S. District Court got the National Defender Project to start an "intern at law" program last fall. Now, two-student teams from six Chicago law schools report daily to the federal courthouse, help determine prisoners' indigency, gather evidence, interview witnesses, prepare motions, huddle with the defender at the trial, and are given an opportunity to question the judge.

Mash & Mutuality. Saving a federal defender's time and effort, DePaul Law Students Jay Shapiro and Larry Gabriel recently tackled the case of a Puerto Rican moonshiner. Without a warrant, federal agents had invaded his



STUDENT DEFENDERS & SUSPECT IN CHICAGO
And the judge can be questioned too.

apartment, found 500 lbs. of fermenting mash, and then nabbed him outside in a car crammed with sugar. After plumbing assorted precedents, the students informed the defender that the agents indeed had "probable cause" for the warrantless invasion: the mash smell was detected by their own trained noses. Such experiences have persuaded Gabriel to become a prosecutor, Shapiro a criminal lawyer.

So far, the only trouble has come from a U.S. attorney who claimed that a defender's eager student aide deprived him of courtroom "mutuality." Since he himself had no such eager helper, argued the prosecutor, the jury might have been prejudiced. The judge sustained the objection, but Chicago's Program Director Ray Berg is hardly daunted; he hopes soon to enroll all of the city's third-year law students in civil as well as criminal cases.

Precious Commodity. Though local bar associations often take an initially dim view of such efforts, the idea that law students should emulate medical students' intern training has now been accepted in varying degrees in Colorado, Florida, Michigan, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York and Wyoming. In Massachusetts, the state's highest court has authorized law students to appear in lower courts and to defend indigents in cases involving less than 24 years' imprisonment. At Boston University, law students now get classroom credit for courtroom practice in Roxbury, a predominantly Negro slum where 70% of defendants cannot afford lawyers. Lest a student prove unequal to his job, a veteran teacher-advocate is always on hand to rescue the client. Every law student needs such training, says B.U.'s Assistant Law Dean Robert L. Spangenberg. "The liberty of his future clients is too precious a commodity to be squandered through the mistakes of inexperience."

Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain.

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the

gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which

will chase its target to intercept even if the plane changes course several times.

Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. On its launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, it is about 27 feet long. The first 15 feet are the missile proper. The second 12 contain a booster rocket for propulsion.

Terrier is always ready to go. Almost within the instant that the illumination beam fastens on the approaching aircraft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile off the launching rack. The finder is already receiving the reflected beam from the target. Two small charges within the missile have already ignited. Their burn-



Terrier (27 feet)

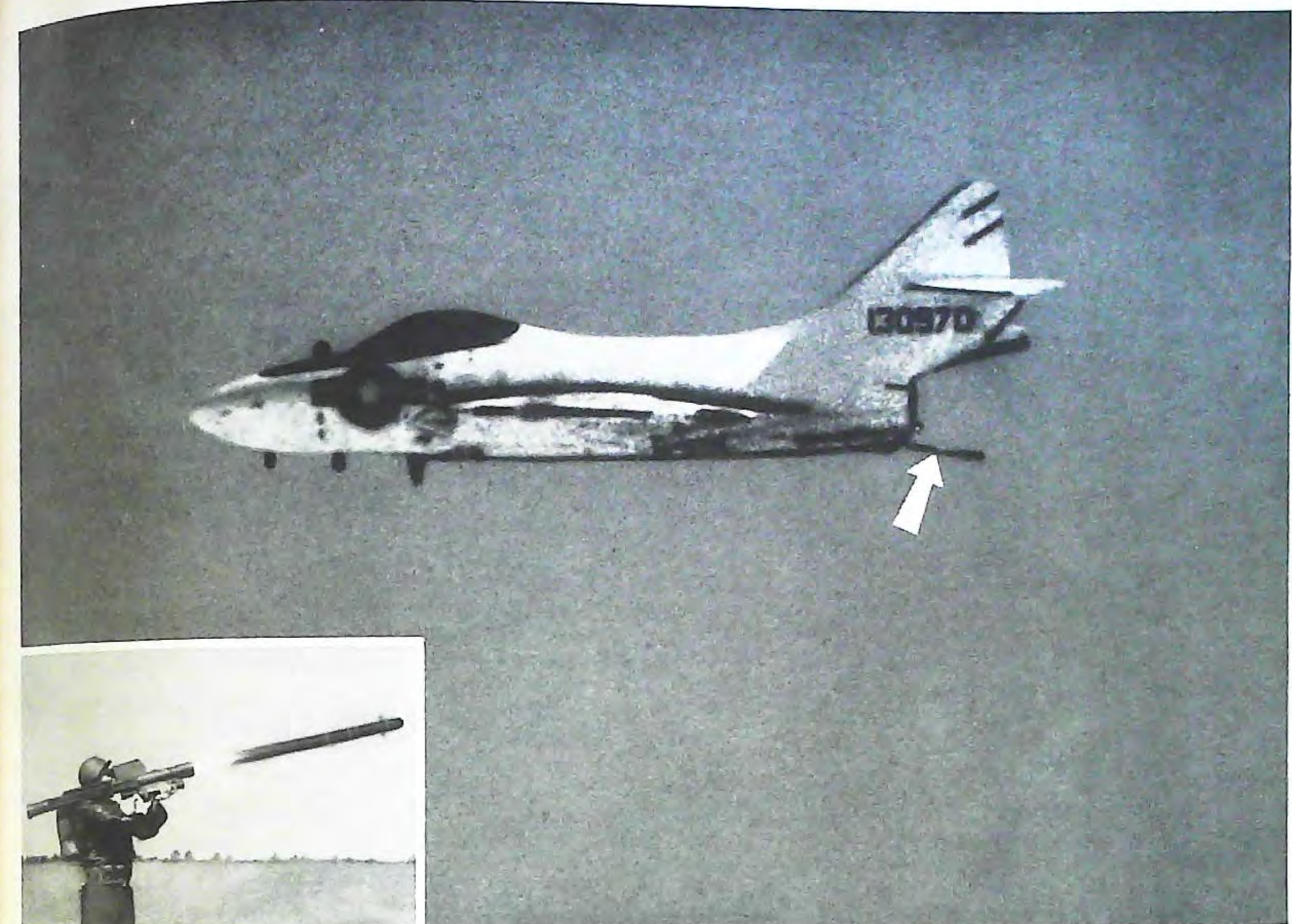
ing gases turn two small turbines. One provides power for the guidance and control systems. The other operates a hydraulic pump whose fluids move the small guidance fins on the missile's tail.

As the booster burns out and then drops away, a sustainer rocket within the missile proper commences firing to continue necessary velocity to intercept

Tartar:

Tartar is similar to Terrier, but much more compact (15 feet long and about 1,200 pounds compared to 27 feet and about 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are combined into a single-rocket engine. When



1. An infantryman (above) fires a Redeye missile at a target drone airplane.

2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

Tartar gets its signal, the engine generates high initial thrust to shoot aloft, then reduces its force to provide the long sustained velocity to reach and chase a distant target.

Both Terrier and Tartar, in spite of their size, can be fired repetitively almost as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.

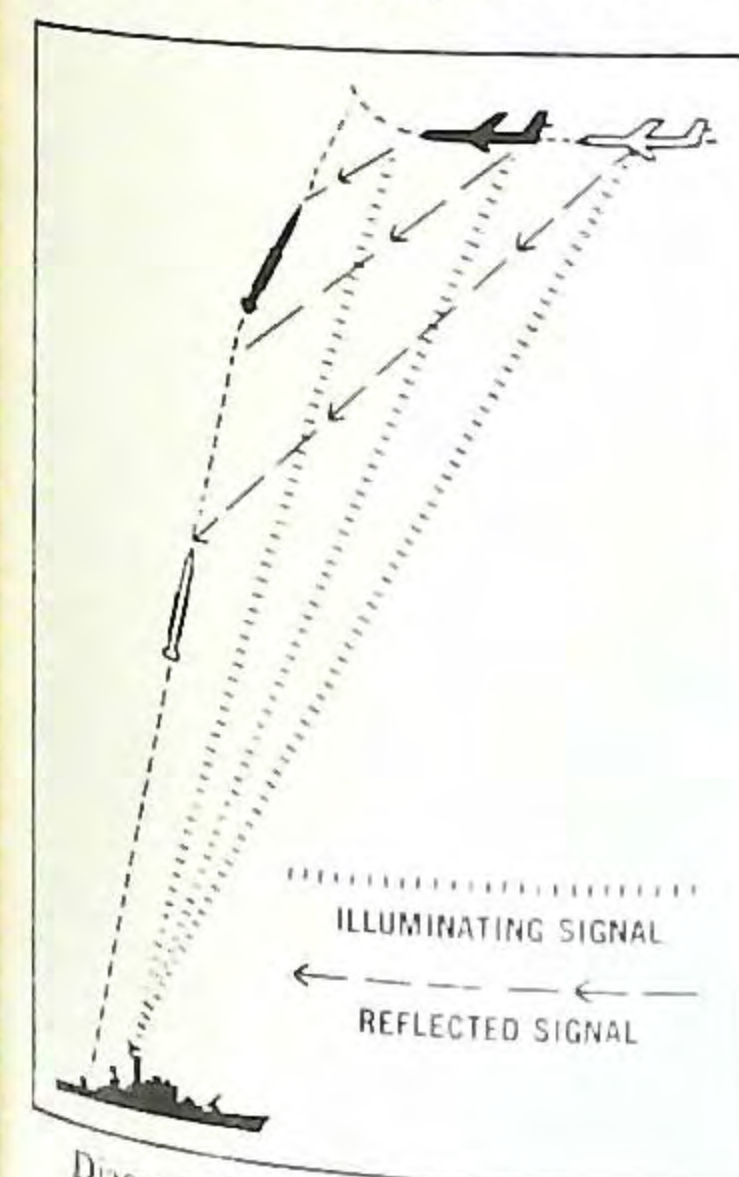


Diagram shows how missile changes course as the target changes course.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more effectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.



Tartar (15 feet)

Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major

rocket charge. Miniature computer circuitry within the missile directs a set of



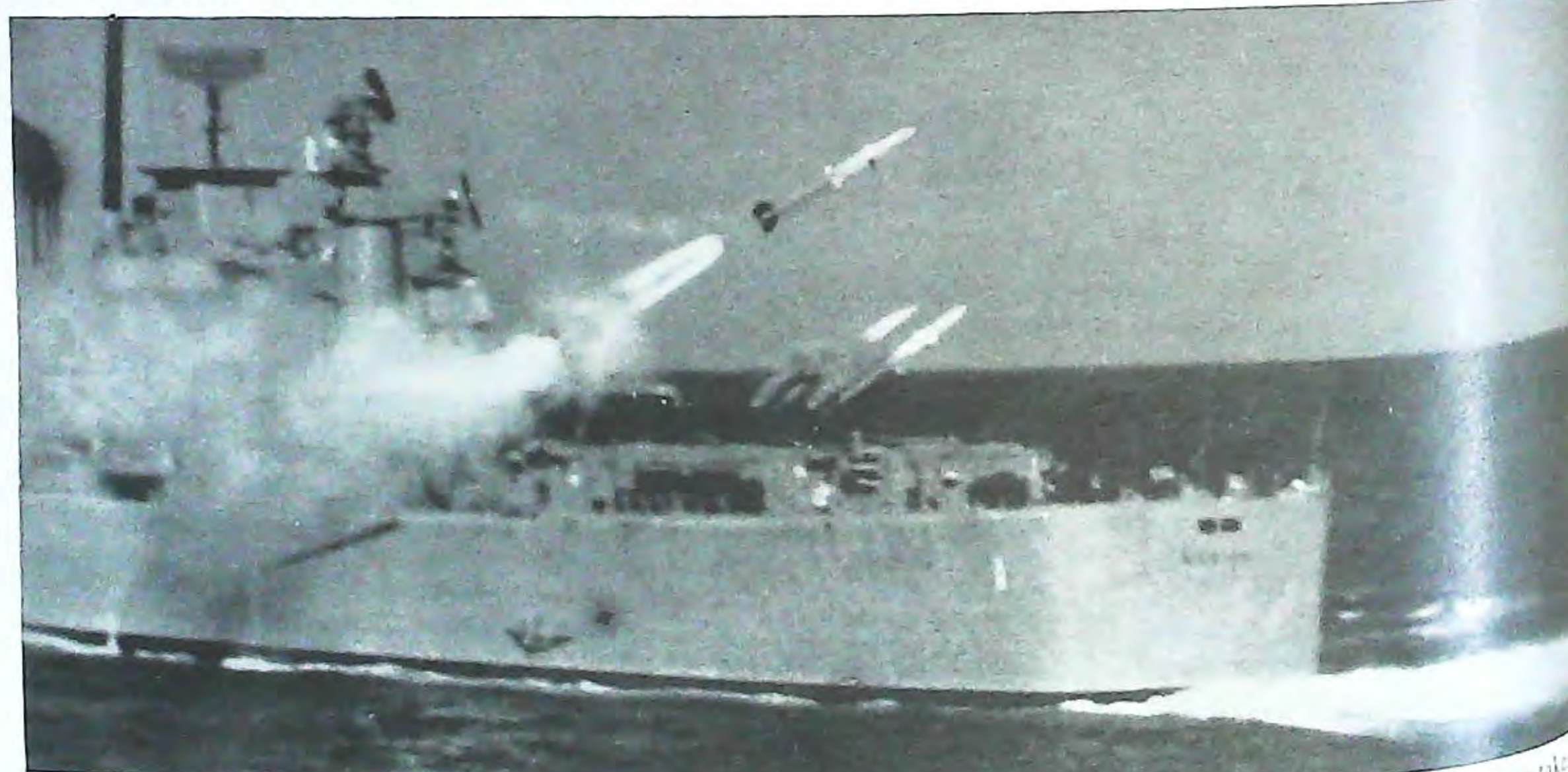
Redeye missile (4 feet)

steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. Right: Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being re-

ceived by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept.

SCIENCE

TECHNOLOGY

The Gullibility Experiment

From East Coast to West, unidentified flying objects (otherwise known as UFOs) appeared with the spring. Some of the sightings were explained away simply. The glowing "objects" that hovered over southeastern Michigan, said the Air Force, were only burning marsh gas. But what of the vivid reports that came in from Southern California, where hundreds of residents of metropolitan Los Angeles were startled by an assortment of weird sights in the night sky? Eyewitnesses reported red, white and blue (or orange, red and green)

LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER



STUDENTS WARREN & GOULD WITH UFO
"We suckered everybody."

lights moving at "fantastic speed." Others detected a strong odor of perfume as the UFOs moved overhead. One woman saw "four glowing fireballs arranged in a cube," while another insisted that she had seen a light plane shoot down one of the strange things.

As always, the descriptions were more than a little fanciful. This time, though, there really were some objects overhead—man-made objects that did not contain any visitors from a far planet. They had been sent aloft by three ingenious students at Pasadena's California Institute of Technology.

Inspired by wild discrepancies in reports of earlier UFO sightings, Science Students Terry Warren, James Gould and Douglas Eardley decided to perform a complex "gullibility experiment." Working secretly in a steam tunnel under the Caltech campus, they rigged balloons out of polyethylene sheeting and filled them with an inert gas—probably helium. From the bottom of the balloons they suspended metal rods, each with fins and a railroad flare fastened to its lower end.

On four different nights, after walkie-talkie-equipped lookouts radioed that

campus guards were out of sight, the students slipped out of the tunnel, lit the flares, and launched their experiment. As the balloons soared skyward, wind caught the fins on the dangling rods and started the burning flares rotating like slowly twirling beacons.

Though a Caltech employee saw the final launching and informed the sheriff, it was too late to prevent the headline-making results. "We succeeded beyond our wildest hopes," said Gould. "We suckered everybody. We could have made the balloons do fantastic things—like zip across the sky—but we preferred to keep the experiment simple."

Capsule Solutions for Countless Problems

Aspirin and adhesive. Rivets and floor cleaners. Uranium fuel and food flavoring. What do all such widely divergent products have in common? Answer: They have all been improved and made more practical by a little-known but rapidly spreading process called microencapsulation.

By breaking up substances into tiny particles or droplets, and encapsulating each one in a protective coating of its own, scientists have turned volatile liquids into docile, easily handled solids. They have extended the effectiveness of drugs and insecticides, learned to mask unpleasant smells and tastes and to help preserve pleasant ones. By removing or rupturing the protective coating suddenly, or by allowing it to be penetrated or dissolved gradually, they have produced startling and useful effects in both industrial processes and commercial products.

Carbonless Paper. Microencapsulation was first used by the National Cash Register Co. in 1954 as a means of producing carbonless copying paper. One sheet of paper was coated on the back with a layer of microscopic capsules containing one chemical; the copy sheet was coated on the front with another chemical. When the two pieces were inserted in a typewriter or Teletype machine, the force of the keys hitting the top sheet broke the capsules, releasing the chemicals they contained. While the typewriter ribbon supplied ink for letters on the top sheet, the combined chemicals made an inklike copy of the letter on the bottom sheet.

The carbonless paper quickly caught on, and now brings N.C.R. more than \$25 million a year. But N.C.R. scientists saw no reason to settle for that one payoff from encapsulation. They, and researchers for other companies, have been busy working out countless other applications. Among the most familiar: "timed release" decongestants such as Contac, and a newly introduced aspirin called Measurin.

Timed-release decongestant medicines contain hundreds of small but visible pellets of gelatin- or wax-coated

drugs in a single dose. The period required for each pellet to dissolve in the digestive system and release its drug varies from almost no time at all to as long as twelve hours, depending on the thickness of the coating. Measurin tablets contain some 6,000 microscopic particles of aspirin, each coated with a semipermeable plastic. Gastric fluids flow through the plastic walls and dissolve the aspirin—which flows out of the capsule at a controlled rate for a continuous eight-hour period.

Solid Gasoline. The varied uses of the encapsulation process seem limited only by the human imagination. Microcapsules of water have been incorporated in cigarette filters. Before a smoker lights up he pinches his cigarette, thus breaking the capsules and moistening the filter. Dry floor-scouring pads containing capsules of cleaning and polishing fluid are also being marketed. Aircraft companies are using rivets coated with microcapsules containing primer. When the rivet is forced into place, the capsules break, allowing the primer to flow over both the rivet and the adjoining metal to protect them from corrosion. Manufacturers are testing encapsulated flavors and fragrances in food mixes to increase their shelf life and nuclear-reactor fuel is being encapsulated to increase its efficiency.

Capsules of gasoline have been formed into bricks that can be built into rafts for towing on water or dropped safely from airplanes. The bricks are converted back into liquid gasoline by being passed through a wringer. The Air Force is evaluating disks coated with adhesive-filled microcapsules that would break when pressed against the exterior of a spacecraft. The released adhesive would firmly cement the disk to the craft, providing an anchor for an astronaut walking or working in space. Similar encapsulation adhesives would simplify the joining of parts under water.

Bizarre Products. To prepare solids for microencapsulation, N.C.R. scientists grind and filter them down to particles of the desired size. Liquids are suspended in droplet form in other liquids—like salad oil in water—and the mixture is run through an industrial blender that breaks the droplets down into still smaller sizes. The tiny particles or droplets are then placed in a solution of coating material, which coagulates around them when the temperature, acidity or concentration of the solution is changed—forming capsules as small as one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Now that many companies have been licensed to use the microencapsulation technique, or have developed their own processes of their own, N.C.R. scientists expect a flood of bizarre new products to hit the market. Just to be on top of the game, they have already successfully microencapsulated cocktails and claim that they can now produce a drink that is literally the world's driest martini.

More and More People Prefer Miller High Life *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

Sparkling... Flavorful... Distinctive!

© Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

The end of the plain plane, explained.

It's obvious that our airplanes look—well—different than other airplanes.

Not so obvious, perhaps, is why we made them look different.

You see, all airplanes look pretty much the same. And it was this monotonous sameness that we were trying to get away from.

(Ooooooh, how those 3-hour plane rides can bore you. Especially if you're a guy who travels for his living.)

Painting our airplanes different colors was a step in the other direction.

We also changed the fabrics on the seats, the uniforms our hostesses wear, our passenger

our food service.

The list goes on and on.

In fact, we've made 17,543 changes in our airline so far. (This includes the small ones, like the rather satisfying change we made in the package that holds the sugar for your coffee.)

Since no other airline has ever gone to so much

trouble before, you may still not understand why we did.

But even if you can't understand it, you can relax and enjoy it.

Braniff International

United States Mexico South America





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Save \$9,000.

You don't believe it? Raise the hood and a shiny new 207-hp overhead cam six glares back at you—the kind immortalized by European sports machines. Get behind the wheel, buckle the belt (they're standard front and rear), and you're enveloped in luxury that looks like it came out of an Italian carrozzeria. Drive it and suddenly you think you've got hold

of something that took twelve thousand months waiting to get. Then gaze in print at the price tag. Our new Sprint package, fully synchronized 3-speed on the floor, emblems and sports striping. It's available in LeMans except station wagons. Your Pontiac

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CLAY ON THE ROPES



CHUVALO HITTING LOW

Below the belt is easier on the hands.

PRIZEFIGHTING

Speaking of Indignities

There must be times when Cassius Clay wonders what in the name of Allah has happened to him. Just yesterday he was "the Greatest," a carefree teenager who chattered amusingly about winning the heavyweight championship of the world and driving around in a tomato-red Cadillac. Now he is 24, divorced, in Dutch with the draft, condemned by Congressmen. He is the "champion of the world," but it is a smallish world: eleven states, the United Kingdom, Europe, Africa, Australia, and the Brotherhood of Black Muslims. He can't get a license in Chicago, and he can't get a fight anywhere with Ernie Terrell, who claims to be the champion of the rest of the world.

Last week Champion Clay was reduced to fighting for pocket money in Toronto, a hockey town, against George Chuvalo, a onetime used-car salesman. When it was all over and he had won, Clay suffered one more indignity: the Canadian government held up his purse, to make sure that he paid his taxes.

Let's Be Practical. A potato-faced pug, noted mainly for his high threshold of pain and his mastery of the "upper-cup"—a left hook to an opponent's private parts—Chuvalo was ranked tenth among the World Boxing Association's top ten heavyweights. True, he had never been knocked down in 47 pro fights, but he had lost eleven, including three of the last eight—to Floyd Patterson, Ernie Terrell and an Argentine named Eduardo Corleto. Sportswriters called the fight "the mismatch of the decade." Bookmakers installed Clay as the 1-to-7 favorite—and then refused to take any bets. There were rows of empty \$7 seats at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, the 38 theater proprietors who piped in the closed-circuit telecast took their lumps when only 50,000 fans turned out—250,000 who watched Clay demolish Floyd Patterson last November.

Strangely enough, it was all it wasn't supposed to be: a fight. Slow, awk-

SPORT

ward, outreached by three inches, Chuvalo was totally practical. "I am a rough fighter, bordering on the dirty," he admitted. "I have to overpower Clay, wear him down, run him into the ground." In the first round, he rifled a left at Clay's kneecap and followed with a hook to the groin. He then grabbed hold of the champion's neck with one glove, whaled away at Clay's kidneys with the other.

Fans at ringside screamed "Foul! Foul!", but Referee Jack Silvers just shrugged. "Chuvalo is a body puncher," he explained later, "and stopping him from hitting low is like cutting off his arm." In the third round, the Canadian pinned Clay against the ropes, belted him a dozen times with right and left hooks—all below the belt. The judges applauded that display by awarding Chuvalo the round.

Stunted Redwood. It was the only round he won. Landing five punches for every one he took, Clay bounced jab after jab off Chuvalo's ungarded forehead, his slashing right raised big pink lumps on the Canadian's pudgy face. In the eleventh round, Cassius staggered Chuvalo with a flurry of combinations; in the 13th, he landed at least 30 solid punches—left jabs, left hooks, straight rights, right uppercuts. By the end of the 15th round, Chuvalo's eyes were slits, he was cut on the scalp and right eyebrow, and blood was trickling from his nose. But he was still standing—like "a stunted redwood," wrote New York Timesman Robert Lipsyte—rooted to the canvas of the ring.

What did it prove? Nothing, aside from the fact that Clay can take it as well as dish it out. Some critics sneered that he was a powder-puff puncher; others insisted that Cassius deliberately had "carried" Chuvalo, could have knocked him out any time he wanted. Clay replied by exhibiting a pair of swollen hands that looked almost as bad as Chuvalo's face: "George's head."

he moaned, "is the hardest thing I've ever punched."

Cassius' biggest pain was in his pocketbook. His share of the purse was only \$100,000—the smallest payoff to a defending champion since 1952, when Jersey Joe Walcott got \$92,000 for fighting Ezzard Charles for the fourth time. After taxes, that would hardly cover the upkeep on Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad's 18-room Chicago mansion. Clay's handlers were looking for still another nobody for Cassius to fight before he reports for the draft, perhaps in June. Henry Cooper seems to fill the bill best: the latest in a long line of swooning British heavyweights, he can be cut by a slice of bread, and he is now 31. Besides, Clay knocked him out three years ago.

BASEBALL

Sic Transit Tradition

"Baseball is an old-fashioned game with old-fashioned traditions," says Walter O'Malley, owner of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers—and one of O'Malley's favorite traditions is that players take whatever salary he offers them and say thank you. Between them, Dodger Pitchers Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale won 49 games last year, so obviously they were in line for some sort of raise. O'Malley offered Koufax \$105,000 (up \$35,000) for 1966, Drysdale \$95,000 (up \$20,000). The lads did not say thank you; they said no thanks, or rather their lawyer, a hard-case Hollywood type named J. William Hayes said it for them. Hayes informed O'Malley that the two pitchers wanted three-year contracts at \$167,000 each per year. O'Malley was shocked.

He was even more shocked when Koufax and Drysdale stayed away from spring training and thereby proved to all the world how much the Dodgers needed them: in the preseason Grapefruit League, Los Angeles won only six games, lost twelve, ranked 18th out of 20 teams—five games behind the New York Mets, nine behind the leading Chi-

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

Topsy Turvy

Great Northern turns materials-handling ideas upside down to cut unloading costs.

Shippers team up with the new breed of freight traffic men at Great Northern to develop loading economies. But what about unloading? Who's helping to "watch the store" at the receiving end? We are. And some of the "way out" unloading ideas on which we've worked with receivers are very much "in" today because they're knocking time and cost factors into the proverbial cocked hat.

10 times faster

The St. Regis Paper Company turns wood chips into "blue chip" paper products—and Great Northern moves mountains of the chips in 100-ton, end-door gondolas (below) specially built for the job. At destination, one man whacks loose a few door pins and an ingenious device upends the whole car. Dumping time, about five minutes. Previously, two or three men had to clean out every car. With a fleet of fifty of these Great Northern carriers operating year 'round, the savings in unloading time skyrocket to thousands of man-hours. Can we help tailor freight unloading

techniques to save you labor costs? Try us!



42 ton tilt

Two men and power shovels empty a boxcar of wheat in half an hour. Fast? Not if you handle the job with a rotary car dumper (above). This mechanical marvel tilts the Great Northern car every which way, like a toy, and drains the grain in three minutes flat. Perhaps you don't unload grain. But if you want speedier, more efficient unloading for your product, call on us. We've got modern, specialized cars to fit any movement. Or we'll endeavor to fit them for you!



59,426 ft. in 1 hr.

This giant-sized car is 61 feet between bulkheads—and cradles a shipment of Weyerhaeuser Company Shed Pak Lumber like a "baby." Special tie-down chains secure the load.

Special load cushioning devices soften the ride. But the big special is savings: unloading is a one-man, one-hour operation at lumber yards. It used to take two men two days to wrestle half that lumber out of a regular boxcar—stick by stick. Moral: bring your unloading headaches to us. We'll help you relieve 'em!

built-to-fit

We've got end-dump, side-dump, bottom-dump, roll-off cars. 20-foot-wide-door boxcars facilitate unloading with fork lift trucks. Cars with load dividers and side fillers solve unloading as well as loading problems. And if you're in an off-rail location, Great Northern's doorstep to doorstep piggyback equipment permits you to take advantage of rail shipment efficiency—and still unload on your own plant platform. Call the Great Northern freight traffic man near you—or write: G. D. Johnson, General Sales Manager, Great Northern Railway, 175 E. 4th Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101.



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cago White Sox. O'Malley grudgingly raised his total offer to \$210,000. The he said, was a "final" figure. Koufax Drysdale looked elsewhere for work. They signed TV and movie contracts. showed up for rehearsals of a telenovela called *Warning Shot*. There was talk of a barnstorming tour of Japan.

Last week, with the opening of the 1966 season only 13 days away, O'Malley finally capitulated. The pitcher did not get three-year contracts, but he did get \$245,000—\$130,000 for Koufax, \$115,000 for Drysdale. Then he set about getting themselves in shape for play. Drysdale had been working out strenuously all spring than play a round of golf—and it was a good bet that he would be ready to pitch into the innings before the season was two weeks old. "Our main concern," said Drysdale Manager Walter Alston, "is to make sure they don't overtax their arms and injure them." Naturally, at those prices

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Boston: a 112-103 victory over Cincinnati in the semifinals of the National Basketball Association's Eastern Division play-offs, thereby keeping alive chances for still another title in the world championship, at the Boston Garden. Trailing the Royals 1-0, 2-1 in the best-of-five series, the Cubs rebounded to win the last two games on the shooting of Sam Jones and Ernie Havlicek, now take on Wilt Chamberlain and the Philadelphia 76ers in the Eastern Division finals.

► Williamston Kid: the \$123,400 Florida Derby for three-year-olds at the stream Park in Hallandale, Fla. A long shot that had not won a race in a year, Williamston Kid actually finished second, a neck behind Abe's Hope after 15 minutes of studying the films, the stewards disqualified Abe's Hope for interfering with the horse, and lucky bettors with bets on the bay colt collected \$187,000 every \$2.

► Jim Hurtubise, 34, the \$77,000 Santa 500 stock car race, averaged 131.2 m.p.h. in his 1966 Plymouth. Hampton, Ga. It was the first victory in two years for Hurtubise, narrowly escaped death in 1964 in his Indianapolis-type roadster and caught fire during a race in Waukegan, leaving him with three broken ribs, a punctured lung and burns over 40% of his body.

► Jean-Claude Killy, 22, the most important slalom in the international Sierra ski cup races at Heavenly, Calif. Beaten by his French mate, Georges Manno, in another slalom race the day before, Killy went through the 57 gates in 1 min. 32 sec. beat Mauduit by 1 sec. Another skier, Leo LaCroix, finished third, the top American, a California Heuga, wound up fourth.

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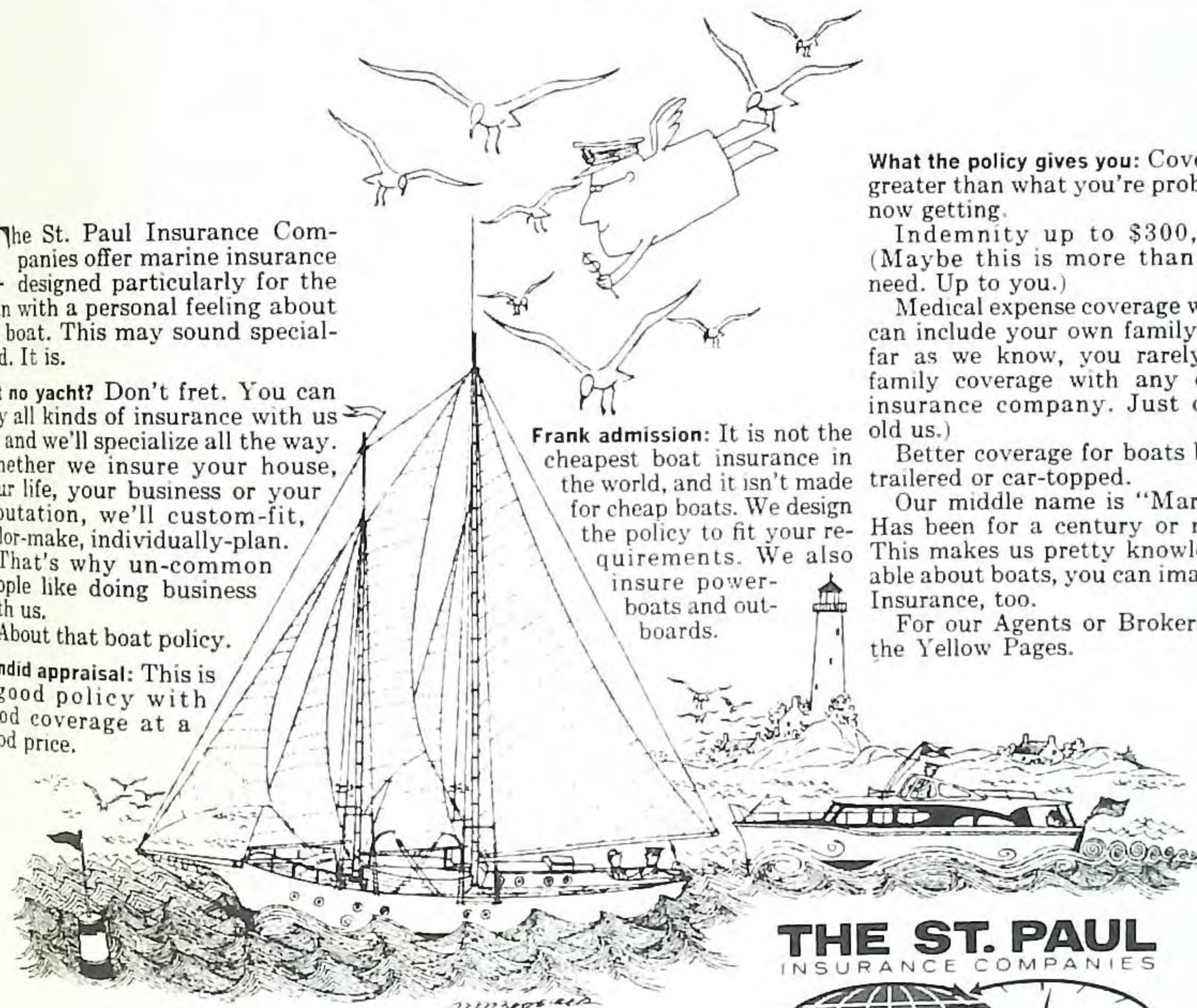
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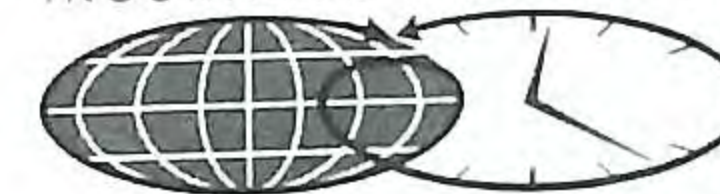
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ART



KIENHOLZ & "BILLIE"

SCULPTURE

Savonarola in the City of Angels

High in the hills above Hollywood's Sunset Strip, a brick path worn slippery as slate leads to a sturdy, plain studio. Inside lives the man who last week was the most talked-about artist in all Los Angeles, 38-year-old Edward Kienholz. To keep in line the crowds thronging to see his work, the Los Angeles County Museum took the precaution of canceling all days off and vacations for its guards.

Surprisingly, what the people saw has all the surface appeal of a ten-week-dead rabbit. Kienholz is the man who immortalized (and cannibalized) an entire Los Angeles bar to make *The Beanery* (TIME, Dec. 17). His grotesque assemblages are covered with epoxy and fiber glass. They bristle with real bones, felt-covered bric-a-brac, and unglamorized junk. "All the little tragedies are evident in junk," he says, and he has made the junk heap his souvenir album.

The Viewer as Voyeur. There are those who see Kienholz's 47 collected works as an album of brilliant satire; others dig him as a kind of beat Savonarola; some consider him a blatant pornographer. The show, in fact, almost did not come off. County officials threatened until opening night to ban it, held off only in the face of a firm trustee and museum-staff declaration that "a great museum, like a great library, acquires, displays and studies, but does not pass judgment; only society, present and future, can do that."

Drawing the chief epithets was Kienholz's 1964 work *Back Seat Dodge—'38*, composed in part of a truncated '38 Dodge. In the back seat, amid a debris of cigarette wrappers and beer bottles, is a partial plaster figure of a girl being fondled by a man fashioned out of chicken wire. When the car door is



"BACK SEAT DODGE—'38"
Souvenirs of tragedy in junk.

opened, a light floods the interior and the viewer is as startled at seeing himself reflected as voyeur in the mirrors inside as he is by the scene before him.

The other principal target is a huge, walk-through tableau titled *Roxy's*, a 1961 re-creation of a 1943 wartime brothel in Las Vegas. One of the girls, *Five Dollar Billie*, is a mannequin with a virtuous face but a ravaged body (symbolized by a stuffed squirrel climbing out of her breast) lying on a sewing-machine table. Like a pathetic machine, she Yo-Yos pelvically if a spectator peddles the foot treadle. Adding a sardonic note is a call-to-arms portrait of General MacArthur and a sergeant's jacket, bedecked with a good-conduct medal.

Bigness Is Sickness. Kienholz himself sees his work as morality plays, as subtly scripted, static happenings. If they shock, it is merely to catch attention. Of *Back Seat Dodge—'38*, the artist says: "I think, when kids see where they are and why they are, I really think they would have second thoughts about what they're going to do with their lives. With my *Dodge*, the romantic nonsense is gone."

Kienholz, as a Northwest farmer's son who has made Los Angeles his home, feels like the puritan visiting Gomorrah. Says he: "The bigness of this city is a sickness. This need for space, grading the hills and filling the valleys, it's all part of man's inhumanity to man multiplied a million times, grinding against each other daily." Living in the city of five-level freeways, of supermarkets that never close, Kienholz searches for timeless values and tragedies in a metropolis that thrives on the fleeting present.

Embalmed Nostalgia. Kienholz's strategy is to preserve the past in his works, coating his junk assemblages in a rock-hard veneer of fiber glass. He handles decay as a time clock between the ever fresh present and the fullness of a lifetime, meticulously reconstructing the scene, down to an original 1943 calendar pinned on the wall of *Roxy's*. The mustiness that he seeks to enshrine,

however, is not embalmed nostalgia. "I think of my art as laying a trail for people," he explains. "They can follow it, and at a certain point I disappear. Then they have to make a decision even if it's only to get the hell out of there. No one can walk past a tableau; he has to walk into it. And if one person ends up being better, then I'm completely vindicated."

PAINTING

The Sensual Innocent

"The Italian Renaissance," wrote late Bernard Berenson, "was a period in the history of modern Europe comparable to youth in the life of an individual. It had all youth's love of freedom and of play." This is true of its art, never more so than when the work was done by a young, aspiring painter. Such is the case with Correggio's youthful masterpiece (*opposite*), done when the artist was barely 21.

To purchase the painting, the Art Institute of Chicago had to pay a half million dollars and considers it the most important acquisition since El Greco's *Assumption of the Virgin* in 1906. Actually, any pricing of Correggio is arbitrary; in his 40 years, he painted only well authenticated works, and until Correggio's purchase only five were owned by U.S. museums.* And, although Comte de Berenson judged Correggio "sensual, and therefore limited," the artist has remained astonishingly popular through the centuries.

Except for the glint of halos, the figures in this youthful *Madonna*, despite their hierarchic gestures, are close to flesh and blood. Subtly but simply the artist has divided his composition into two: at right, the blue haze dissolves into atmospheric depth, while at left the leafy, lemon-bearing latticework seems to push the Madonna's arm forward. The artist flips her cloak inside out to balance the push and pull between foreground and background, playing its green lining against the hills, its blue surface against the sky.

Correggio was incredibly accomplished for a man who lived far from Florence and Rome. Born Antonio Correggio around 1494 and called after his father, he may never have seen the art capitals of his time. He was thoroughly a man of his time, more influenced by the classical traditions of Greece and Rome than by the devotional art of the Middle Ages. His alabaster flesh relates to marble more than to the painted wood of medieval altarpieces. More human than any other, Correggio's early masterpiece is sensual and innocent. Alive with the fresh greenness of spring, its focus is to the Renaissance fascination with man as the image of God.

* The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Gallery, Detroit Institute of Arts, Los Angeles County Museum, and the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, also have Correggio's painting at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.



A CORREGGIO FOR CHICAGO

Madonna with Jesus and St. John the Baptist, which cost the Chicago Art Institute \$500,000, is considered its most important acquisition in 60 years.

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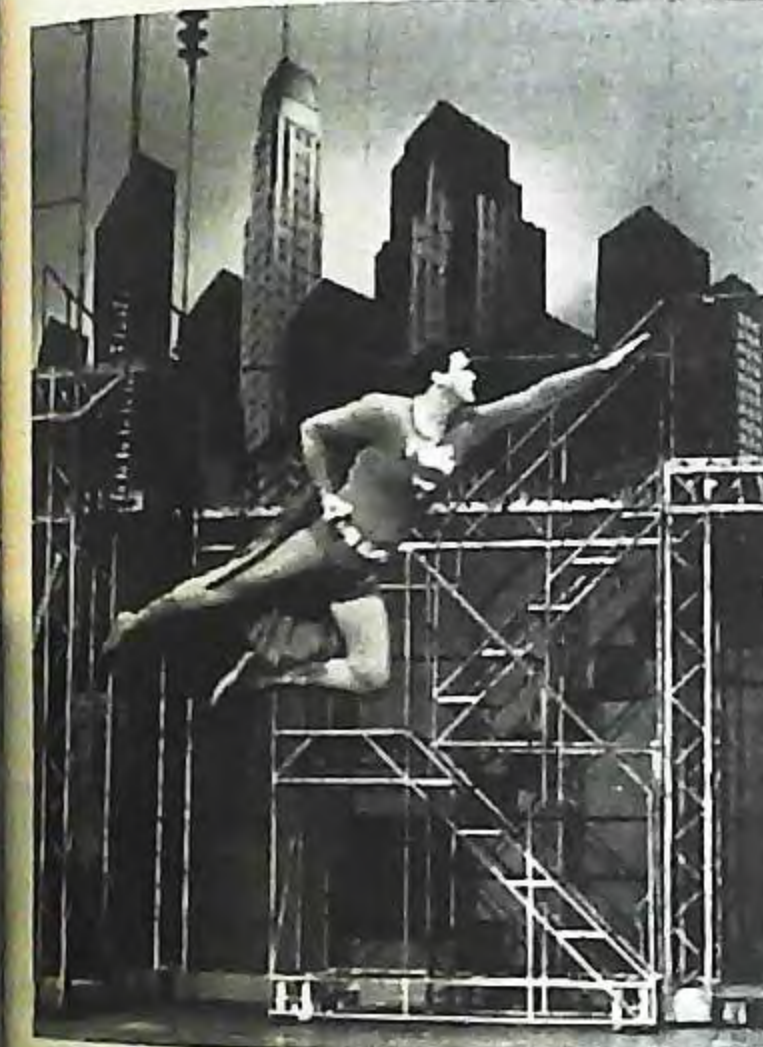
THE THEATER

Paper Cutups

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's **SUPERMAN** is an amiable mediocrity of a musical, capable only of inspiring benign indifference.

The characters are paper cutups, and the story line consists of anecdotal black-outs. Once the red-and-blue personality of Superman/Clark Kent (Bob Holiday) is crayoned in, he has no place to go but up; unfortunately, his numerous flights via an illusion-defying shiny steel wire give no perceptible lift to the evening.

As Kent, reporter for the Daily Planet, Superman is heckled by a Winchell-esque gossipist with an ego bigger than



HOLIDAY IN "SUPERMAN"
No perceptible lift.

Superman's. Jack Cassidy plays the role with preening self-adoration, and cuts some old vaudeville song-and-dance routines right down to their knees for the supplest satire in the show. But Superman's chief foe is a mad scientist and perennial Nobel Prize dropout: "I've bought ten tickets to Stockholm." Played by Michael O'Sullivan in his best witch-minus-broomstick style, the scientist seeks revenge by attempting to destroy the symbol of goodness in Metropolis. He brain-shrinks Superman (a difficult feat) with the suggestion that being rocketed out from the exploding planet Krypton as a child has left him with a rejection trauma that demands the compensatory adulation of millions.

For a moment, Superman fears that he cannot fly, which would leave the show with no visible means of locomotion, since the dance numbers are few and feeble and the music forgettable. In the end, right and good prevail, though not to the hearty horselaughs that Superman's arch-minded book-bunglers intended. George S. Kaufman once dismissed theatrical satire as "what closes Saturday night." He did not foresee a day when it would run amuck.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Toward a Hidden God

(See Cover)

Is God dead? It is a question that tantalizes both believers, who perhaps secretly fear that he is, and atheists, who possibly suspect that the answer is no.

Is God dead? The three words represent a summons to reflect on the meaning of existence. No longer is the question the taunting jest of skeptics for whom unbelief is the test of wisdom and for whom Nietzsche is the prophet who gave the right answer a century ago. Even within Christianity, now confidently renewing itself in spirit as well as form, a small band of radical theologians has seriously argued that the

that God is indeed absolutely dead, but proposes to carry on and write a theology without *theos*, without God. Less radical Christian thinkers hold that at the very least God in the image of man, God sitting in heaven, is dead, and—in the central task of religion today—they seek to imagine and define a God who can touch men's emotions and engage men's minds.

If nothing else, the Christian atheists are waking the churches to the brutal reality that the basic premise of faith—the existence of a personal God, who created the world and sustains it with his love—is now subject to profound attack. "What is in question is God himself," warns German Theologian Heinz Zahrnt, "and the churches are fighting

sense of God's existence. Millions in Africa, Asia and South America seem destined to be born without any expectation of being summoned to knowledge of the one God.

Princeton Theologian Paul Ramsey observes that "ours is the first attempt in recorded history to build a culture upon the premise that God is dead." The traditional citadels of Christianity, the grey Gothic cathedrals stand empty, mute witnesses to a rejected faith. The scrofulous hobos of Samuel Beckett to Antonioni's tired-blooded aristocrats, the anti-heroes of modern art endow suggest that waiting for God is a senseless life without meaning.

For some, this thought is a source of existential anguish: the Jew who lost faith in a providential God at Auschwitz, the Simone de Beauvoir who wrote "It was easier for me to think of a world without a creator than of a creator loaded with all the contradictions of the world." But for others, the God issue has been put aside as irrelevant. "Personally, I've never been confronted with the question of God," says one politely indifferent atheist. Dr. Claude Lévi-Strauss, professor of social anthropology at the Collège de France, "It's perfectly possible to spend my life knowing that we will never explain the universe." Jesuit Theologian John Courtney Murray points to another variety of unbelief: the atheists of distraction, people who are just "too damn busy" to worry about God at all.

Johannine Spirit. Yet, along with new atheism has come a new religion. The open-window spirit of John XXIII and Vatican II have revitalized the Roman Catholic Church. Less spectacularly but not less deeply, Protestantism has been stirred by a variety of experimentation in liturgy, structure, ministry. In this new Christianity, the watchword is witness. The silent faith now means not intellectual acceptance of an ancient confession but open commitment—perhaps best symbolized in the U.S. by the civil rights movement—to eradicating the social inequality that beset the world.

The institutional strength of churches is nowhere more apparent than in the U.S., a country where faith in God seems to be as secure as was in medieval France. According to a survey by Pollster Low Harris last year, 97% of the American people say they believe in God. Although clergy agree that the postwar religious revival is over, a big majority of believers continue to display their faith by attending church services.

In 1964, reports the National Council of Churches, denominational allegiance rose about 2% compared to a population gain of less than 1%. More than 120 million Americans claim a religious affiliation, and a recent Gallup survey indicated that 90% of them report that they attend services weekly.

For uncounted millions, faith remains

as rock-solid as Gibraltar. Evangelist Billy Graham is one of them. "I know that God exists because of my personal experience," he says. "I know that I know him. I've talked with him and walked with him. He cares about me and acts in my everyday life." Still another is Roman Catholic Playwright William Alfred, whose off-Broadway hit, *Hogan's Goat*, melodramatically plots a turn-of-the-century Irish immigrant's struggle to achieve the American dream. "People who tell me there is no God," he says, "are like a six-year-old boy saying that there is no such thing as passionate love—they just haven't experienced it."

Practical Atheists. Plenty of clergymen, nonetheless, have qualms about the quality and character of contemporary belief. Lutheran Church Historian Martin Marty argues that all too many pews are filled on Sunday with practical atheists—disguised nonbelievers who behave during the rest of the week as if God did not exist. Jesuit Murray qualifies his conviction that the U.S. is basically a God-fearing nation by adding: "The great American proposition is 'religion is good for the kids, though I'm not religious myself.'" Pollster Harris bears him out: of the 97% who said they believed in God, only 27% declared themselves deeply religious.

Christianity and Judaism have always had more than their share of men of little faith or none. "The fool says in his heart, 'there is no God,'" wrote the Psalmist, implying that there were plenty of such fools to be found in ancient Judea. But it is not faintness of spirit that the churches worry about now: it is doubt and bewilderment assailing committed believers.

Particularly among the young, there is an acute feeling that the churches on Sunday are preaching the existence of a God who is nowhere visible in their daily lives. "I love God," cries one anguished teen-ager, "but I hate the church." Theologian Gilkey says that "belief is the area in the modern Protestant church where one finds blankness, silence, people not knowing what to say or merely repeating what their preachers say." Part of the Christian mood today, suggests Christian Atheist William Hamilton, is that faith has become not a possession but a hope.

Anonymous Christianity. In search of meaning, some believers have desperately turned to psychiatry, Zen or drugs. Thousands of others have quietly abandoned all but token allegiance to the churches, surrendering themselves to a life of "anonymous Christianity" dedicated to civil rights or the Peace Corps. Speaking for a generation of young Roman Catholics for whom the dogmas of the church have lost much of their power, philosopher Michael Novak of Stanford writes: "I do not understand God, nor the way in which he works. If, occasionally, I raise my heart in prayer, it is to no God I can see, or hear, or feel. It is to a God in as cold

and obscure a polar night as any non-believer has known."

Even clergymen seem to be uncertain. "I'm confused as to what God is," says no less a person than Francis B. Sayre, the Episcopal dean of Washington's National Cathedral, "but so is the rest of America." Says Marty's colleague at the Chicago Divinity School, the Rev. Nathan Scott, who is also rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Hyde Park: "I look out at the faces of my people, and I'm not sure what meaning these words, gestures and rituals have for them."

Hydrogen & Carbon. To those who do formulate a God, he seems to be everything from a celestial gas to a kind of invisible honorary president "out there" in space, well beyond range of the astronauts. A young Washington scientist suggests that "God, if anything,

Philadelphia, a Roman Catholic civil servant, sees God "a lot like he was explained to us as children. As an older man, who is just and who can get angry at us. I know this isn't the true picture, but it's the only one I've got."

Invisible Supermen. Why has God become so hard to believe in, so easy to dismiss as a nonbeing? The search for an answer begins in the complex—and still unfinished—history of man's effort to comprehend the idea that he might have a personal creator.

No one knows when the idea of a single god became part of mankind's spiritual heritage. It does seem certain that the earliest humans were religious. Believing the cosmos to be governed by some divine power, they worshiped every manifestation of it: trees, animals, earth and sky. To the more sophisticated societies of the ancient world,



THE SECULAR CITY (MANHATTAN DURING BLACKOUT)

For some, just too damn busy to worry about Him at all.

churches must accept the fact of God's death, and get along without him.

How does the issue differ from the age-old assertion that God does not and never did exist? Nietzsche's thesis was that striving, self-centered man had killed God, and that settled that. The current death-of-God group* believes

* Principally Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory University, William Hamilton of Colgate Rochester Divinity School, and Paul Van Buren of Temple University. Satirizing the basic premise of their new non-theology, the Methodist student magazine *motive* recently ran an obituary of God in newspaper style.

"ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 9—God, creator of the universe, principal deity of the world's Jews, ultimate reality of Christians, and most eminent of all divinities, died late yesterday during major surgery undertaken to correct a massive diminishing influence.

"Reaction from the world's great and from the man in the street was uniformly incredulous. . . . From Independence, Mo., former President Harry S. Truman, who received the news in his Kansas City barbershop, said 'I'm always sorry to hear somebody is dead. It's a damn shame.'"



THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC GOD (BY RAPHAEL)

For others, a newly opened window and a commitment against evil.

is hydrogen and carbon. Then again, he might be thermonuclear fission, since that's what makes life on this planet possible." To a streetwalker in Tel Aviv, "God will get me out of this filth one day. He is a God of mercy, dressed all in white and sitting on a golden throne." A Dutch charwoman says: "God is a ghost floating in space." Screenwriter Edward Anhalt (*Becket*) says that "God is an infantile fantasy, which was necessary when men did not understand what lightning was. God is a cop-out." A Greek janitor thinks that God is "like a fiery flame, so white that it can blind you." "God is all that I cannot understand," says a Roman seminarian. A Boston scientist describes God as "the totality of harmony in the universe." Playwright Alfred Muses: "It is the voice which says, 'It's not good enough'—that's what God is."

Even though they know better, plenty of Christians find it hard to do away with ideas of God as a white-bearded father figure. William McCleary of Phil-

cosmological mystery was proof that there were many gods. Ancient Babylonia, for example, worshiped at least 700 deities. Yet even those who ranked highest in the divine hierarchies were hardly more than invisible supermen. The Zeus of ancient Greece, although supreme on Olympus, was himself subject to the whims of fate—and besides that was so afflicted by fits of lust that he was as much the butt of dirty jokes as an object of worship.

Much closer to the deity of modern monotheism was the Egyptian sun god Aten, which the Pharaoh Amenophis IV forced on his polytheistic people as "the only god, beside whom there is no other." But the Pharaoh's heresy died out after his death, and the message to the world that there was but one true God came from Egypt's tiny neighbor, Israel. It was not a sudden revelation. Some scholars believe that Yahweh was originally a tribal deity—a god whom the Hebrews worshiped and considered superior to the pagan gods adored by

other nations. It is even questionable to some whether Moses understood Yahweh to be mankind's only God, the supreme lord of all creation. Even after the emergence of Israel's faith, there is plenty of Biblical evidence that the Hebrews were tempted to abandon it: the prophets constantly excoriate the chosen people for whoring after strange gods.

The God of Israel was so utterly beyond human comprehension that devout Jews neither uttered nor wrote his sacred name.* At the same time, Judaism has a unique sense of God's personal presence. Scripture records that he walked in the Garden of Eden with Adam, spoke familiarly on Mount Sinai with Moses, expressed an almost human anger and joy. Christianity added an even more mystifying dimension to the

dered cosmos cooperatively governed by Christian church and Christian state.

Undermining Faith. Christians are sometimes inclined to look back nostalgically at the medieval world as the great age of faith. In his book, *The Death of God*, Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University suggests that actually it was the beginning of the divine demise. Christianity, by imposing its faith on the art, politics and even economics of a culture, unconsciously made God part of that culture—and when the world changed, belief in this God was undermined. Now "God has disappeared because of the image of him that the church used for many, many ages," says Dominican Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx.

At its worst, the image that the church gave of God was that of a won-

dered cosmos cooperatively governed by Christian church and Christian state. The development of capitalism, for example, freed economics from church control and made it subject only to marketplace supply and demand. Political theorists of the Enlightenment proved that law and government were not institutions handed down from on high, but things that men had created themselves. The 18th century deists argued that man as a rational animal was capable of developing an ethical system that made as much sense as one based on revelation. Casting a cold eye on the complacency of Christianity before such evils as slavery, poverty and the factory system, such 19th century ideologists as Karl Marx and Pierre Joseph Proudhon declared that the church and their God would have to go if man was to be free to shape and improve his destiny.

But the most important agent in the secularizing process was science. The Copernican revolution was a shattering blow to faith in a Bible that assumed the sun went round the earth and could be stopped in its tracks by divine intervention, as Joshua claimed. And many of the pioneers of modern science—Newton and Descartes, for example—were devout men, they assiduously explained much of nature that previously seemed godly mysteries. Others saw no need for such reverential lip service. When he was asked by Napoleon why there was no mention of God in his new book about the stars, the French astronomer Laplace coolly answered, "I had no need of the hypothesis." Neither did Charles Darwin, in uncovering the evidence of evolution.

Prestige of Science. Faith in God survived scientific attack only when churches came to realize that the religious language of the Bible is what theologian Krister Stendahl calls "poetry plus, rather than science-minus." No adays not even fundamentalists are upset by the latest cosmological theories of astronomers. Quasars, even if they agree, neither prove nor disprove divine creation; by pushing back the boundaries of knowledge 8 billion years without finding a definite beginning, they do, in a way, admit its possibility. Nonetheless, science still presents a challenge to faith—in a new and perhaps more dangerous way.

Anglican Theologian David Jenkins points out that the prestige of science is so great that its standards have been introduced into other areas of life. In effect, knowledge has become that which can be known by scientific study—and cannot be known that way. In previous ages, the man of ideas, the priest or philosopher was regarded as the source of wisdom. Now, says Jenkins, the more likely to be an authority is the man in scientific methods of observing phenomena, who bases what he says on corpus of knowledge built up by observation and experiment and confirmed by further processes of proof.

and observation." The prestige of science has been helped along by the analytic tradition of philosophy, which tends to limit "meaningful" ideas and statements to those that can be verified. It is no wonder, then, that even devout believers are empirical in outlook, and find themselves more at home with visible facts than unseen abstractions.

Socialization has immunized man against the wonder and mystery of existence, argues Oxford Theologian Ian Ramsey. "We are now sheltered from all the great crises of life. Birth is a kind of discontinuity between the prenatal and post-natal clinics, while death just takes somebody out of the community, possibly to the tune of prerecorded hymns at the funeral parlor." John Courtney Murray suggests that man has lost touch with the transcendent dimension in the transition from a rural agricultural society to an urbanized, technological world. The effect has been to veil man from what he calls natural symbols—the seasonal pattern of growth—that in the past reminded men of their own finiteness. The question is, says Murray, "whether or not a contemporary industrial civilization can construct symbols that can help us understand God."

Teach-In for God. Secularization, science, urbanization—all have made it comparatively easy for the modern man to ask where God is, and hard for the man of faith to give a convincing answer, even to himself. It is precisely to this problem—how do men talk of God in the context of a culture that rejects the transcendent, the beyond—that theologians today are turning. In part, this reflects popular demand and pastoral need. "God is the question that interests laymen the most," says David Edwards, editor of the Anglican SCM Press. Last month the University of Colorado sponsored a teach-in on God, featuring William Hamilton and Dr. George Forell of the University of Iowa's School of Religion; more than 1,700 people showed up for the seven-hour session—a greater turnout than for a recent similar talkfest on Vietnam. At the University of California at Santa Barbara, students and faculty jammed two lecture halls to hear Harvey Cox talk on "The 'Death of God' and the Future of Theology."

"If you want to have a well-attended lecture," says Rabbi Abraham Heschel, a visiting professor at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, "discuss God and faith." Ministers have found that currently there is no easier way to boost Sunday attendance than to post "Is God Dead?" as the topic of their next sermon.

The new theological approach to the problem of God is not that of the ages when solid faith could be assumed. No serious theologian today would attempt to describe the qualities of God as the medieval scholastic did with such assurance. Gone, too, is any attempt to

prove God by reason alone.* For one thing, every proof seems to have a plausible refutation; for another, only a committed Thomist is likely to be spiritually moved by the realization that there is a self-existent Prime Mover. "Faith in God is more than an intellectual belief," says Dr. John Macquarrie of Union Theological Seminary. "It is a total attitude of the self."

Four Options. What unites the various contemporary approaches to the problem of God is the conviction that the primary question has become not what God is, but how men are justified in using the word. There is no unanimity about how to solve this problem, although theologians seem to have four main options: stop talking about God for awhile, stick to what the Bible says, formulate a new image and con-

of Biblical concepts" focused on Jesus as "the man for others." By talking almost exclusively about Christ, the argument goes, the church would be preaching a spiritual hero whom even non-believers can admire. Yale's Protestant Chaplain William Sloane Coffin reports that "a girl said to me the other day, 'I don't know whether I'll ever believe in God, but Jesus is my kind of guy.'"

In a sense, no Christian doctrine of God is possible without Jesus, since the suffering redeemer of Calvary is the only certain glimpse of the divine that churches have. But a Christ-centered theology that skirts the question of God raises more questions than it answers. Does it not run the risk of slipping into a variety of ethical humanism? And if Jesus is not clearly related in some way to God, why is he a better focus of



BIRTH (IN SEATTLE)

God's word in the inner murmurings of the heart.

belief that the infinitely distant was infinitely near: the doctrine that God came down to earth in the person of a Jewish carpenter named Jesus, who died at Jerusalem around 26 A.D.

It was not an easy faith to define or defend, and the early church, struggling to rid itself of heresy, turned to an intellectual weapon already forged and near at hand: the metaphysical language of Greece. The alliance of Biblical faith and Hellenic reason culminated in the Middle Ages. Although they acknowledged that God was ultimately unknowable, the medieval scholastics devoted page after learned page of their *summas* to discussions of the divine attributes—his omnipotence, immutability, perfection, eternity. Although infinitely above men, God was seen as the apex of a great pyramid of being that extended downward to the tiniest stone, the ultimate ruler of an or-

der worker who explained the world's mysteries and seemed to have somewhat more interest in punishing men than rewarding them. Life was a vale of tears, said the church; men were urged to shun the pleasure of life if they would serve God, and to avoid any false step or suffer everlasting punishment in hell. It did little to establish the credibility of this "God" that medieval theologians categorized his qualities as confidently as they spelled out different kinds of sin, and that churchmen spoke about him as if they had just finished having lunch with him.

The Secular Rebellion. The rebellion against this God of faith is best summed up by the word secularization. In *The Secular City*, Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School defines the term as "the loosening of the world from religious and quasi-religious understandings of itself, the dispelling of all closed world views, the breaking of all supernatural myths and sacred symbols." Slowly but surely, it dawned on men that they did not need God to explain,



DEATH (AT HIROSHIMA)

Too many possibilities of hell on earth.

cept of God using contemporary thought categories, or simply point the way to areas of human experience that indicate the presence of something beyond man in life.

It is not only the Christian Atheists who think it pointless to talk about God. Some contemporary ministers and theologians, who have no doubts that he is alive, suggest that the church should stop using the word for awhile, since it is freighted with unfortunate meanings. They take their clue from Bonhoeffer, whose prison-cell attempt to work out a "nonreligious interpretation

faith than Buddha, Socrates or even Albert Camus? Rather than accept this alternative, a majority of Christians would presumably prefer to stay with the traditional language of revelation at any cost. And it is not merely conservative evangelists who believe that the words and ideas of Scripture have lost neither relevance nor meaning. Such a modern novelist as John Updike begins his poem *Seven Stanzas at Easter*:

*Make no mistake: if He rose at all
it was as His body;
if the cells' dissolution did not reverse,
the molecules reknit, the amino
acids rekindle,
the Church will fall.*

The century's greatest Protestant theologian, Karl Barth of Switzerland, has consistently warned his fellow churchmen that God is a "wholly other" being, whom man can only know by God's self-revelation in the person of Christ, as witnessed by Scripture. Any search for God that starts with human experience, Barth warns, is a vain quest that

* Almost impossible to translate, the name Yahweh means roughly "I am who I am" or "He causes to be."

will discover only an idol, not the true God at all.

Holy Being. The word of God, naked and unadorned, may be fine for the true believer, but some theologians argue that Biblical terminology has ceased to be part of the world's vocabulary, and is in danger of becoming a special jargon as incomprehensible to some as the equations of physicists. To bridge this communications gap, they have tried to reinterpret the concept of God into contemporary philosophical terms. Union Seminary's John Macquarrie, for example, proposes a description of God based on Martin Heidegger's existential philosophy, which is primarily concerned with explaining the nature of "being" as such. To Heidegger, "being" is an incomparable, transcendental mystery, something that confers existence on individual, particular beings. Macquarrie calls Heidegger's mystery "Holy Being," since it represents what Christians have traditionally considered God.

Other philosophical theologians, such as Schubert Ogden of Southern Methodist University and John Cobb of the Southern California School of Theology, have been working out a theism based on the process thinking of Alfred North Whitehead. In their view, God is changing with the universe. Instead of thinking of God as the immutable Prime Mover of the universe, argues Ogden, it makes more sense to describe him as "the ultimate effect" and as "the eminently relative One, whose openness to change contingently on the actions of others is literally boundless." In brief, the world is creating God as much as he is creating it.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic propagandists for a new image of God are the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Anglican theology, Bishop Robinson of Woolwich, England, and Bishop James A. Pike of California. Both endorse the late Paul Tillich's concept of God as "the ground of being." Pike, who thinks that the church should have fewer but better dogmas, also suggests that the church should abandon the Trinity, on the ground that it really seems to be preaching three Gods instead of one. Christianity, in his view, should stop attributing specific actions to persons of the Trinity—creation to the Father, redemption to the Son, inspiration to the Holy Spirit—and just say that they were all the work of God.

Discernment Situations. The contemporary world appears so biased against metaphysics that any attempt to find philosophical equivalents for God may well be doomed to failure. "God," says Jerry Handspicker of the World Council of Churches, "has suffered from too many attempts to define the indefinable." Leaving unanswered the question of what to say God is, some theologians are instead concentrating on an exploration of the ultimate and unconditional in modern life. Their basic point is that while modern men have rejected God as a solution to life, they cannot evade

a questioning anxiety about its meaning. The apparent eclipse of God is merely a sign that the world is experiencing what Jesuit Theologian Karl Rahner calls "the anonymous presence" of God, whose word comes to man not on tablets of stone but in the inner murmurings of the heart.

Following Tillich, Langdon Gilkey argues that the area of life dealing with the ultimate and with mystery points the way toward God. "When we ask, 'Why am I?' 'What should I become and be?' 'What is the meaning of my life?'—then we are exploring or encountering that region of experience



RESURRECTION (BY EL GRECO)
The only certain glimpse.

where language about the ultimate becomes useful and intelligible." That is not to say that God is necessarily found in the depths of anxiety. "Rather we are in the region of our experience where God may be known, and so where the meaningful usage of this word can be found." To Ian Ramsey of Oxford, this area of ultimate concern offers what he calls "discernment situations"—events that can be the occasion for insight, for awareness of something beyond man. It is during these insight situations, Ramsey says, that the universe "comes alive, declares some transcendence, and to which we respond by ourselves coming alive and finding another dimension."

A discernment situation could be faith in love, suffering cancer, reading a book. But it need not be a private experience. The Rev. Stephen Rose, editor of Chicago's *Renewal* magazine, argues that "whenever the prophetic word breaks in, either as judgment or as promise, that's when the historical God acts." One such situation, he suggests, was Watts—an outburst of violence that served to chide men for lack of brotherhood. Harvard's Harvey Cox sees God's hand in history, but in a different way. The one area where empirical man is open to transcendence, he argues, is the future: man can be defined as the creature who hopes, who has taken responsibility for the world. Cox proposes a new theology based on the premise that God is the source and ground of this hope—a God "ahead of man in history rather than 'out there' in space."

German Theologian Gerhard Ebeling of Tübingen University finds an answer pointing the way to God in the problem in language. A word, he suggests, is not merely a means of conveying information; it is also a symbol of man's power over nature and of his basic impotence. One man cannot speak except to another, and language itself possesses a power that eludes his mastery of it. God, he proposes, is the source of the mystery hidden in language, or, as he obscurely puts it, "the basic situation of man as word-situation."

"The Kingdom Within You." For those with a faith that can move mountains, all this tentative groping for God in human experience may seem unnecessary. The man-centered approach God runs against Barth's warning that a "God" found in human death may be an imagined idol—or a meaning that could be dissolved on the psychiatrist's couch. Rudolf Bultmann answers that these human situations of anxiety and discernment represent "transformations of God," and are the only way that secular man is likely to experience any sense of the eternal and unconditional.

This theological approach is not without scriptural roots. A God who was straight with crooked lines in human history is highly Biblical in outlook. The quest for God in the depths of experience echoes Jesus' words to his disciples. "The kingdom of God is within you." And the idea of God's anonymous presence suggests Matthew's account of the Last Judgment, when Jesus separates the nations, telling those on the right: "I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink." But when? the ask. "And the King will answer them: 'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.'"

The theological connection that is acting anonymously in human history is not likely to turn many atheists toward him. Secular man may be aware but he is also convinced that anything can be explained away. As always,

faith is something of an irrational leap in the dark, a gift of God. And unlike in earlier centuries, there is no way today for churches to threaten or compel men to face that leap; after Dap- chow's mass sadism and Hiroshima's instant death, there are all too many real possibilities of hell on earth.

The new approaches to the problem of God, then, will have their greatest impact within the church community. They may help shore up the faith of many believers and, possibly, weaken that of others. They may also lead to a more realistic, and somewhat more abstract, conception of God. "God will be seen as the order in which life takes on meaning, as being, as the source of creativity," suggests Langdon Gilkey. "The old-fashioned personal God who merely judges, gives grace and speaks to us in prayer, is, after all, a pretty feeble God." Gilkey does not deny the omnipotence of God, nor undervalue personal language about God as a means of prayer and worship. But he argues that Christianity must go on escaping from its too-strictly anthropomorphic past, and still needs to learn that talk of God is largely symbolic.

No More Infallibilities. The new quest for God, which respects no church boundaries, should also contribute to ecumenism. "These changes make many of the old disputes seem pointless, or at least secondary," says Jesuit Theologian Avery Dulles. The churches, moreover, will also have to accept the empiricism of the modern outlook and become more secular themselves, recognizing that God is not the property of the church, and is acting in history as he wills, in encounters for which man is forever unprepared.

To some, this suggests that the church might well need to take a position of reverent agnosticism regarding some doctrines that it had previously proclaimed with excessive conviction. Many of the theologians attempting to work out a new doctrine of God admit that they are uncertain as to the impact of their ultimate findings on other Christian truths, but they agree that such God-related issues as personal salvation in the afterlife and immortality will need considerable re-study. But Christian history allows the possibility of development in doctrine, and even an admission of ignorance in the face of the divine mystery is part of tradition. St. Thomas Aquinas declared that "we cannot know what God is, but rather what he is not."

Gabriel Vahanian suggests that there may well be no true faith without a measure of doubt, and thus contemporary Christian worry about God could be a necessary and healthy antidote to the confident and sure faith of the centuries. Perhaps today, the Christian can do no better than echo the prayer of the worried father who pleaded with Christ to heal his spirit-possessed son: "I believe, help my unbelief."

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

Friden



Think of your simplest invoice.
We'll make your toughest one as easy.

Most people will purchase the 5010 COMPUTYPER® electronic billing/accounting machine by Friden for routine invoicing.

It extends, adds, deducts, figures percents, discounts, sub-totals, and totals—all automatically.

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The 5010 electronic billing/accounting machine by Friden



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For a very convincing demonstration of the 5010, call your nearest Friden representative.

Or write Friden, Inc., San Leandro, California. Sales and service throughout the world.



U.S. BUSINESS

BUILDING

Uplifting the Skylines

The enormous appetite of businessmen for new office space is lifting the economy as well as the skylines of the U.S. From Honolulu to Boston, from New Orleans to Chicago, seldom have so many new towers changed the urban landscape or taken shape on architects' drafting boards and in corporate budgets.

This week workmen will hoist the final structural steel beam into place for Atlanta's 26-story Life Insurance Co. of Georgia building. Los Angeles will celebrate the similar "topping out" of its tallest building yet, the 42-story, \$30 million Union Bank Square. In Manhattan, wreckers have just begun smashing a ramshackle clutch of century-old eyesores to make room for the world's highest skyscrapers, the twin 110-story 1,350-ft. structures of the Port of New York Authority's World Trade Center.* Boston's State Street Bank & Trust Co. is busy shifting 1,000 employees into its new 30-story office, and later this month some 4,000 federal workers will start moving into Boston's new 24-story John F. Kennedy building.

Rising every year since 1959, expenditures for office building in the U.S. reached a peak of \$2.5 billion last year, but the Census Bureau expects these figures to climb another 16% to \$2.9 billion in 1966. New contracts for office buildings surged 25% ahead of their 1965 pace during the first two months of this year, according to F. W. Dodge construction statistics.

Corridor of Towers. New York City, still by far the leader, continues to amaze the pessimists by consuming vast

amounts of office space and crying for more. Since World War II, 182 new structures with 66 million sq. ft. of office space have gone up in Manhattan, giving the island not only the highest quality space in the nation but also over a third of the U.S. total. Even with another 35 skyscrapers under way or planned, which will have as much space as the entire office supply of Boston, New York is experiencing a shortage. In the resulting scramble, corporations lease offices in buildings many months before they are built.

The 15-mile corridor from downtown Los Angeles to the UCLA campus is filling with office towers. Although San Francisco has added over 3,000,000 ft. of downtown office space in three years, the big new John Hancock and International buildings opened with 100% occupancy. Detroit went 30 years without a new office building, but builders recently completed three at once. Pittsburgh's famous Golden Triangle will double its office space in the next 18 months, and demand is so strong that Builder John Galbreath has just lifted his plans for a new U.S. Steel office from 50 to 65 stories. Overbuilding has put a lid on further expansion in several cities including Denver, Akron, Kansas City and Dallas, but the proliferation of paper work and the economy's long expansion still feed demand elsewhere.

Subsidized Barbers. Chicago, where the skyscraper was invented, not only built more office space last year than at any time since 1930, but showed the trade some new tricks. The 35-story Brunswick Building typifies the trend toward amenities that lure tenants away from older but cheaper quarters: huge (7 ft. by 9 ft.) picture windows, plaza-like setbacks, a subterranean shopping arcade connecting to the adjacent subway and civic center through an underground tunnel. Restaurants, a tobacco shop and a barber shop, whose rent often has to be subsidized by the landlord, have also become essential.

In the pursuit of splendors to keep image-conscious tenants—and their employees—happy, office builders have also turned to alfresco terraces, interior courtyards, Olympic-sized pools, or such vaulted Romanesque colonnades as embellish Houston's Jefferson Chemical Building. Peachtree Center, Atlanta's version of Rockefeller Center, boasts a two-story concrete sculpture that has become a conversation piece in the South. Los Angeles' new Occidental Center offers not only a tenants' lounge, an exercise room, an auditorium and a ground-level patio but also a 30th-floor Zen Buddhist garden where tenants can enjoy serenity in the sun—or as the case may be, the smog.

THE ECONOMY

Unbalanced Balance

Apart from inflation at home, which seemed to preoccupy Washington last week, the U.S.'s most stubborn economic problem of 1966 is proving to be its eight-year-old balance of payments deficit. Directly or indirectly, that deficit—the excess of dollars spent abroad over dollars earned there—has already helped stall negotiations for world monetary reform, caused U.S. corporations to invade the European market for dollar bonds, prompted Charles de Gaulle to keep cashing in France's dollars for U.S. gold at a \$33 million-a-month clip. Last week the Administration got more bad news: imports are climbing so fast that the nation may well run a \$1.8 billion payments deficit this year, as against \$1.3 billion in 1965.

Melting Surplus. Only seven weeks ago, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler insisted that the U.S. would end the chronic deficit this year, give or take \$250 million. The new forecast, which came from Commerce Department experts despite official denials of its exist-

ARTHUR SIEGEL



CHICAGO'S BRUNSWICK



HOUSTON'S JEFFERSON CHEMICAL

A clamor for space and for some splendor with it.



MANHATTAN'S MGM BUILDING

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

He puts 9,720,000 dots on paper...to make one page of printing.

■ Ted works wonders on paper at 150th of an inch. In the printing industry he's known as a "pressman". By matching mosaics of micro-dots on separate printing plates, he takes a color page that's been taken apart and puts it together again. He prints color on color to such exact register you can't see a dot when the job is printed. Such precision calls for a skilled craftsman of the graphic arts. And consistently printable papers.

Paper is to Ted Jakubowski what a canvas is to an artist. A specialist, he

expects the same of the men who make his paper. He gets it from Consolidated's 4,000 specialists—the greatest concentration of papermaking skills—at the only major mill that specializes in enamel printing papers.

Men like Ted and the paper mills of Consolidated have helped make printing a business of specialists—and America's 7th biggest industry.

WRITE US: Let us prove our enamels can help make your printing better. We'll send free sample sheets to your

printer on request. Have him compare the quality of our papers on one of your next printing jobs. Send only three samples to Consolidated Enamel Paper Merchants.



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GEN'L OFFICES: WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WIS.
For an interesting, informative description of the pressman's skills, send for our free

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AMERICAN TOURISTS AT ROME'S SPANISH STEPS
The excess that arises from exuberance.

ence, seemed to erase Fowler's promise.

Ironically, the surge in imports results from the exuberance of the U.S. economy. When the total national output of goods and services grows by 5% a year, Government analysts figure that imports increase at the same pace. When gross national product swells at a rate of 8% to 9% a year, as it did in the last three months of 1965, then such is the increase in buying power that imports grow twice as fast. In the fourth quarter, they shot up 171% and Commerce experts predict that performance will continue through 1966. As a result, the U.S. trade surplus—the excess of exports over imports—continues to melt, from \$6.7 billion in 1964 to \$4.8 billion in 1965 to its present annual rate of \$4 billion. That surplus is what the U.S. must rely on to finance foreign aid and the cost of the Viet Nam war, both of which put hundreds of millions of dollars into hands across the seas.

One way to plug the leak would be for the Administration to take some steam out of the domestic economy—but such a course would bring results slowly. Some businessmen insist that the Government needlessly hampers the efforts of U.S. firms to sell abroad by mindless application of domestic anti-trust laws, by tax penalties, and by weak commercial staffs in embassies. Washington Democrat Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, last week argued for legislation creating new export tax incentives, which are often of little help.

Guidelines for Tourists? Washington feels that the big drains caused by corporate investment and bank lending abroad have been substantially plugged by Government-imposed "voluntary" restraint. Last week the Federal Reserve reported that U.S. banks cut their outstanding foreign loans by \$385 million during January and February. Though industry plans to step up its in-

vestment in foreign plant and equipment by 24% to a record \$8.8 billion this year, much will come from dollars borrowed abroad. What else can the Administration do to curb the deficit? Says Treasury Under Secretary Joseph Barr: "The possible courses of action clearly point at the tourist." Of course, as Barr knows, there are political hazards in offending the millions of American tourists now flocking abroad by putting controls on their spending

STOCKS

More Green in Other Pastures

By its very nature, a holding company works behind the scenes, hates to make headlines. Yet one of the U.S.'s biggest holding companies, the Alleghany Corp., is constantly creating spectacular business news. A 1954 proxy fight in which Alleghany's progenitors, the late Robert Young and aging Woolworth Heir Allan P. Kirby, now 73, took control of the New York Central Railroad was big and bitter. Next, in one of Wall Street's most famous proxy battles, Kirby lost Alleghany to Texans Clint and John Murchison (TIME cover, June 16, 1961), later won it back again by stubbornly outstaying and outbuying them.

Last week Alleghany was in the news again. In a 126-page offer that the Wall Street Journal despairingly described as "probably one of the more complicated documents in corporate history," Alleghany proposed to trade 984,100 Central shares that it holds for 5,000,000 outstanding Alleghany shares, which would be subsequently retired.

At first glance, it seemed strange that Kirby and Alleghany President Charles T. Ireland Jr., 44, were ready to trade out of a railroad for whose control they had fought so recently and so desperately. One key to the offer is the upcoming merger of the Central

with the Pennsylvania Railroad into a powerful new Penn Central. Alleghany currently holds 14.3% of Central shares in the Penn Central, however, its share would be diluted to 5.8%. With questions the advisability of making almost one-third of its portfolio investments in the stock of a corporation it would not control. Solution: selling Central shares for Alleghany, thus saving \$11.8 million in capital-gains taxes that Alleghany, because its original Central holdings have tripled in value, would have to pay in an outright stock sale.

The swap proposal, however, has even broader ramifications than the Penn-Central merger. Alleghany is concentrated on railroad stocks, and owned substantial holdings in the Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio. It still has \$27 million worth of Missouri Pacific Railroad stock. Now there's more green in other pastures. Alleghany's biggest single holding, worth \$2.6 billion, is Investors Diversified Services, a management firm that oversees five investment companies, including the world's biggest mutual fund. Alleghany has also invested in real estate and life insurance companies. Kirby and Ireland want to do is to put its money to more use in these other areas.

TOBACCO

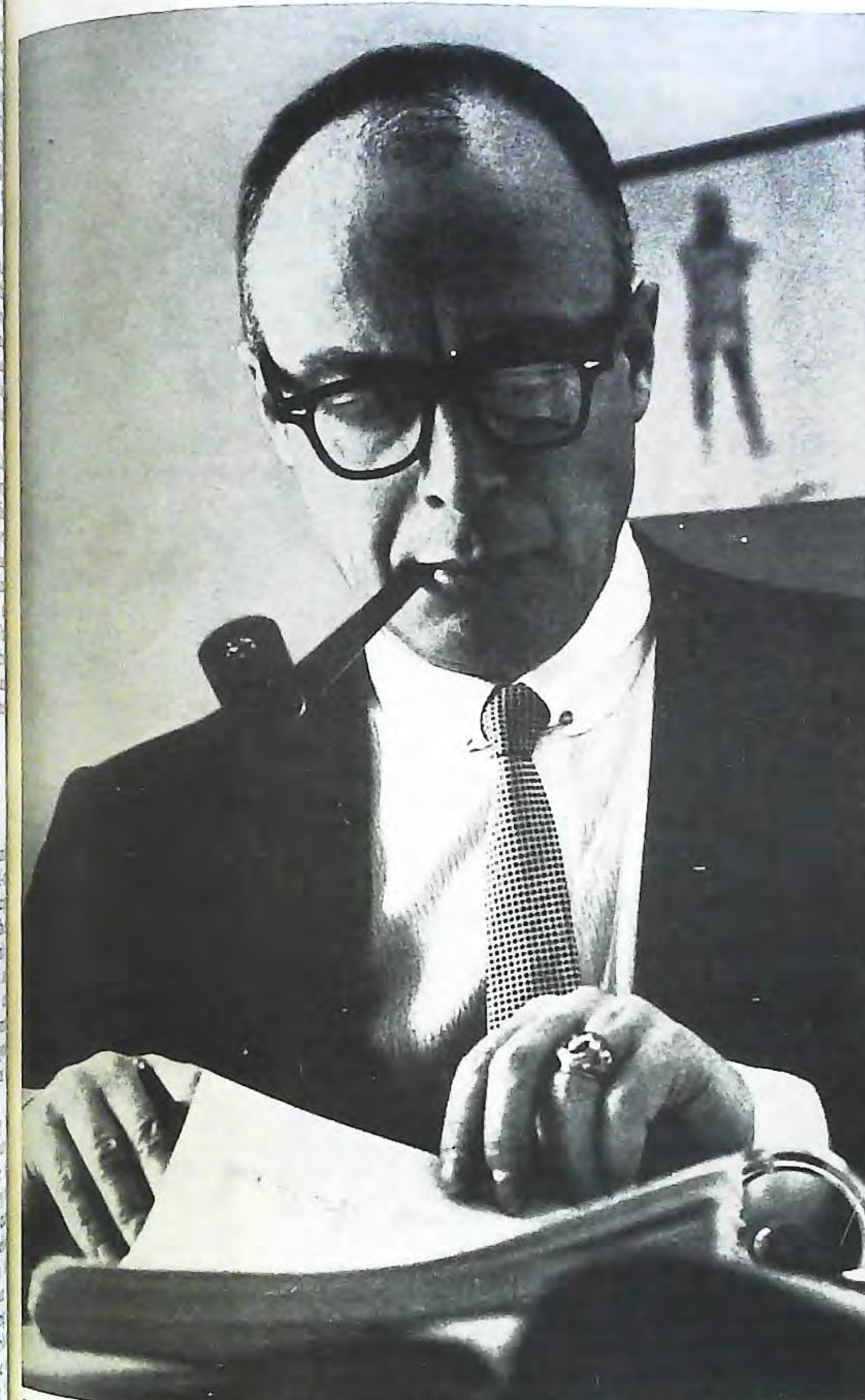
Springtime Fresh

Between the Federal Trade Commission and their own industry's self-imposed Cigarette Advertising Code, cigarette salesmen have just about been reduced to saying that a smoke is a smoke. Among the many guidelines and prohibitions set by both the FTC and the code, as administered by New Jersey Governor Robert Murphy, was one against advertising claims of low nicotine and tar content.

On that one, the FTC recently reversed itself, argued that information about nicotine and tar might be only "material" but also "desired by the consuming public" as long as it is without collateral health claims. But the FTC switch was the suspicion that some companies had used the ban as any sort of nicotine-tar advertisement protection against adverse publicity while actually stepping up nicotine tar content in their products. That content presumably enhances flavor, "flavor" is the big word in cigarette marketing nowadays.

To P. Lorillard Co., the FTC stance seemed springtime fresh. After the FTC ban on nicotine-tar advertising, Lorillard's Kent, once the runaway leader of the filter pack, slipped to 11% of the filter market in 1965. 5.9%, while the company's revenue has gone from 1963's record \$479 million to last year's \$479 million. Lorillard is pretty certain that

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



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As head of our Research Department in New York, Robert Johnson is completely committed to the art and science of evaluating securities—and then making these judgments available to you.

His staff includes nationally recognized authorities in banking, petroleum, electronics, chemicals, drugs, transportation, steel and public utilities.

Robert Johnson sends his senior analysts packing into the field. They travel, look, ask and listen—to presidents and treasurers, to scientists and research men, and to production people. They make penetrating reports to our customers of what they find.

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Robert B. Johnson, Paine, Webber's Partner-in-Charge of Research, began his career teaching economics at Columbia. Then he joined one of the world's largest banks and rose to become a senior investment research executive. For several years before joining Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis he was research director for a leading West Coast investment banking firm. Keenly interested in raising the professional standards of securities research, he has worked to promote the Institute of Chartered Financial Analysts.

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This advertisement appears as a matter of record only.

\$286,829,200

Williams Brothers Company
through its subsidiary
Williams Brothers Pipe Line Company
has acquired the pipeline system of
Great Lakes Pipe Line Company

The following securities have been sold to effect the purchase

The Subsidiary Company
\$170,000,000 5 80% Senior Notes due 1986
\$60,000,000 5% Subordinated Debentures due 1987
(issued to Great Lakes Pipe Line Company)

The Parent Company
\$28,000,000 5½-6% Notes due 1973
\$28,829,200 5½% Convertible Subordinated Debentures due 1988

The undersigned acted as financial advisors to Williams Brothers Company and Williams Brothers Pipe Line Company in connection with the purchase of the pipeline system and the terms and issuance of these securities

White, Weld & Co.

Reynolds & Co.

March 30, 1966

This announcement appears as a matter of record only.

\$100,000,000

Pan American World Airways, Inc.



Promissory Notes due April 1, 1991

Under loan agreements negotiated by the undersigned, institutional investors have agreed to purchase the above Promissory Notes on or prior to April 3, 1967.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

NEW YORK
HOUSTON

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LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO
PARIS

March 29, 1966.

outdo the field in low nicotine and tar content.

No sooner had the FTC announced its turnabout than Lorillard told Commissioner Administrator Meyner that it would no longer feel obliged to observe the cigarette and tar talk went. At word of Lorillard's defection, Meyner quickly secured repledges of allegiance from eight other major cigarette companies, said that no immediate changes in the industry's code were contemplated.



S. H. PRESIDENT BEINECKE
Has the housewife had it?

MERCHANDISING

Different Stamping

By many outward signs, the trading stamp business was never better. Stamp distributions in supermarkets, service stations and other retail outlets last year surpassed \$1 billion, the Trading Stamp Institute, which represents most of the important companies in a field of 100,000 and speaks for all, predicts that business will increase this year by 5% to 10%. The what-stamps-can-do tales still make feature stories: a Detroit Roman Catholic parish last week cashed in stamps to buy a station wagon for its use; the Thomas Dooley Foundation is using stamps for a light airplane for medical work in Laos; even Elijah Muhammad's Muslims are collecting stamps for a school bus to be used at the United Mosque of Islam in Chicago.

But there are quite a few indications that the trading-stamp industry is running into difficulties. Last year 500 stamp stores of various sizes distributed stamps, promised lower prices than last week Sperry & Hutchinson's, whose Green Stamp account last year was third of the industry's business, issued a prospectus required before it could sell 1,000,000 shares of stock and an eventual representation on the New York Stock Exchange. Opening books for the first time in 10 years, S. H. President William S. Beinecke reported that its sales—\$330 million last year—are higher than ever. The figures also showed a discouragingly slow rate of increase. With 74 million

Coronastat 55 copies look as good as anybody's.

Coronastat 55 costs look better!

The new Coronastat® 55™ will copy anything it gets its eyes on—including 3-dimensional objects—and match its work against any copier on the market. But when you're looking for a copier, you look at the cost of the copies, too.

Let us send you a simple chart that will show you our costs in comparison

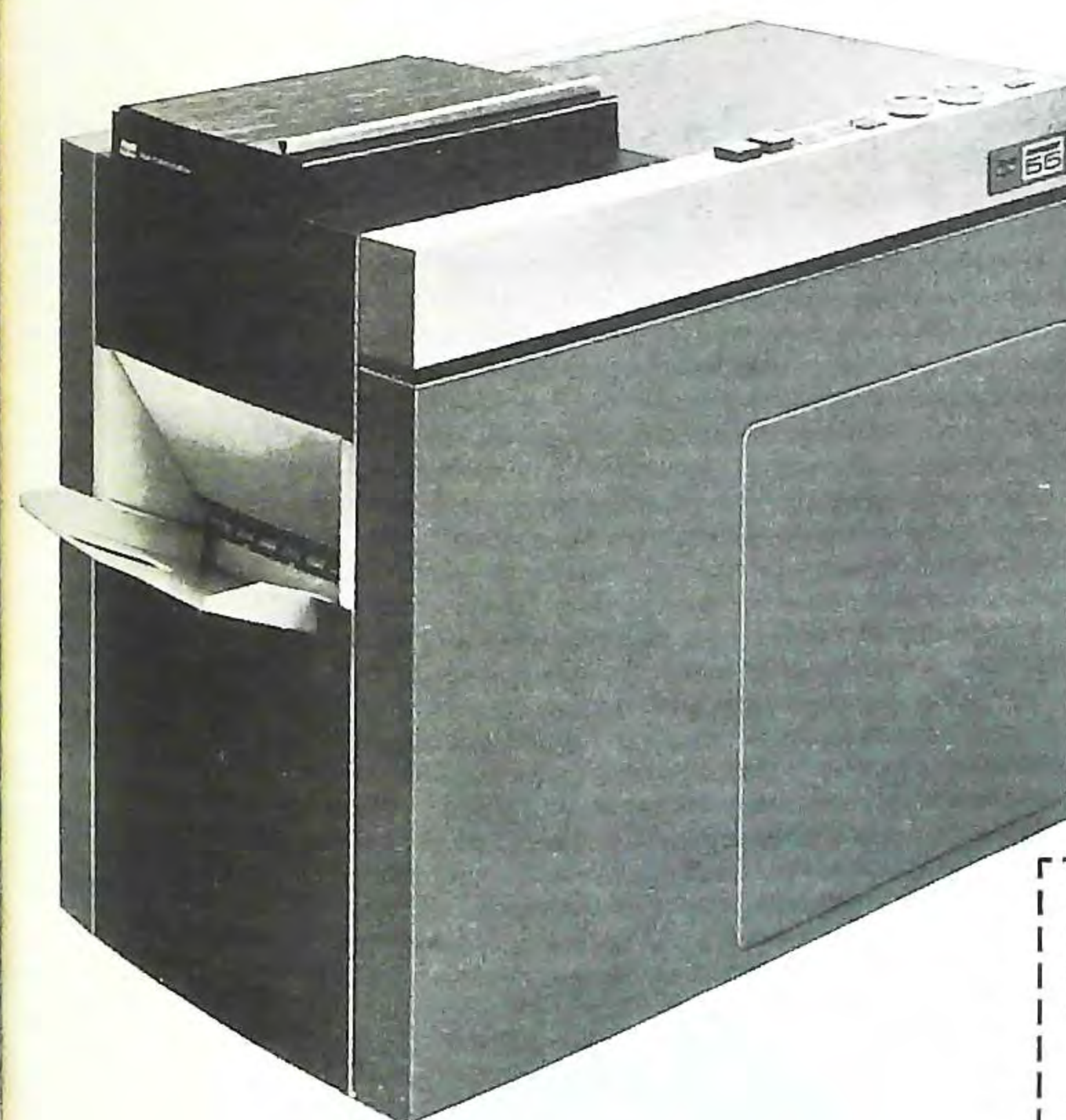
with those of other leading copiers. You'll see how Coronastat 55 users can save hundreds and, in some cases, even thousands of dollars a year on the copies they make.

There are other savings a Coronastat 55 brings, too. No special wiring is needed. (You can even wheel the Coronastat 55 from department to de-

partment if you wish. Just plug it in.) The size is right, too. This console copier will fit where others won't.

There's no reason to put up with soaring photocopy costs. Not with the Coronastat 55 around!

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SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022.
OFFICES IN CANADA AND MAJOR CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



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☐ I want to see how little Coronastat 55 photocopies will cost in my office. Please send me my free copy of your "Coronastat Copy Cost Comparison Chart."

Our present photocopy equipment is _____ Brand name _____

_____ We make an average of _____ a month.

Model _____ No. of copies _____

Your name _____

Company _____ Title _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



After the long sleep,
there emerges *the unique*
heart whisky of Chequers
Scotch.

SECURE in its casks in the warehouse, our make waits out the quiet years, whilst it slowly perfects itself into a spirit of a singular mellow softness. Then, called forward at maturity, it brings its unique character, through blending and marrying, to stand as the heart of our final product, Chequers.

Chequers to America

Here in our distillery by Elgin in Morayshire, we have kept to the old ways, loath to risk a change in doing things that might change the nature of our whisky. As to whether this is a virtue in us, you must seek the answer if you will in our product.

Chequers is now being despatched to America in restricted amount. Your barman or whisky dealer may have come upon it. If so, we commend it to you.

JOHN McEWAN & Co. LTD.

By Elgin in Morayshire, Scotland
PROPRIETORS OF THE BRAND

CHEQUERS
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Custom Import House, Ltd., New York, Are Appointed
The Exclusive Distributors For Chequers In The United
States • 86.8 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

families pasting up S & H Stamps, the average redemption is still for only 24 books v. 14 books 15 years ago.

Supermarkets continue to be S & H's most important customers, represent 61.6% of its total sales. With the supermarket market about saturated, the company, like its competitors, is turning elsewhere. One important new source is the use of stamps by major corporations as incentives for salesmanship or rewards for suggestions or promptness. S & H's sales in that area have quintupled in four years, now account for \$9,300,000 annual income; the stamp company so far has 3,500 incentive customers, including well-known corporations such as G.M., Sylvania Electric and Miller Brewing. Another possible market is in nations abroad, where stamps have not yet proliferated as they have in the U.S. The going there may be tough. King Korn Stamps, the sixth largest trading-stamp company, recently retreated from England after an unsuccessful effort. S & H in last week's prospectus admitted that a campaign to interest Englishmen has so far lost the company \$4,200,000.

TEXTILES

Looming Prosperity

The textile industry is not ordinarily considered vital to national defense. Yet hardly any U.S. industry has come under greater pressure from the demands of the Viet Nam war than textiles. Contracts for everything from uniforms to tents and the canvas used in combat boots totaled \$200 million in the last quarter of 1965, rose to \$260 million in the first quarter of this year, and are expected to go up to \$340 million in the second quarter. Since December, the Defense Department has been issuing priority orders for cotton fatigues and wool uniforms, thereby diverting by decree the manufacture of equivalent items away from the U.S. consumer market. As a result, textile mills are working three shifts a day, six days a week, to fill a backlog of orders that, at many plants, should keep the looms humming through the year.

Absorbing the Draft. Even without the prosperity brought on by Viet Nam war requirements, the textile industry has come a long way since the all-too-recent years when it languished under lethargic management in inefficient New England plants. Little more than a decade ago, J. P. Stevens & Co., the U.S.'s second largest textile-fabric maker, did not produce a single consumer end product; now it makes dozens, including sheets, towels, blankets, stockings and draperies. The industry also has prospered as a result of imaginative research. For example, Burlington Industries, the largest of them all (1965 sales: \$1.3 billion), sells thermal-lined draperies with a thin layer of acrylic that effectively absorbs cold drafts that sift in through window frames. Possible products now undergoing final tests in



SPINNING FOR UNIFORMS IN SOUTH CAROLINA
When threadbare is a nice way to be

Burlington labs: a carpet woven of stainless steel filaments that will eliminate static electricity; a new drapery lining that by chemical action can control the amount of light filtering through it, with the result that more light will be allowed to enter a room on dark days.

Pressing Problems. Amid all this prosperity and progress, the textile industry does have its troubles. Imports have almost quadrupled in the last decade as foreign producers, with lower costs, have undercut American prices. Cotton, wool, and synthetic fabrics keep their own wage costs down. Textile firms have built nearly all their new plants in the Southeast and have vigorously opposed union attempts to organize them. Only a couple of years ago, the National Labor Relations Board in an unusually strong order, ruled Stevens guilty of "flagrant" violations of federal labor laws, accused the firm of wholesale illegal firings, intimidating employees, and threatening reprisals against union activity. The company is appealing the order, which requires it to rehire 71 employees and send letters to others pledging to mend its ways.

The industry's most pressing problem, happily enough, is expanding its threadbare capacity to make the U.S.'s rifles-plus-rifles. Springs Cotton Mills (estimated sales: \$250 million) has four new plants under construction, and last week Stevens started work on a \$10 million synthetic factory and a \$7 million glass-fiber-weaving facility in South Carolina. All told, the textile makers spend more than \$1 billion on new expanded plants this year—an increase in the total invested in the last four years.



*You're going to a
convention in New York?
And you'll be too busy to
go shopping on Fifth Ave.,
or to see a Broadway show,
or visit the Museum of
Modern Art?*

Is your wife too busy?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he hasn't missed his wife on a business trip?
So why not Be Big About It and take her along?
On United Air Lines you both travel for 25% off regular Jet Coach fare with United's new Excursion Fare Plan.
And with United's new Personal Travel Credit Card you can charge both fares.
"New York, New York—it's a wonderful town."
And even more so when your wife's there with you.
See your Travel Agent or call United Air Lines

for reservations.
Then rush home and surprise your wife.
You can tell us later how it feels to be a hero.

*fly the
friendly skies
of
United.*



"You know all that money we saved?
Well, I can buy..."



Now you can get close to the pin from any kind of lie with new Wilson Staff X-31 Irons

Pick the tightest lie you can imagine.

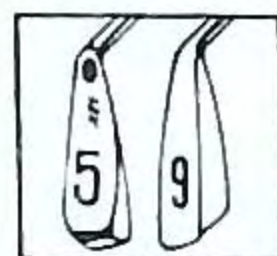
Long grass. The edge of a divot hole. A natural depression in the fairway.

Or pick any ordinary fairway lie.

Now drop a ball—and go after it with a new Wilson Staff model X-31 iron.

In less time than it takes to finish up your follow-through, you'll prove to yourself that a new X-31 iron gets the ball up in the air quicker and on its way to the pin with more power and accuracy than any other club in the history of golf!

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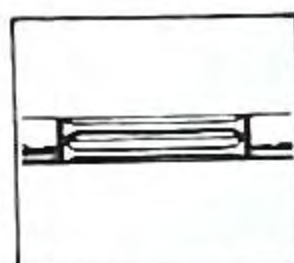
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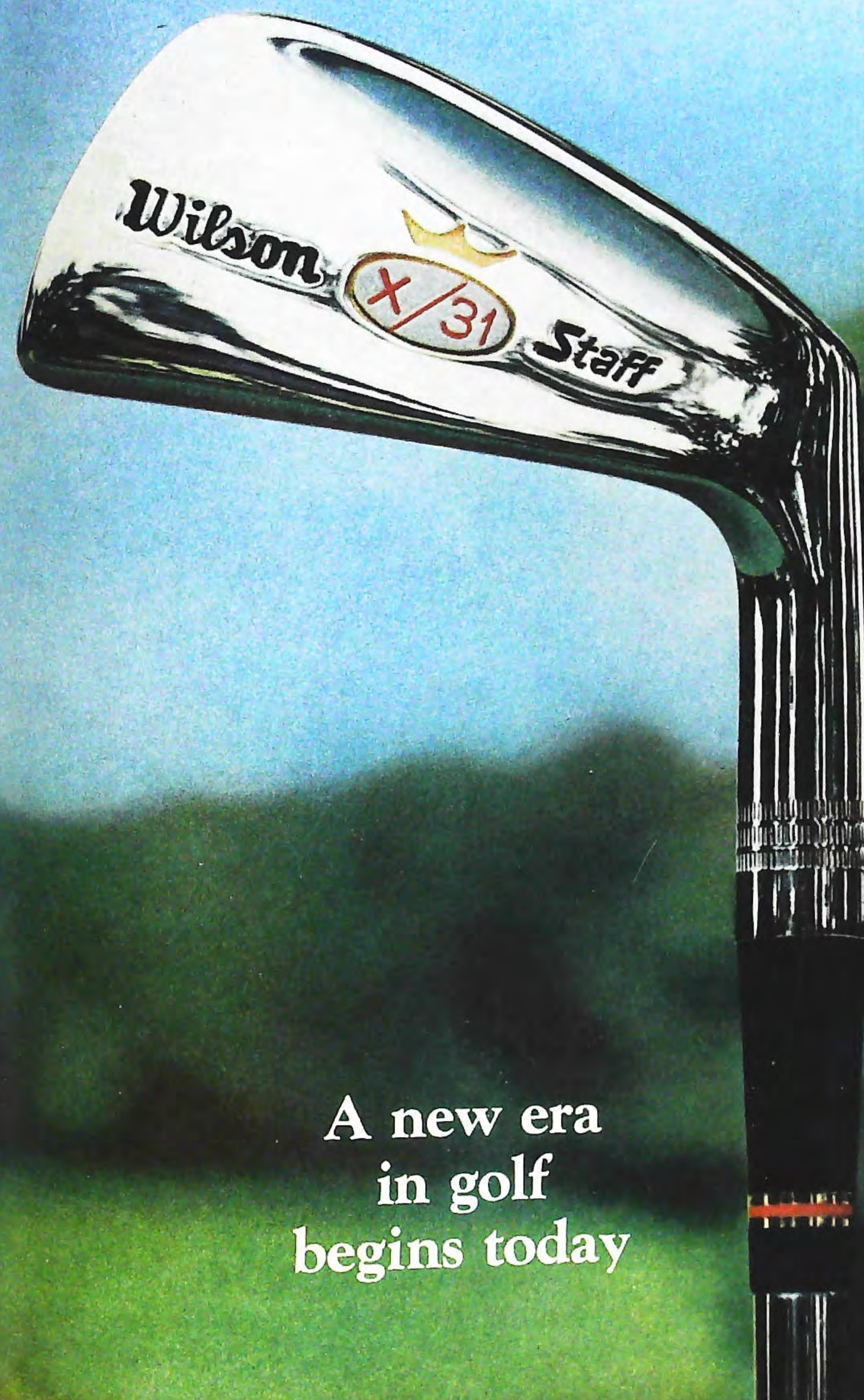
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WORLD BUSINESS

AUSTRIA

Troubled Affluence

On the surface, Austria seems to be enjoying a period of *gemütlich* prosperity. Unemployment shrank last year to a negligible 2%, and wages rose faster (10%) than the cost of living (6%). Last week pre-Easter shoppers crowded Vienna's Kärntnerstrasse, splurging on everything from spring ski sweaters to imported delicacies like *pâté de foie gras* and French Beaujolais. Swarms of Volkswagens, Fords and Austrian-built Puchs choked the streets of downtown Vienna, where private autos were a rarity only ten years ago. Travel reservations for the Easter holiday were virtually unobtainable.

Despite such symptoms of affluence, the Austrian economy is in trouble. In sharp contrast to the U.S. and most of Europe, Austrian industrial investment in new plants and equipment has dwindled by an average 4% a year for four years, and the decline seems sure to continue throughout 1966. The investment shrinkage is undermining Austria's ability to compete in its biggest foreign market, the European Economic Community, which took 47% of the country's exports last year.

The Hobbled & the Small. Exports are falling while imports rise, and productivity gains by Austrian labor have slowed. Many experts feel that the economy is headed for slow stagnation. Professor Franz Nemschak, head of Vienna's Institute for Economic Research, warned last week that "Austria will surely go downhill unless we weed out the weaknesses in our economy."

The chief weakness lies in the na-

tionalized 53% of Austrian industry: steel, aluminum, oil, chemicals, leather, paper and lumber, plus the deficit-burdened state railway. Hobbled by price control, high taxes to finance lavish welfare programs and a chronic lack of capital, both nationalized and private industry have been loath to expand into new product lines or even to modernize plants rebuilt after World War II with \$1 billion of Marshall Plan aid. On top of that, much of private industry is fragmented into pint-sized firms—25% employ no more than 20 persons. Predictably, they turn out goods in small volume at comparatively high prices.

Fortunately, food remains cheap and 1913-vintage rent control keeps the cost of city housing down to a mere \$4 to \$8 per month. Even so, Austrian workers earn an average of only \$1,500 a year, and the Austrian standard of living lags so far behind that of its Western neighbors that some analysts fear a massive emigration of skilled manpower.

Harsh Prescription. Hoping to gain ground in the great European prosperity race, Austria's new conservative-led coalition government is pressing hard for some kind of alliance with the Common Market. Though barred from full membership by its peace treaty with Russia, Austria believes that even "associate" status in the EEC would mean tariffs so low that competition would force its sluggish home industries to become more efficient. Of course, some Austrian firms would perish in the process. "They'd die anyway eventually," shrugs Austrian EEC Envoy Eugen Buresch. As harsh as that prescription sounds, Austria seems willing to swallow it to bolster its economic strength.



EUROFINANCE'S ALEXANDRE
Mining gold in a paper desert.

FRANCE

Unlocking Corporate Secrets

"Every time we send a man out, we consider it an expedition, a real trip into the desert. We always go fully equipped, taking our own water and supplies, as it were." So says Marc Alexandre, 37, managing director of the Union Internationale d'Analyse Economique et Financière, a Paris-based company better known as Eurofinance. Alexandre's desert is Western Europe, where companies keep information secret that would be routinely available in the U.S. The job of Eurofinance's well-equipped men is to unlock the secrets and break the silence, collecting for clients complete statistics on corporate holdings, activities and profits throughout a continent.

Eurofinance is 80% owned and chiefly supported by eight European and three U.S. banks (Pittsburgh's Mellon National, Chicago's Northern Trust and San Francisco's Wells Fargo). For \$50,000 a year from each of them, plus \$30,000 from four associate subscribers, the company's 80-man staff prepares quarterly reports on the European economy and the most thorough corporate analyses and industrial surveys obtainable on the Continent. Last week Eurofinance clients were digesting a fresh two-volume, 254-page analysis of Western Europe's auto industry; it not only pinpoints which firms produce how much in what countries, but also forecasts the market through 1970. Such a study is extraordinary in Europe. "Our job," says Alexandre, "is to fight tradition. We are unorthodox."

In the Bedroom. Alexandre's personal encounters with corporate secrecy led to Eurofinance's founding in 1961. A



"GEMÜTLICHKEIT" IN VIENNA
Humming a worrisome national tune.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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graduate of France's Institut d'Etudes Politiques, he also took law and economics degrees at the University of Paris and studied at Harvard's Public Administration School before going to work for Lazard Frères in Paris as an investment analyst. Alexandre soon became disturbed by the obstacles that traditional business secrecy placed in the path of expanding business activity. He decided to shatter the secrecy with an organization that would function partly like a Wall Street brokerage house and, by necessity, partly like the French government's intelligence-hunting Deuxième Bureau. With a loan from Zurich's Swiss Credit Bank, he opened offices in his apartment: his staff used a bedroom and dining room, his secretary typed in the bathroom, and the mimeograph machine whirled in the kitchen. Eurofinance made a profit the second year, moved to its present elegant quarters on Paris' Avenue Hoche.

Eurofinance men pore over speeches, annual reports, newspaper stories and miscellany for clues to corporate activity, maintain 10,000 files on British and Continental companies. The firm's 20 analysts and four economists, most of whom hold doctorates and speak three or four languages, piece together all the items they can find on a company being surveyed, spend up to six months preparing a preliminary report. When this work is done, they take their findings to the company for comment—and usually hit so close that the company is impressed enough to cooperate. Says Hungarian-born Deputy Director Anthony de Jasay: "We fill in our tables until just a few elements are missing, like a jigsaw puzzle. The companies feel almost morally obliged to furnish the remaining pieces."

The Reason Why. Eurofinance has lately broadened its operations, now gets a quarter of its revenue from advising institutions that buy European stocks and from acting as a consultant on corporate mergers. Still, unmasking economic truth remains its passion. Not long ago, a Eurofinance researcher discovered why Italian statistics on heavy electrical engineering came out three months after the French figures and usually showed about half the French total: the Italians, having no production figures, simply guessed after seeing the French reports.

ITALY

How to Insulate

One way for a company to insulate itself against recession at home is to operate in so many other countries that somewhere, some branch of the company will be doing well. This theory is amply justified by Italy's Pirelli Group, which produces half of its tires, cables and rubber goods in Italy and the rest in 25 factories in eleven other countries. During Italy's 1964 recession, the home company lost \$120,000, but thriving foreign operations gave the



PIRELLI'S LEOPOLDO PIRELLI

Now for the battle of the branches

group as a whole a profit of \$8,150,000. **Stamping Down.** Last week stockholders gathered in the 32-story Pirelli headquarters in Milan to hear from Chairman Leopoldo Pirelli, 40, about the company's 1965 performance—they learned that the theory works better in good times. Production on the side and production inside Italy accounted for \$370 million in sales. Profits of the parent company and Pirelli International totaled \$11,520,000, and the earnings of subsidiaries are to be reported.

Pirelli considers business local good that he has to "stamp down" optimism. "In cable production, our group leads the world." Among the group's tire and rubber goods producers, Pirelli is "about equal with Michelin." World-wide, Pirelli acknowledged, the group is far behind such giants as Goodyear and Firestone, but that didn't bother him. He does not intend to invade their home markets in the U.S. and therefore, "in the main, it will be a battle between our subsidiaries and their subsidiaries in specific markets and in many cases our branches will be stronger than theirs."

Spikes & Volts. Leopoldo Pirelli, a deeply tanned sailing enthusiast and imaginative businessman, the third in the family line since Giovanni Battista Pirelli established the company in 1872 because his patriotism was hurt when Italy had to import rubber tubes. He raised a sunken ship, the *Andrea Doria*, on the site of the present Milan headquarters and from scrapers headquarters and from Pirelli grew to be Italy's fourth largest company. Giovanni's son, Alberto, helped sponsor the *Italia* expedition in 1907 as a promoter of Pirelli tires. Alberto also took a part in Orville Wright's plane in Paris and thus became the first Italian



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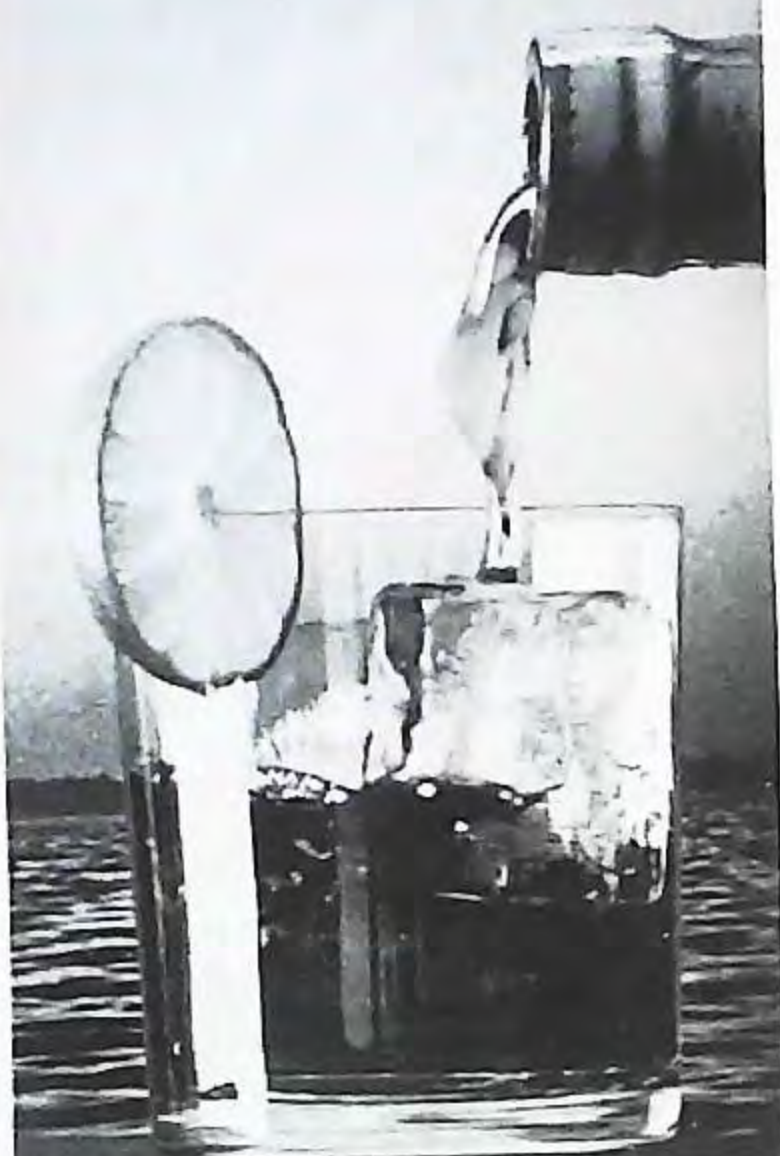
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1917, when a Pirelli engineer patented an oil-insulated cable that could safely handle far more than the then limit of 33,000 volts, the company established a big name in high-tension cables. Pirelli cables now carry up to 420,000 volts. Recently, Pirelli put out its "BS" tire with replaceable tread bands, including a spiked winter band.

A year ago Alberto retired at 82 and turned the chairmanship over to his son Leopoldo, who had been sharing his office for the previous nine years. Leopoldo does not emulate the quainter cus-

toms of his forebears, such as trying to open all the mail and sign all the papers personally, but he is just as confidently in command. He is expanding Pirelli's international operations eastward by helping the Russians build two plants. He is shifting emphasis toward products that require advanced technology and heavy investment, such as cables and tires, and away from smaller products that require a bigger labor input. He also hopes to achieve "vertical" expansion in the cable business by developing his own sources of scarce copper.

MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Goulet, 32, crooner and TV star, currently doing the spy bit on ABC's *Blue Light*, and Carol Lawrence, 33, Broadway's darkly beautiful Maria in the Broadway version of *West Side Story*; their second child, second son; in Los Angeles.

Married. Susan Fowler, 22, Sarah Lawrence junior and daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler; and James Gallagher, 22, Columbia University English major; in Alexandria, Va., at an Episcopal ceremony attended by President and Mrs. Johnson and four Cabinet members.

Married. Lord Rothermere, 67, British press lord presiding over an \$84 million publishing empire (London Daily Mail, Evening News, Daily Sketch); and Mary Murchison Ohrstrom, 35, Texas heiress and niece of Clint Murchison; he for the third time (his second wife later married author Ian Fleming, who had been named correspondent in Rothermere's divorce suit), she for the second; in London.

Died. Helen Menken, 64, bravura Broadway actress of the 1920s and '30s, who is best remembered for her 1933 portrayal of Elizabeth Tudor in Maxwell Anderson's long-running *Mary of Scotland*, later suffered facial paralysis when nerves were accidentally severed during a 1949 mastoid operation, but went on to become nine-year president of the American Theater Wing, sponsor of the annual "Tony" awards; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. C. S. (Cecil Scott) Forester, 66, British author transplanted to California, most famed for his ten-book series on the 19th century heroics of the indefatigable Captain Horatio Hornblower; of a heart attack; in Fullerton, Calif. Writing, said Forester, "is a tedious bore"; yet, with an enforced daily ritual of 1,000 words, he managed in 40 years to publish 45 books on every subject from marionettes to the slave trade, all lucidly worded, all carefully researched. Two novels, *Payment Deferred* and *The African Queen*, became film classics, and his cynical 1936 study

of the military mind, *The General*, was reportedly Hitler's favorite novel—*Führer* took it seriously.

Died. Erwin Piscator, 72, German director-producer and theatrical gadfly who in the 1920s made Berlin's theaters ring with the cries of tortured humanity in such productions as the bringingly anti-war *Good Soldier Schweik* (1922), fled the Nazis in 1933, but returned after the war to continue his controversial themes, most notably in 1948 when he staged the world premiere in Berlin of *The Deputy*. Rolf Hochhuth's stinging indictment of Pope Pius XII's wartime attitude toward Jews; of a ruptured gall bladder; in Starnberg, Bavaria.

Died. Maxfield Parrish, 95, Quaker-born dean of U.S. illustrators, whose diaphanous damsels, Homeric heroes, devilish dwarfs and capering clowns enlivened magazine covers (*Collier's*, *Esquire's Weekly*), made dull books popular, and helped turn Jell-O and Fisk into bestsellers by virtue of their advertising chronic lung disease; in Plainfield, N.J. In 1964, with a retrospective show in Manhattan, Parrish was hailed as a precursor of pop art, and responded saying: "How can these avant-garde people get anything out of me? I'm hopelessly commonplace." Probably his most lasting single work, bought by John Jacob Astor in 1906 for \$20,000, is a 30-ft. mural of King Cole and merry court that still tollies the bell in Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel.

Death Revealed. Trigger, 33, Rogers' original pinto, whose 65 hard-learned tricks won him star billing in 86 movies, a feat matched by his successor, Trigger, 28, who does 45 stunts but never beyond rodeo appearances and television shows; of old age; last seen in *Hidden Valley*, Calif. Rogers withheld the announcement because he could not bear to break the news to the horse's devoted fans, who saw to "Trigger, U.S.A." just as they see covering him up, says Rogers, so Trigger has been stuffed to lie at Rogers' ranch.

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CINEMA

Elsa Untamed

Born Free is a posthumous triumph for Elsa the lioness, one of the queen beasts of her time and now the subject of a lively movie biography that should leave audiences purring. Heroine of two bestsellers by Joy Adamson, wife of a game warden in Kenya, Elsa began her career as an orphan cub, became a 300-lb. lapful of love and affection, but ultimately returned to her wild, natural way of life. The clincher of this zoological success story is that Elsa, once taught by her human protectors how to stalk and kill, remained their friend until her death in 1961, paying them frequent visits, sometimes with her own trio of snarling cubs in tow.

Made on location in Kenya, *Born Free* glows with dusty golden beauty, the lion's share of it supplied by the big cats themselves. Two portray Elsa as a young adult, their identities smoothly meshed in the part, while 17 others maul major and minor roles, chewing seat cushions or carcasses, chasing elephants, or scaring the district commissioner (Geoffrey Keen) into fits of quietly civilized panic. The Adamsons are played by a British husband-and-wife team, Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers, who perform with a conviction that nearly matches their courage among lions. The result of a year's filming is a wonderfully credible re-creation of man-animal friendship, most joyously free when they romp through the surf on a sunny Indian Ocean holiday.

The toilsome chore of untaming their pampered playmate gives the movie tension, much of it spelled out in pictures more than equal to the rich lion lore contained in the book. In one sequence, an embarrassed Elsa is bullied by a wart hog, and still cannot understand that she will soon have to kill in order to survive. Later, she lies yawning atop the Land Rover, unmoved by a young bachelor lion lazing under a tree. Before Elsa mates successfully, reports the

surrogate Mrs. Adamson, "we suffered all the agony of parents whose teen-age daughter is out on her first date."

Under Executive Producer Carl Foreman (*The Guns of Navarone*), Director James Hill and Scenarist Gerald L. C. Copley occasionally tie up a superior cat's tale with tinny sentimentalizing, first in some trumpery about shipping Baby Elsa off to captivity in Rotterdam, again in subtle but fairly insistent reminders that Mrs. Adamson craves an outlet for her maternal instinct. More often, though, the film treats animals with deep respect unspoiled by anthropomorphic cuteness; a baby elephant, a furry, gn-thirsty little hyrax (similar to a guinea pig) and a basketful of scrappy jungle kittens have natural charm enough to soften up the most inflexible zoophobe. *Born Free* strikingly reaffirms the lesson taught by Elsa—that loyalty, gratitude and affability are traits to be cherished in any species.

Nuns Dimittis

The Trouble with Angels. Most comedies about nuns operate on the gradual-warm-up principle. The fun is controlled for a while by force of habit, but before long the sisters are gaily falling into swimming pools, wheeling school buses around as though they were Maseratis, or treating a math class like the starting line-up at Pimlico. In *Angels*, based on Jane Trahey's *Life with Mother Superior*, Mother Superior Rosalind Russell does none of these things. She wisely leaves such nonsense to lesser members of the faculty, while she herself wages a war of nerves with Hayley Mills and June Harding, a pair of cigar-smoking students who seem determined to overthrow dear old St. Francis Academy by force and violence.

The peccadilloes of a Catholic girlhood last for four long years, and only

serve to misrepresent a good-hearted girl; at graduation time Hayley decides to enter the novitiate. Roz, a worldly comedienne, retains her dignity through several assaults of whimsy that would shake a saint. In one dreary episode, she is conned into buying scanty costumes for the school band. In another, she sends a shy little nun off to help a pack of screaming girls shop for their first brassières. Director Ida Lupino lets *Angels* swing lowest when she introduces a lay teacher, clad in passionate purple, whose specialty is "interpretive movement." Gypsy Rose Lee plays the part with all the boop-de-doo phoniness a second-rate show deserves.

Stranger Than Fission

La Fuga. Any electricity generated by this low-voltage Italian drama can be traced to Anouk Aimée, playing an interior decorator who is more beautiful than most, and more manly too. Anouk's boldest designs are reserved for Giovanna Ralli, a newer exotic, who smartly assumes the attitudes of a neurotic young matron beset by conventional woes. Her parents are a wretchedly selfish pair; she cannot concentrate on her young son; and her physicist husband is so preoccupied with the mysteries of nuclear fission that he seldom wonders what his wife thinks. Giovanna consults an analyst and discovers that she thinks mostly about Anouk.

Making his feature-film debut with *La Fuga* (The Flight), Director Paolo Spinola brings off one unabashedly lesbian love scene, but mostly his camera composes a critical essay on wealth, boredom, lovers, luxury flats, all the icons of fashionable corruption that Italian moviemakers love to hate. The rest of the movie is so elliptical that Giovanna's "tragic death," presumably by suicide, is never explained, and cues the physicist to recall more of her unhappy history in flashbacks pressed from a charred diary. Sad to say, the dead wife's darker secrets turn out to be less interesting, after all, than some of the projects under way out at the lab.



McKENNA & FRIEND IN "BORN FREE"
Teaching a lion its lore.
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



MILLS & HARDING IN "ANGELS"
Puffing up a war of nerves.



RALLI & AIMÉE IN "LA FUGA"
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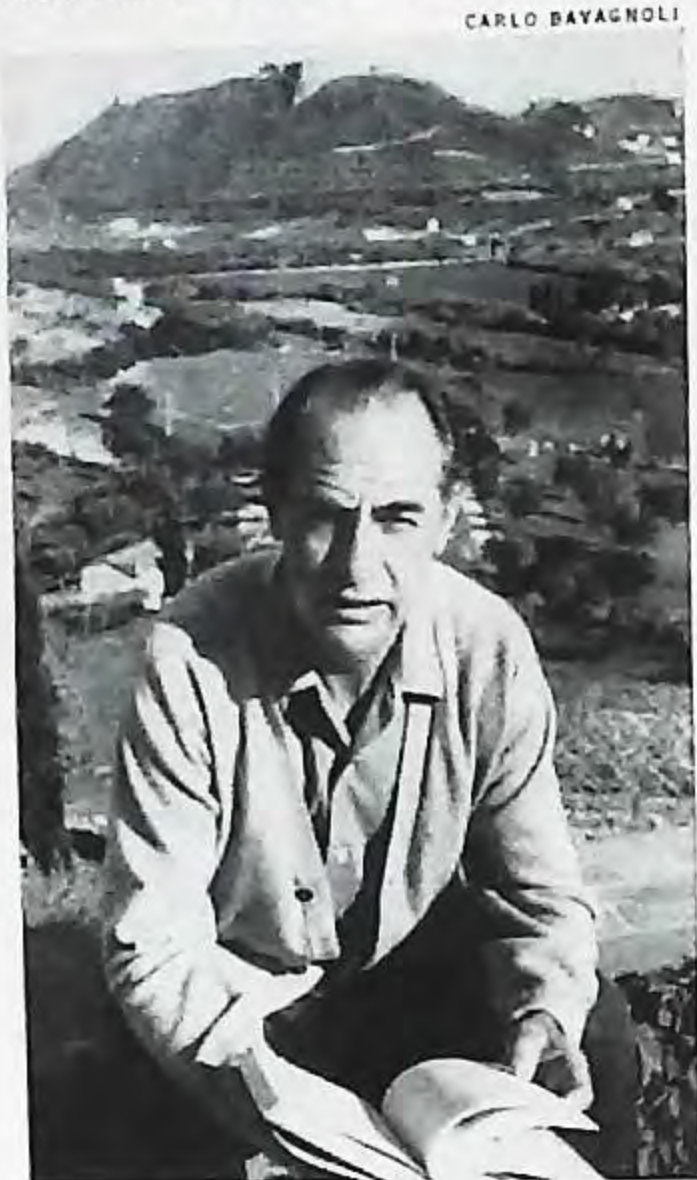


BOOKS

When the Capsule Broke

THE FATAL IMPACT by Alan Moorehead. 230 pages. Harper & Row \$5.95.

Out of the history of man's ventures and adventures into the lives of the peoples of the Pacific Ocean, Alan Moorehead (*The White Nile*, *The Blue Nile*, *Cooper's Creek*) has constructed a coherent parable that is an irony in time, a version of the fall of man—a chronicle of inevitable disasters. The "impact" of



ALAN MOOREHEAD
The Noble Savage wept.

which he writes in this unobtrusively expert narrative is the effect of the European Enlightenment upon the primitive, "the fateful moment when a social capsule is broken open, when primitive creatures, beasts as well as men, are confronted for the first time with civilization."

Moorehead's hero is Captain James Cook, and his story deals chiefly with Cook's investigation of three very different places: Tahiti (a geographical designation that includes what are now the islands of Hawaii), Australia, about which Moorehead, himself an Australian, writes with wounding perception, and Antarctica, which the 19th century almost stripped of life and in which man now lives in catacombs of perpetual ice, sustained by machines. It is with the first two regions that Moorehead deals most expertly.

A Quick One with Darwin. Tahiti existed in the imagination of Europe before the Europeans sighted its shores. Ever since the decline of the notion of original sin, philosophers of the Enlightenment had tried to account for man's lamentable condition. The state of nature remained an abstraction until Tahiti was discovered; it seemed to be just what the doctors of philosophy had

ordered. Here was proof that the Noble Savage did exist.

The anti-Christian philosophers were ready to defend this paradise. The Encyclopedist Diderot warned that Europeans would despoil the Tahitians' Eden with "dagger and crucifix." The Rousseauian enthusiasts overlooked a few things: the Tahitians waged war and practiced human sacrifice and ritual cannibalism; they even had priests, an unamiable group who killed all their own offspring, apparently on trade-union principles.

One thing they lacked was a sense of guilt, which, much to Moorehead's evident regret, was imported by missionaries along with a new taboo—against strong drink. It is nice to know, however, that when a latecomer called Charles Darwin offered a consolatory dram of booze to the muted inhabitants of what he called "the fallen paradise," they rose to the occasion with noble savagery. Gravely they put their fingers before their lips. Solemnly they uttered the word "missionary." But then they drank.

Bush Belsen. To the first impact of Europe upon Australia, Moorehead gives a poignancy lacking in other accounts. If Cook embodied the best virtues—manly and intellectual—of the 18th century, and the Polynesians of the Central Pacific composed the most gracious of primitive societies, New Holland (as Australia was then called) presented a contrary confrontation: primitive man at his lowest, civilized man at his worst.

Moorehead leaves the contemporary reader aghast at the obtuseness of the British, who followed Cook's discovery with the decision to make a penal settlement of New Holland. Reason has its crimes: since the American dumping ground for Puritan and Catholic dissidents had been lost by the Revolution, it was quite sensible in London to decide that the new continent should be used for a gaol. In 1788, the year of the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, civilization in the form of white slavery arrived at Cook's Botany Bay. So came about a bush Belsen, with men in iron shackles under the bemused eyes of the natives trying to grow food in a land innocent of agriculture.

The first settlement of Captain Arthur Phillip—redcoats and canary-yellow clad convicts—nearly starved to death. A relief ship came with food and news of the French Revolution. Says Moorehead: "What did they make of the terror? Were the convicts delighted that the underdog was having its day? Did any of them pause to reflect that in France, the most sophisticated country on earth, one could watch the guillotine at work in the public streets with sadistic indifference, while here in New Holland the aborigine, the most primitive of all human beings, burst

into tears when he watched a wretched flogging a prisoner?"

The aborigines had invented neither the wheel nor the plow, nor had they imagined the whip. The same reproaches had been felt before. The Tahitians burst into tears when Cook had a thigh flogged on the rigging of his ship. All these things have been written of before—Australia's natural history, Pacific exploration, and colonization. It is Moorehead's peculiar talent to keep the natives and the newcomers in mind at the same time, so that what may have been regarded as mere event takes on the aspect of a moral drama. Historical journalism here justifies itself.

Some Sort of Sicilian Saint

FIRE UNDER THE ASHES by James McNeish. 324 pages. Beacon Press \$5.95.

Sanctity is hard to explain—when it is present. Saints have often been impossible people who undertook impossible tasks and succeeded in highly improbable ways.

Such a one is Danilo Dolci, a 40-year-old Italian who for 14 years has headed a volunteer movement designed to lift a few Sicilian villages out of squalor unmatched in Europe and to raise the inhabitants from the torpor of despair. Dolci (TIME, April 9, 1956) has been proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize, denounced by the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo; he has won the support of many Communists and some Jesuits, been threatened by the Mafia and been prosecuted for obscenity by the Italian government for his book *Report from Palermo*. In common with most of those on the church's Calendar of Saints, Dolci makes no sense to sensible men. He may well be a saint, but so he will be the first to have received the Lenin Peace Prize.

James McNeish, an itinerant New Zealand journalist, has now undertaken



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Dolci's biography. It is a strange story, and possibly a more ambitious writer would not have succeeded so well. McNeish lets the facts speak their own contradictions and confesses himself baffled, after four years' active association with Dolci, as to the central essence of his subject.

Reverse Strike. A hulking, meaty, headstrong man, the father of five children, Dolci is a complex of anomalies who seems to pious Italians a devious political crank, and to political reformers a man of exasperating otherworldliness who will fast and pray to get a road built.

It is ten years since Dolci's "reverse strike" won him prominence in the world press. He led a group of unemployed Sicilians out to repair a government road to their village and was imprisoned for trespass. He began in Trapetto, a no-hope town of 2,800, and improvised from day to day the program of action—religious, economic and political—that marks his movement today. He took on the Mafia, which controlled illegal trawler fleets that were robbing the local fishermen of their livelihood. He played the organ in church and criticized the parish priest for his refusal to allow barefoot children to attend Mass. He begged money for food for the starving. He tried to do something about the ancient stink of the picturesque airless houses and to stop children playing in the open sewers. He discovered that when appeals to charity failed, he could exploit a flair for dramatizing unpleasant statistics and shame Rome itself into granting public funds for public relief. When all else failed, he fasted.

"Pack of Jews." Today the Mafia seems to have agreed to live and let Dolci live, although he has given wide publicity to telling statistics—such as that in one village Mafia murders since 1945 outnumber the village's dead of both world wars. As for the Roman Catholic Church, Dolci is now a "lapsed Catholic," and he blames the breach on the "lack of a tradition of charity, even on the level of almsgiving" of the church in Sicily. His fall from the faith he also attributes to the sermons of two Sicilian priests: one denounced a destitute congregation of peasants as "a pack of Jews" for failing to supply the church fire they did not have; the other instructed his peasant parishioners to ostracize sinners.

Dry Paths in a Swamp

THE POLITE AMERICANS, by Gerald Carson. 346 pages. Morrow \$6.50.

Americans are incorrigible joiners, as witness the National Association of Former FBI Agents, the Asparagus Club, the Auto Dismantlers Association of Southern California and the Concomitinated Order of Hoo-Hoo (lumbermen). A dog named Socrates Lovinger is listed in the Manhattan phone book. In colonial times, cussers were punished

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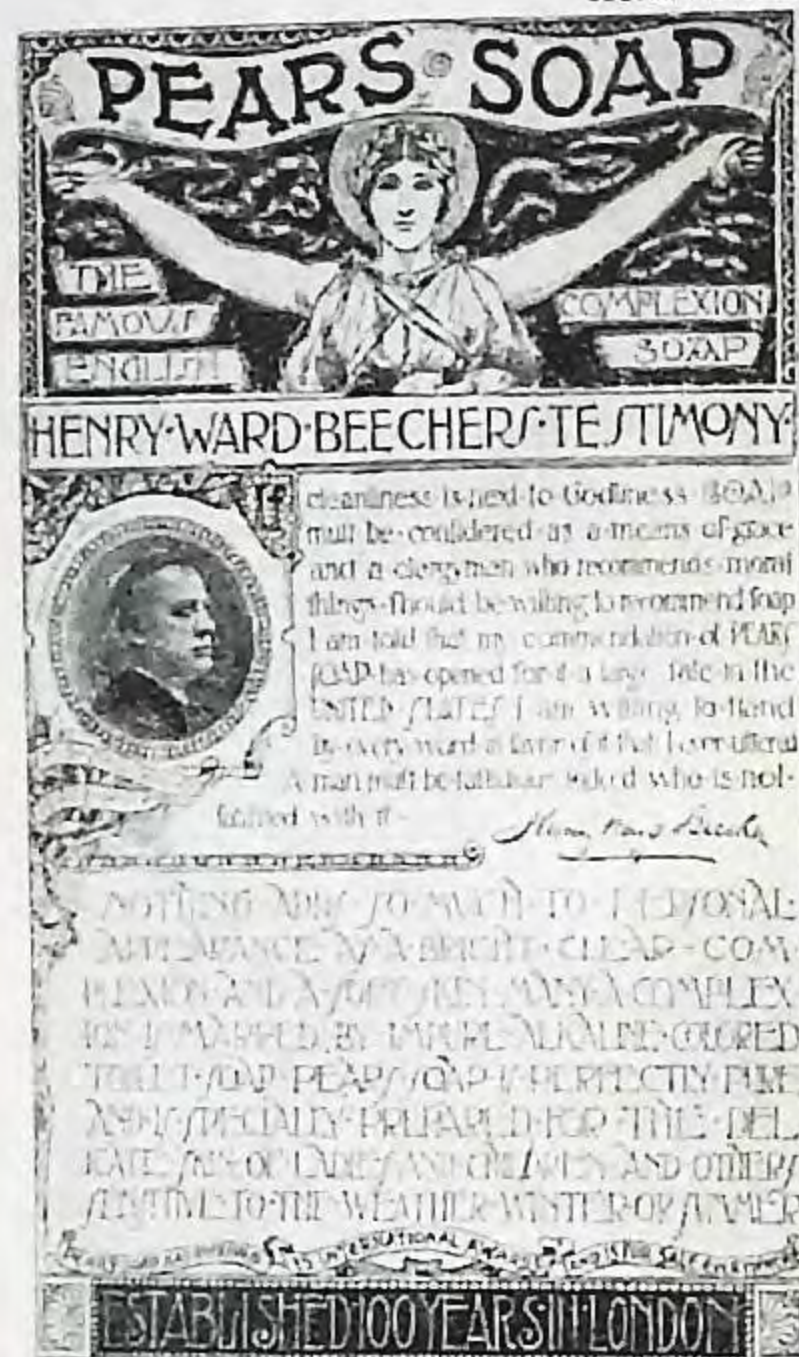


TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

with a red-hot poker thrust through the profane tongue. In 1900 a New York judge committed an actress to Bellevue for smoking cigarettes. In 1905 the U.S. had more pianos and cottage organs than bathtubs. Mickey Mantle's testimonial versatility pales beside that of Henry Ward Beecher, the preacher, who in the 19th century endorsed numerous products, including soap, sewing machines and trusses. Once, nice girls wore black silk mittens to breakfast, and gentlemen kept their hats on indoors. And, in polite company, gentlemen referred to chickens as boy-birds and girl-birds, and never used the word peacock at all.

No Map. Such curious insights into three centuries of American manners and morals stud this book like the ham-

CULVER PICTURES



BEECHER SOAP TESTIMONIAL
More than Mickey Mantle.

mer work of a carpenter who has been paid by the nail. Gerald Carson is quite capable of organizing a text, as he demonstrated in *The Roguish World of Doctor Brinkley*, the goat-glands man, *The Social History of Bourbon* and *The Old Country Store*. But here his source material, the mere listing of which takes 19 pages of eyestrain type, apparently overwhelms him. Confronted with so much unassimilated abundance, Carson opts to fly over it, presenting what he calls "a bird's-eye view of the folkways, conventions and inherited ideas governing civilized behavior which have been followed—or flouted—among the English-speaking inhabitants of the United States."

The result is a swampy omnium gathrum of a book, a disjointed, inchoate and intriguing recital for the negotiation of which the reader desperately needs a map. A map is not supplied. Carson simply fires his tidbits of

intelligence helter-skelter, letting them fall where they may, and making no pretense whatever of stitching paragraphs or even sentences together so that they scan.

Wrong Dog. Slogging through this chaos is exhausting, uphill work, made none the easier by a fallible and somewhat pretentious guide. Carson's book is strewn with such show-off, jawbreaker words as armigerous, pogonologist, acescent, enchiridion, ochlocracy.* He lapses frequently into ungrammatical constructions and even into error. In his hands, the Court of St. James's, to which all ambassadors to Britain pay their respects, loses its possessive case. L'Osservatore della Domenica, a Vatican weekly, is falsely identified as the more familiar Vatican daily, L'Osservatore Romano. Anyone who dials Socrates Lovinger's number, as given by Carson—LE 5-3221—is bound to get the wrong dog. And where Carson wants to score a point, he fudges: "More people are drinking, but per capita they drink less."

But perseverance can pay. From *The Polite Americans'* morass, the patient reader can pick out a few dry footpaths to a reasonable comprehension of the country's character. It would have been nice, though, and this would certainly have been a better book, if the author had required of the reader a little less perseverance and of himself a little more perspicacity.

Mother Knows Best?

A MOTHER IN HISTORY by Jean Stafford. 121 pages Farrar, Straus & Giroux \$3.95.

Jean Stafford (*The Mountain Lion*, *Children Are Bored on Sunday*) has a reputation for writing impressively about all sorts of unpleasant human woes and misfortunes—accidents, operations, psychic fear in children. But this is by far her most thoroughly unpleasant book—perhaps the most abrasively unpleasant book in recent years—and it required no writing talent at all.

On three successive days, Author Stafford merely set a tape recorder whirling and asked 58-year-old Marguerite Oswald, mother of Lee Harvey Oswald, to talk nonstop. She complied readily, for a price of course (\$1,500). Anybody who read anything at all about Mrs. Oswald after the Kennedy assassination will know what to expect. For the rest, a minute of her motherly monologue ought to suffice:

"Lee Harvey a failure? I am smiling. I find this a very intelligent boy, and I think he's coming out in history as a very fine person. . . . I can absolutely prove my son innocent. I can do it any time I want by going to Washington, D.C., with some pictures, but I won't do it that way. Because they've been so

* Bearing heraldic arms, an authority on beards, turning sour, a handbook, government by mob.



JEAN STAFFORD
A thoroughly unpleasant task.

ugly to me and my boy. . . . Now many Lee Harvey Oswald was the assassin. But does that make him a louse? No. Killing does not necessarily mean hell. You find killing in some very fine homes for one reason or another. . . . as we all know, President Kennedy was a dying man. So I say that it is possible that my son was chosen to shoot him. . . . a mercy-killing for the security of the country. And if this is true, it was a fine thing to do and my son is a hero.

"Tomorrow is Mother's Day and will go to Lee Harvey Oswald's grave, but I will be a mother alone, a mother in history alone on Mother's Day. And let me tell you this, if you respect the life of Jesus Christ, you find that you never did hear anything more about the mother of Jesus, Mary, after He was crucified. And really nobody has worried about my welfare."

The Spy Defined

THE CASE OF RICHARD SORGE by F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry. 128 pages Harper & Row \$4.95.

Spies who become famous usually find it fatal. Richard Sorge, the slinky Soviet mastermind of one of the most daring and successful espionage rings in history, was no exception. Though Russia made him a Hero of the Soviet Union, named him a Hero of the Soviet Union, and gave him a house and a tanker in his honor, and only a year issued a commemorative stamp (worth 10 kopeks) bearing his likeness, Sorge was not around to take bows. The Japanese hanged him in Tokyo. Sugama Press on Nov. 7, 1944.

One popular novel and at least one nonfiction work have been written about the spy ring that Sorge operated in Japan between 1933 and 1942. The book, however, is the definitive one. Storry and Deakin spent three years interviewing Sorge's contacts and studying a massive file of

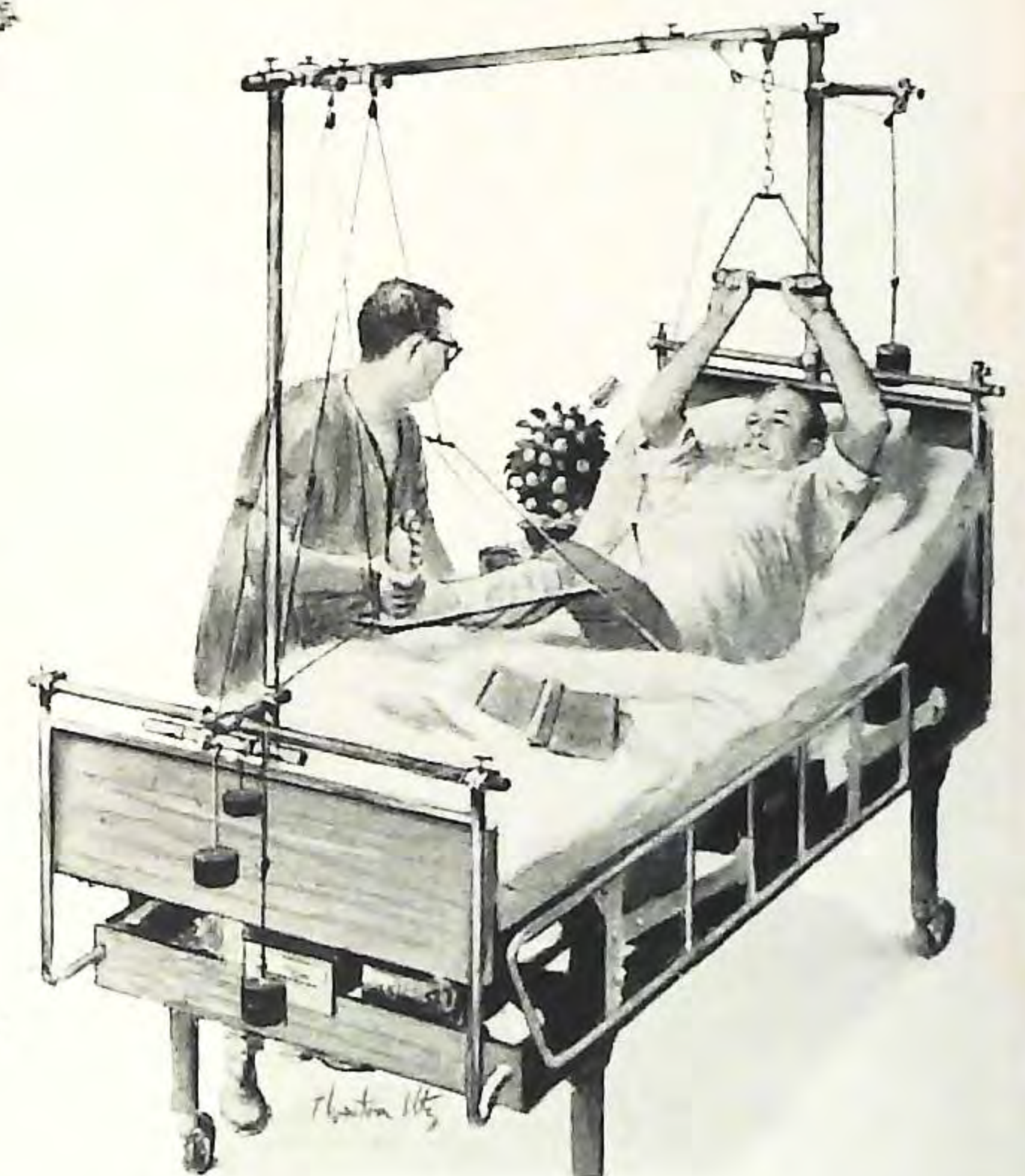
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transcripts and official documents, turned out a sound, scholarly underpinning for the story of Sorge's espionage activities.

Sorge's major achievements were nothing short of remarkable. He had long been a top Red Army agent when he turned up in Tokyo as a correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung. He got so cozy with staffers in the German embassy that he was even permitted to edit the office newsletter. Before the Japanese got on to him, Sorge had succeeded in warning Moscow in advance of many of Hitler's plans, told his superiors of the impending Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and gave them 38 days' advance notice of Hitler's invasion of Russia.

Deakin and Storry have done an admirable job in fitting together the bits and pieces in the Sorge case, and in doing so provide an engrossing study of the tedious side of spying. Spy-thriller fans should be warned, however, that the book is too densely packed with scholarly detail to be fast-moving and exciting; it bristles not with action but with footnotes.

Short Notices

THE MONUMENT by Nathaniel Benchley. 249 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95.

Nathaniel Benchley novels all have a faintly spurious ring, like canned laughter or the new 25¢ piece. That is because Benchley's plots generally straddle the line of plausibility. Like most of his eight other novels, *The Monument* depends on readers who are willing to believe the unbelievable. Its story deals with a campaign to build a Korean War memorial in Hawley, a little inbred New England town on the Atlantic shore. Even before the selectmen vote on it, this modest proposal nourishes more intrigues than the Orient Express and incites more violence, including suicide and murder, than a Mafia convention. None of the characters ever fully escape their enormous and restrictive obligations to the story. But for all that, the reader may find himself wistfully trying to swallow Benchley's preposterous tale, if only for the bouquet. Benchley writes with a smooth comic skill that is at least reminiscent of that of his father, the late humorist Robert Benchley, who himself aspired to write serious stuff, but never got around to it.

THE SOFT MACHINE by William S. Burroughs. 182 pages. Grove. \$5.

To make *The Soft Machine* even less coherent than his grotesque *Naked Lunch*, William Burroughs scissored up his manuscript and pasted it back together higgledy-piggledy before turning it in to his publishers. Result: a hallucinatory little non-book of babble whose most distinguishing feature is a preoccupation with sodomy and the dubious joys thereof. Burroughs apologists insist that there are plot and Profound Meaning imbedded in the book, but only a cultist will find them.

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